INDIAN HORRORS

OR MASSACRES BY THE RED MEN

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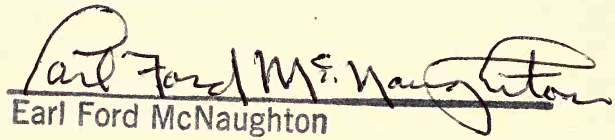

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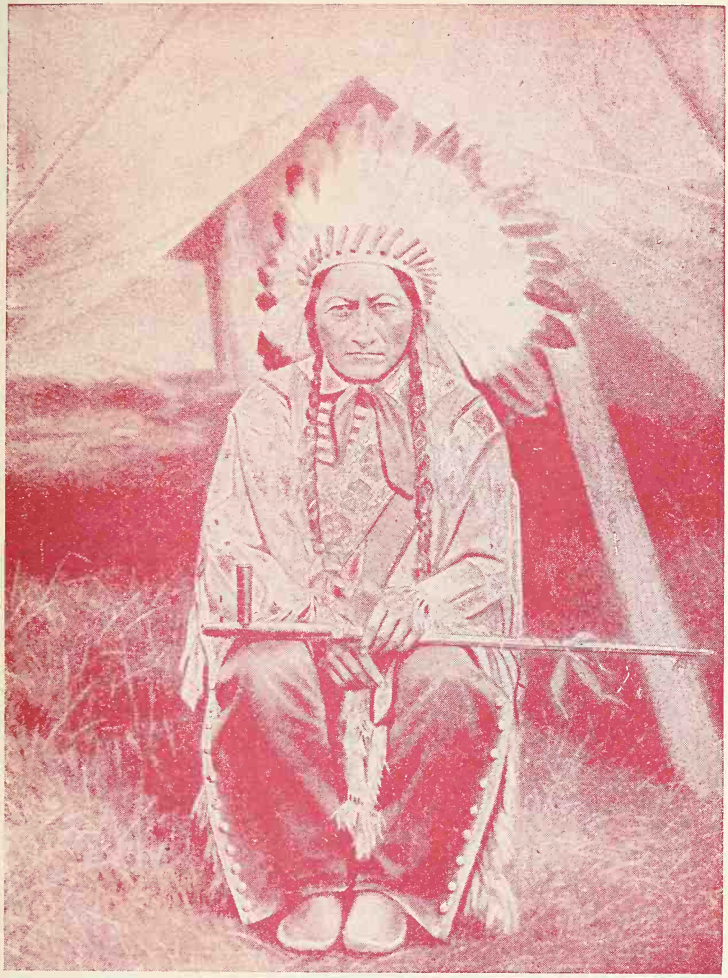

SITTING BULL, SIOUX INDIAN CHIEF.

South Dakota takes its name from a family of Indian tribes. With few exceptions it is a very large, wavy prairie. The noted Black Hills and bad lands, scenes of intense fights with Indians and the death of General Custer, are in the southwest portion. South Dakota is a cereal State, and there is also an abundance of gold, silver and other metals.

AN ATTACK ON A WAGON-TRAIN NEAR WOUNDED KNEE CREEK.

INDIAN HORRORS

OR,

MASSACRES BY THE RED MEN.

BEING

A THRILLING NARRATIVE OF BLOODY WARS WITH MERCILESS AND REVENGEFUL SAVAGES,

INCLUDING

A FULL ACCOUNT OF THE DARING DEEDS AND TRAGIC DEATH OF THE WORLD-RENOWNED CHIEF,

SITTING BULL,

WITH

STARTLING DESCRIPTIONS OF FANTASTIC GHOST DANCES; MYSTERIOUS MEDICINE MEN; DESPERATE INDIAN BRAVES; SCALPING OF HELPLESS SETTLERS; BURNING THEIR HOMES, ETC., ETC.

THE WHOLE

COMPRISING A FASCINATING HISTORY OF THE INDIANS FROM THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA TO THE PRESENT TIME; THEIR MANNERS, CUSTOMS, MODES OF WARFARE, LEGENDS, ETC.

BY HENRY DAVENPORT NORTHROP, D.D.

Author of "Earth, Sea, and Sky," etc., etc.

FULLY ILLUSTRATED WITH THRILLING SCENES AMONG THE INDIANS

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PREFACE.

THE history of the Indian tribes of our country is intensely interesting, and is eagerly read by all classes of people. This work embraces a full account of all the memorable Indian wars in the United States, together with a record of terrible personal encounters with the Red Men, hairbreadth escapes, thrilling captures and bloody massacres.

Daring deeds, desperate conflicts and examples of personal courage appear throughout the narrative. The reader beholds celebrated chiefs in their strange costumes, wonderful acts of heroism and personal characteristics, which, if their possessors had lived in a civilized community, would have rendered them the most famous men of the nation. Here is the record of battles fought with sublime courage, exciting adventures and achievements unsurpassed by the story of Thermopylæ.

A full description is given of the Indian "ghost dances," which have awakened intense curiosity and interest throughout the country. Indians perform many dances, but the "ghost dance" is something quite new and peculiar. What it is and how it is performed can be learned from the following pages.

The work also gives a striking description of the celebrated chief, Sitting Bull, and the events attending his tragic death. Through his prophecies of a new Messiah the powerful tribe of Sioux was seized with a mysterious craze and aroused with the desperate spirit of revenge against the white settlers and the Government.

This feeling soon spread like wild-fire to other tribes, and created universal alarm. Active measures were taken to suppress the excitement, and startling events followed one another in rapid succession. A faithful and graphic record of the stirring events which have recently taken place among the Indian tribes will be of permanent interest and value to the public.

The reader follows the early history of the American Indians and witnesses their terrible combats with the first settlers. He sees them gradually driven before the onward march of civilization, retreating farther and farther toward the setting sun. The most fascinating and instructive reading in the literature of Indian warfare is found in the personal narratives of the captives who were carried off by the savages. Numerous instances are related of Indian raids and the carrying away of the white settlers.

The reader is then conducted through the recent wars with the Indians. That bold pioneer and brave spirit, Daniel Boone; General Custer, whose tragic history and massacre were read with regret throughout the civilized world; General Miles, who has long been a picturesque figure on our Western border,—

the striking heroism and magnificent achievements of these and many other heroes of the frontier have a resistless charm, and a power that surpasses all the tales of fiction. In rapid succession the great Indian chiefs rise before the reader's vision, each possessing his own striking history, and he is constantly surprised by Indian intrigues, desperate forays and terrible conflicts. He sees how the tribes one after another have struggled to maintain their territory, how they have turned the tomahawk upon the advancing white settlers, and have yielded only when mastered by superior power.

The Minnesota massacre and its terrors are fully described. This is but an example of the frightful combats which have marked the advance of civilized life toward the Pacific coast. The Indian is not a weak character. He is a shrewd, bold, desperate, powerful foe, and no one can read his history without being impressed with the marvellous qualities which form his character. This work does full justice to the Red Sons of the Forest, and the history is as authentic and truthful as it is graphic.

General Sully, Colonel Brown, General Custer, and General Sheridan appear in the narrative as conspicuous men of wonderful dash and bravery, and their exploits are fully narrated. On the other side, the supreme leader, the acute strategist, the deadly enemy, the powerful chief who marshalled his forces, stirred rebellion, fought like a Spartan and staked life itself upon the issue, was Sitting-Bull. Around

him gathers the most intense interest of this thrilling work.

For years the name of Sitting-Bull has been almost as well known as that of any millionaire or statesman. The reader sees him in his grand proportions, although the implacable enemy of the white man. "Red-Cloud," "Big-Foot," "Sitting-Bear," "Black-Horse," "Wolf-that-Lies-Down," "Young-Man-Afraid-of-his-Horse" and scores of other mighty chiefs with strange names and dauntless courage are vividly pictured.

This work also traces the causes which have led to hostilities between the Red Men and the White. It deals fearlessly with this question, and in a bold manner states facts as they exist. In short, the aim has been to make this a standard work, the most complete ever yet written, unsurpassed in thrilling narratives, bold adventures, critical situations, and achievements which give lustre to heroism, as well as barbarities which shock humanity.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

SITTING-BULL AND THE GHOST DANCES 17

CHAPTER II.

ORIGIN OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS.—WHERE THEY CAME FROM 31

CHAPTER III.

THE MOUND-BUILDERS.—WHO THEY WERE, AND WHAT THEIR RELATIONS WERE TO THE INDIANS WHO SUCCEEDED THEM IN AMERICA 41

CHAPTER IV.

EARLY HISTORY OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.—FIRST CONTACT WITH WHITE MEN 50

CHAPTER V.

THE PURITANS AND INDIANS.—THRILLING EXPERIENCES OF THE EARLY SETTLERS 71

CHAPTER VI.

WARS OF THE COLONIES WITH THE INDIANS.—THE BEGINNING OF EXTERMINATION.—DRIVING AWAY THE RED MEN . . 88

CHAPTER VII.

WAR WITH THE SIX NATIONS.—HORRIBLE MASSACRES AND TORTURES 109

CHAPTER VIII.

HOSTILITIES ON THE FRONTIER.—RESCUE OF CAPTIVES.—THRILLING SCENES 128

CHAPTER IX.

ROMANTIC ADVENTURES OF DANIEL BOONE.—EXPLOITS AND HAIRBREADTH ESCAPES.—A CAPTIVATING STORY 136

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PAGE

CAPTURE OF SITTING-BULL.—DEATH OF THE GREAT SIOUX CHIEF.—THE INDIANS THIRST FOR BLOOD 497

CHAPTER XXIX.

HISTORY OF SITTING-BULL.—CAREER OF THE FAMOUS SIOUX WARRIOR AND DEADLY FOE OF THE WHITES 516

CHAPTER XXX.

BATTLE OF WOUNDED KNEE CREEK.—DESPERATE VALOR OF THE RED MEN.—DARING ATTEMPT TO AVENGE THE DEATH OF SITTING-BULL 531

CHAPTER XXXI.

INCIDENTS OF WOUNDED KNEE BATTLE.—PERSONAL ADVENTURES AND NARROW ESCAPES.—SAVAGE CRUELTY . . . 551

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE INDIANS ADVANCE TOWARD PINE RIDGE.—GENERAL MILES DISARMS THEM.—CLOSING SCENES OF THE BLOODY CONFLICT 558

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE INDIAN PROBLEM.—WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH THE REDSKINS?—CRIMES OF THE NATION 568

CHAPTER XXXIV.

REVIEW OF THE INDIAN CONFLICT 580

STANDING BEAR.

WHITE EAGLE.

INDIAN HORRORS.

CHAPTER I.

Sitting-Bull and the Ghost Dances.

EARLY in December, 1890, the country was startled by the announcement that Indians in the Northwest were performing fantastic Ghost Dances. It was understood that these betokened some important movement on the part of the red men, consequently universal interest was awakened, which soon deepened into alarm.

Measures were at once taken by the Government to suppress these disturbances, which cost the lives of many of our officers and soldiers, and of the Indians themselves, men, women and children.

The leading spirit in this outbreak was the celebrated chief of the Dakota Sioux, Sitting-Bull. He was one of the most daring of all the red men, and his life for many years had shown a continuous hostility against the whites. A man of natural intelligence, great energy and force, lacking in principle and every element which we have been accustomed to ascribe to the noblest of the red men, he had fomented trouble, led his people forth to conflict, refused

to bury the hatchet, and was the great irrepressible cause of the outbreak which startled the country.

The death of Sitting-Bull was something altogether unexpected. General Miles had ordered his arrest because he knew that he was plotting mischief, and that if he was taken into custody it would have a good effect upon all the Indians who had been indulging in the Ghost Dance at his instigation. The authorities had previously relied upon his promises to come into the Agency and surrender, but he had violated faith and deceived the officers.

A fight was not anticipated, because it was believed there would be no resistance, but General Miles had taken the precaution to have troops at hand to assist in case of emergency. Sitting-Bull did resist, with the results that followed.

A Strange Craze.

Sitting-Bull was a leader in organizing the Ghost Dance, and took advantage of that religious craze to send emissaries to different bands to induce them to make trouble. The purpose was to assemble warriors in the spring, and with the aid of the Messiah bring back to life all of the dead Indians and restore the country to its pristine glory. He was a shrewd politician, and took advantage of the prevalent fanatical feeling. Sitting-Bull, at the time of his death, was making "big medicine" and giving his followers to understand that he "stood in" with the Great Spirit, who would protect them against the bullets of the soldiers.

It is a remarkable fact that the Indians have a profound belief in the return of a Messiah, who, as they suppose, will appear as their special deliverer. Having suffered many wrongs for generations at the hands of the white man, they consider that the time for their revenge is drawing nigh, Sitting-Bull was one of the foremost to put forth these ideas, and he found no difficulty in persuading the ignorant sons of the forest to accept them.

Superstitions of the Indians.

The Indian, more than any other man, seems to have a belief in the supernatural. He has always talked of the Great Spirit, and of the Happy Hunting-Grounds beyond the present life. His surroundings, his education, the traditions of the past, all lead to the conviction that there are supernatural powers and wonders, and that these can be enlisted in his behalf. He sees the cloud fly, and believes there is a hand that moves it; he hears the dash of the great waters, and thinks that the sound is the voice of the Great Spirit; in his native wilds, in the deep valleys, upon the mountain-summits, he is brought into close contact with nature, and has always believed that unseen powers were near and in active operation. It is not strange, therefore, that when his "medicine men" proclaim the coming of a Messiah, the resurrection of Indians, the restoration of their lands, and other great benefits to be conferred upon him, he should dance in wild, fantastic glee and welcome the dawn of the great day.

Although a detailed account of the intrigues and depredations of Sitting-Bull will appear later in this work, a brief sketch of him in this place will interest the reader.

A Famous Chief.

Sitting-Bull was a chief of the Dakota Sioux both by inheritance and by his deeds, for, according to his own statement, it was necessary in his tribe for a brave to "achieve greatness." His father was a chief named Jumping-Bull. Two of his uncles—Four Horns and Hunting His Lodge—were also chiefs. He was born in 1837 near old Fort George, on Willow Creek, near the mouth of the Cheyenne River. Before he was ten years old he won fame as a hunter of buffalo calves, which he gave to the poor, his father being a rich man. Until he was fourteen years old he was known as Sacred Stand, but at that age, having slain an enemy, he became known by his later name, Tatanka Yotanke, or Sitting-Bull. This is the man's early history, as outlined by himself when he was a prisoner after his return from Canada, whither he fled after the troubles in the Black Hills resulting from the massacre of General Custer.

The truth about the old man is, that he was always a troublesome customer. His forte was to steal horses and ponies, raid defenceless ranches, and carry off such stores, public or private, as he could conveniently lay hands on. Ever hostile and a malcontent, he was a nucleus about whom gathered the well-fed, fiery young bucks from the reservations,

who as soon as grass was green would set out on their annual round of plunder and murder.

The Foe of the Whites.

Many vain attempts were made to bring Sitting-Bull into subjection. In 1868 a treaty was made with the Sioux by a special commission, by which they agreed to sell the tract west of the Missouri River and north of the Platte, and to restrict themselves to the reservation assigned to them. The terms of the treaty were carried out by the Government and by most of the Indians. Several roving bands never acknowledged the concession, and committed depredations on the white settlers from time to time. Sitting-Bull was the most implacable and the most aggressive of the malcontents, maintaining his hostile attitude not only toward the representatives of the Government, but toward those tribes of his own people who rejected his supremacy and his policy of dealing with the whites. In 1874 he drove the Crows from their reservation, and in the next year attacked the settlers of Montana.

Finally, the Interior Department ordered him to remove his band to the reservation by January 31, 1876. He did not obey, and the Interior Department turned him over to the Department of War. In March an expedition under General Cook destroyed the village of Crazy Horse's band in the Yellowstone valley. Hostilities were interrupted on account of cold weather. On June 25, General Custer, with 600 men of the Seventh Cavalry, and 400

infantry, met a force of 2000 or 3000 Sioux at the Little Big Horn River. Custer and four companies under his immediate command were killed, and the remainder of the whites put to flight. General Terry advanced upon the hostile Sioux, who fled northward, Sitting Bull with a part of his band making his escape into British territory. Through the mediation of Dominion officials he surrendered on a promise of pardon in 1880.

The Old Chief Defiant.

In July and August, 1888, in a conference at Standing Rock, Dak., he influenced his tribe to refuse to relinquish Indian lands. After that time he remained defiant, although the majority of his people accepted the domination of white men and refused to recognize him as a leader. The decline of his influence embittered the old chief all the more, but did not lessen his enmity to those whom he regarded as the foes of his race.

There are other elements in this Indian picture that must not be omitted if we would have it truthful and complete. Bishop Hare in a letter writes;

"Nine Sioux Indians nobly working in the sacred ministry! About forty Sioux Indians helping them as licensed catechists! Forty branches of the Women's Auxiliary among the Sioux Indian women! Seventeen hundred Sioux Indian communicants! Sioux Indians contributing $3000 annually for religious purposes! But what impression have all these solemn but cheering facts made upon the public mind, as

compared with the wild antics of the heathen Sioux Indians which have excited the attention and stirred the feelings of the country, and daily occupied column after column of the newspapers. Alas! alas! wickedness presents more vivid contrast than virtue does, its history is more picturesque, and has more of the element of the unexpected."

One of our leading journals contains the following pertinent comments:

"Two or three possible issues ought to be guarded against. The ringleaders of this disturbance, which has alarmed the whole Northwest, covered the better Indians with shame, brought scorn upon their attempts at civilization, robbed many of them of their hard-earned possessions and exposed them to personal peril, should not be left at liberty hereafter to repeat the baneful operation.

Destruction of Property.

"Had several Indians whom we could name been consigned to Fort Marion or Fortress Monroe shortly after the Custer affair, we should not have the present complication to untangle.

"Not to speak of alarm and losses suffered by the whites, it is not satisfactory after years of patient labor to read, as is credibly reported from Pine Ridge Reserve: 'Much destruction of property and cattle has been going on for days. All the houses of the quiet Indians on the two branches of Medicine Root, Porcupine Tail and Wounded Knee creeks have been broken into, entered and robbed of all contents.

Everything that was of no use to the marauding Indians was destroyed and scattered in every direction.'

"In dealing with these evil-doers let there be no mere revenge, much less indiscriminate revenge. This has been indulged in in the past, and the friendly Indians have already fear of its repetition. They fear that in the event of trouble their ponies will be taken from them, whether innocent or guilty, as was done once before, and they ought to be assured of protection.

"Years ago indiscriminate punishment might be apologized for, on the ground that the Indians were not individually well enough known to make discrimination possible, and there was therefore no recourse in military operations but to make a general seizure of all Indian ponies and guns, and otherwise treat the Indians, guilty or not guilty, all alike. No such pretext can be given now. The names of all Indians are down on the Agency list. Indians are known individually to teachers, missionaries and agents.

"Discrimination is therefore quite practicable. It will be an event in Indian life of vast and far-reaching influence for good if, after this outbreak, the Indians discover that the power which bears the sword will do it 'for the punishment of evil-doers, and for the praise of them that do well.'"

What the Ghost Dance Really is.

The following graphic narrative by Mr. Joseph P Reed, a mining agent of Montana, and close observer

of Indian movements, presents a striking picture of the Ghost Dance:

Although much has been written and more said about the only good Indian being a dead one, and all Westerners believe in the truth of the statement, there are still a few friends of "Poor Lo" left out in the wilds of Dakota and among the mountains of Montana. After personal observation and a careful study for many moons in the centre of "Darkest America," I can defend the red man for many of his late actions.

I have seen many Indians during the last five years, but I have never been in direct contact with them until last month, when I was enabled to study them at a most critical moment, and I think that the present trouble with the Sioux tribe has been caused by irritation at the presence of the military at the reservation, and the bad management and bullying of the Indian Commissioners, through their agents. The poor Indian is suffering and fretting through the clash of authority and the petty jealousies of the civil and military powers.

Noisy Camp-Meetings.

As a matter of fact, the Indians for months past have been holding a genuine, old-fashioned camp-meeting, like those held in the South by our colored brethren, and the result has been that they got excited, indulged in loud talk and made an unusual amount of noise. The settlers got frightened and fled, and the close contact of armed soldiers added to the excitement of the red men and intensified the

angry feeling which is always smouldering in the breasts of the conquered against the conqueror.

The trouble was augmented by the appearance of a fanatic named Johnson, who is supposed to be the Messiah, but who is more probably a Mormon agent. This man told the redskins that when the grass was eight inches above the ground he would appear again; that then the warriors should have their lands once more; that all the cattle would become buffaloes; and that a great wave of mud would arise and sweep the palefaces off the earth.

Description of the Ghost Dance.

That crafty old medicine man, Sitting-Bull, fostered this superstition, and he inaugurated the Ghost Dance, which, as taught by Sitting-Bull, was as follows:

The warriors or braves who are selected to take part in the dance must all fast for twenty-four hours. Then at sunrise each brave goes through the rite of "purification." This is done by the fanatic going into what is called a "sweat-lodge," a sort of willow tent covered with blankets and having hot rocks for the floor. The warrior enters and pours water on the hot stones, and the steam gives him an exaggerated Russian bath. He stays in the "sweat-lodge" for an hour, until he is perfectly clean and pure.

Then he paints his face dark blue, with a red cross on each cheek, and goes to Sitting-Bull or one of the other chiefs, who paints on his forehead two light blue crescents and robes the dancer in a holy shirt made of white muslin and supposed to be bullet-proof. No

one but a great medicine man could perform this ceremony.

The Weird, Ghostly Chanting.

At high noon the braves all form a circle, joining hands. By the bye, this is the only dance where the redskin holds hands. At a signal every brave looks down on the ground and they begin to circle around, singing a weird and mournful dirge which, translated, is:

"Father, father, we want to see you, Father, father, we want buffalo. Father, father, we want our lands."

They go round like this for an hour, when the medicine man emerges from his tepee. They then break the circle, throw up their heads and look at the sun, whirling around all the time singly.

The result is they soon get dizzy, and, aided by hunger, sweating and the quick change from darkness to light, become ecstatic and faint, and are then considered fit to receive the Holy Spirit. The right name of the dance is really the "Holy Ghost Dance."

I arrived at Mandan, continued Mr. Reed, the morning of the day Buffalo-Bill and White-Bear returned from their unsuccessful attempt to arrest Sitting-Bull. Colonel Cody can thank his lucky stars that President Harrison saw fit to countermand the order; for, while the great scout would have made the effort, there is little doubt that he would have perished with all his men. Sitting-Bull was revered by his followers, and he was always a source of irritation. He is now dead, and it would have

been better if he had been hanged years ago, in spite of those long-haired men and short-haired women who have tried to make a martyr out of the old firebrand.

A Chief in Luxury.

Well, I went on to Fort Yates, or Standing Rock. I found the reservation very uneasy, but hopeful that no trouble would ensue. Big-Head, the head of the good Indians, lived in a comfortable house, like a gentleman, and he and his followers were contented and happy, as they all would have been were it not for such irritants as Sitting-Bull, Two-Strikes and Kicking-Bear, and above all the sight of armed soldiers ostentatiously paraded without any necessity.

I saw many hundreds come in for their rations, and I assert here that they are not starved. Each one, young or old, receives more rations than a soldier of the United States army, and they get them regularly, though what they do with the soap I have never been able to find out. The redskins are always improvident, but at Standing Rock I found that they were well cared for, well housed, well clothed and well fed, and, despite constant howls from their so-called friends in the East, they are comparatively well off.

One great mistake that is now made is to civilize the Indian and then send him back to his native savagery and leave him. A boy leaves Carlisle, well educated, with a trade, and looking like a young swell, with top hat, light overcoat and overgaiters. He returns to his family; he has nothing to do but to

receive the taunts and jeers of his friends, or they are afraid to talk to him. He cannot get away, he cannot work, and very soon he throws aside his tailor-made clothes, dons his blanket, and is never heard to whisper a word of English again. If he had something to do and a shop to teach his brethren his trade, he would have some authority. And authority, to the Indian mind, is a great thing.

Is There a Remedy?

What do I think is the remedy for the present trouble? Why, first of all, put the Indians under the War Department alone, and do not let them be worried and badgered by the agents of the civil service. Let them alone, don't annoy them by military display, and as for the 3000 braves in the Bad Lands, keep them there. They will come out when they get hungry. Don't attack them; there is no necessity.

But the best thing to do is to make the red man the servant of Uncle Sam; enlist him in the army or make a policeman of him. Directly he takes the oath and puts on the blue and brass buttons, he regards himself as the servant of the "Great Father," and will do and dare to any extent. Major McLaughlin's Indian police at Standing Rock are the best men of the tribe, and are faithful, sober and brave. Lieutenant Casey, at Fort Keogh, Montana, and Lieutenant Robertson, at Fort Custer, have both been remarkably successful in training Indian scouts as cavalrymen, and they say that they can be made the best soldiers ever seen. Above all, the redskin never deserts.

Instead of the present handful of Indian scouts, form a brigade of three thousand well-drilled soldiers under pale-faced officers, and you will have the solution of the Indian difficulty and a very useful addition to the United States army.

The foregoing comments upon the situation and the only effective remedy for Indian discontent will meet with general concurrence.

And now, before giving the reader a detailed account of the latest outbreak and its thrilling features, we refer him to a concise history of the Indians, which we feel confident he will find to be interesting and instructive.

CHAPTER II.

Origin of the American Indians.—Where they came from.

Two hundred and fifty years ago hundreds of thousands of bronze-faced painted savages roamed through the vast primeval forests of America, fished in its broad blue lakes, traversed its streams in swift canoes, hunted on its prairies and dotted its thousand river-plains with their wigwams and patches of maize and tobacco. To-day a few thousands are huddled together on reservations, knowing little but the White Man's injustice, and their number is rapidly melting away.

The spectacle of the disappearance of the race is a strange and interesting one. Everything connected with these aborigines becomes of absorbing interest, and especially is our curiosity excited to know whence they came.

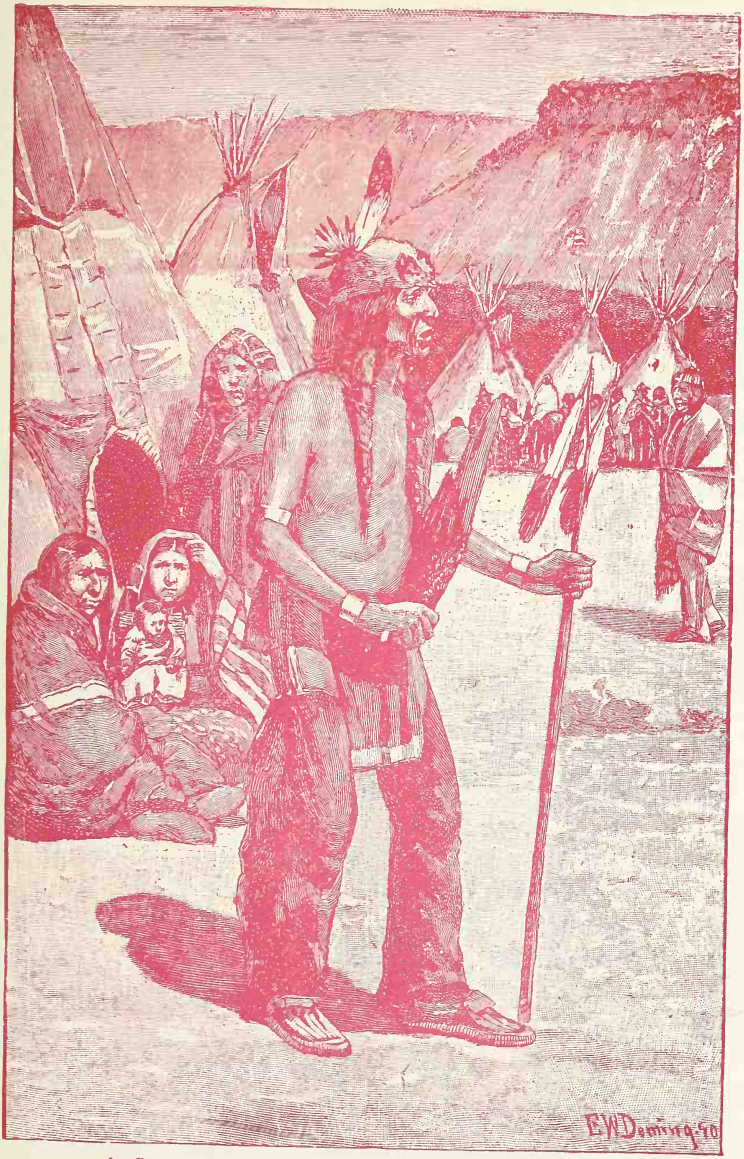
How did they get here? Many volumes have been written on the subject and innumerable theories and speculations indulged in. Some have said that the race is Jewish in descent; others, Phœnician; others, Carthaginian; others, Mongolian; and some, again, Welsh. But it seems to me that all points of evidence converge to show that they are Asiatic in origin,

descended from some Tartar, Mongolian, Siberian or Scythian race, which entered America by way of Behring Straits, which, it is quite certain, were at one time a neck of land. An intelligent army officer, who is a good geologist, asserts that the Behring Straits and Aleutian Islands are of comparatively recent origin, and it is possible that, long after the peopling of America began, the old and new continents were connected by land.

Indeed, even at this day the Aleutian Islands form an almost continuous chain, beginning with Behring Island and extending from Kamchatka to Alaska, so that it is possible for an Indian to pass in a rude canoe from the eastern extremity of Asia to the American shore. Again, it must be remembered that the straits are situated in the sixtieth degree of north latitude, and in the winter are frozen solid, so that both men and animals can cross on the ice with safety from shore to shore; the entire distance being but thirty-nine miles.

Proofs of Asiatic Origin.

Perhaps the strongest proof that our Indians are from Asia is afforded by the fact that the nomadic tribes of Alaska are related to the Kamchatkans, and even now pass and repass Behring Straits. A tribe has lately been found in Alaska speaking the same language as that of Kamchatka; and still further, as if to place the whole matter beyond a doubt, I am assured that many tribes on both sides of the straits are identical in manners and customs.



A SIOUX CRIER CALLING A WAR DANCE.

FLIGHT OF THE INDIANS AFTER THE MASSACRE.

RED CLOUD.

PLENTY SCALPS.

This astonishing fact has only been brought to light of late years through explorations and commercial transactions with the natives. The points of similarity that have been established are those of features and complexion; religion, language, dress and ornaments; marriages, methods of warfare, dances, sacrifices, funeral rites, festivals and beliefs concerning dreams; games, naming of children, dwellings and forms of government.

Ancient Tartars.

It may not be amiss to cite here the opinions of scholars and learned men in further support of the view I have taken; and I may remark that sixty-nine authorities examined all point to the conclusion here advanced. Brerewood, a scholar of the time of Queen Elizabeth, wrote as follows: "I think it very likely that America received her first inhabitants from the east border of Asia; so it is altogether unlikely that it obtained them from any other part of all that border, save from Tartary. This opinion of mine touching the Americans descending from the Tartars rather than from any other nation is based on the fact that the border of Asia is in the near vicinity of America.

"It is certain that the northeast part of Asia, possessed by Tartars, if not continuous with the west side of America (which yet remains in doubt), is, certainly and without any question, the least disjointed by the sea of all the coast of Asia. Those parts of Asia and America are continuous, one with the other, or at most disjointed by a narrow channel of the ocean."

Cabolski, who was for seven years in Siberia inquiring into the origin of nations, says, touching the Scythian source of the Northern Siberian tribes: "After Magog came Gomer, the father of all the Scythians in the north, and from whom are sprung the Red Men of America, who passed over into that country from the northeastern part of Asia." This treatise of Cabolski was written in the Latin tongue and is preserved in manuscript.

Emigrants from Asia.

McIntosh, an eminent authority on Indian subjects, speaks thus: "From all I can gather, I am convinced that the people of Tartary and Siberia were originally colonized by the Scythians, the posterity of Magog, who was in turn the second son of Japhet; and that Kamchatka and the north of Siberia, being the nearest point of Asia to America whence migrations could easily take place, the Indians of North America can undoubtedly claim the Scythians as their progenitors, and, consequently, Magog as the founder of their nation."

Ezra Stiles, a former president of Yale College, relates in a printed sermon the following anecdote: "The portrait-painter, Mr. Smibert, who accompanied Dr. Berkeley, then Dean of Derry and afterward Bishop of Cloyne, from Italy to America in 1728, was employed by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, while at Florence, to paint two or three Siberian Tartars presented to the duke by the Czar of Russia. This Mr. Smibert, upon his landing at Narragansett Bay with Dr. Berkeley, instantly recognized the Indians here to be the same people as the Siberian Tartars

whose pictures he had taken." This incident is taken from the valuable work of McIntosh on The Origin of the North American Indians; and to this volume I am indebted for the information conveyed in the remainder of this chapter.

TYPE OF NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN.

The learned Padre Santini, an Italian missionary to Chinese Tartary and Siberia, describing the Kamschadales, says: "Their faces are round, the cheek-bones high, the lips thick, the eyes small and black,

the forehead small, the ears large, the teeth white and the hair black. The Indians of North America whom I saw at Quebec in 1748 must be of the same origin as the Asiatic tribes I have now described; they have the same complexion and visage, and their customs, religion and language are also very similar."

Similarity of Language.

A comparative table of the Indian and Asiatic languages reveals their identity at first sight. We here find such similar expressions as the following: The Delaware Indians called God, Kitschimanitto; Kamchadales, Kitchi Manoa. The word *mother* among Pennsylvania Indians (according to Wm. Penn) was *anna;* among the Tartars of Orenburg, Siberia, it is the same; the Tartars near Tooshetti employ the word *nana.* The Narragansetts called the word *son, namun;* with the Tongusi it was *nioman.* For *brother* the Pottawatomies say *sesah;* the Tchionski, *sezoee.* The word *husband* was called *wasick* by the Narragansetts; *waesacko* by the Samoyeds. The Chippewas designated the word *hair* by the word *lissey;* the Koriaks, *lisseh.* These are but a few of the many instances given in the table compiled by Dr. Barton, Abernethy and Padre Santini.

The dress of the Tongusi, Koriaks and Kamschadales, says Abernethy, formerly consisted of tanned hides painted with considerable taste. The figures represented those animals which had been chosen by each tribe as their distinguishing mark (the North American totems). Santini says: "They

painted their bodies and faces with various colors; they bored their noses and ears, whence hung colored shells. For their head coverings they had crowns

CHIEF WITH HEAD-DRESS.

made of the skin of a young deer, ornamented with the plumage of rare birds, especially the peacock.

"Every part of their dress was embellished with young porcupine quills; they had shoes especially

adapted to the winter weather, in order to more easily traverse the snowy plains; their length was about two feet, and, from their great lightness and peculiar structure, enabled the wearer to perform long journeys. The soles consisted of a net made of strings of raw hide." It is unnecessary to point out the resemblances, in all these points, with the habits of our Indians.

Customs of War.

Respecting the customs of war of the Kamschadales, Abernethy says: "After they have performed many ridiculous ceremonies, the chief assembles his warriors and tells them that the Great Spirit and the spirits of their murdered brethren demand revenge. Having delivered an enthusiastic and figurative speech of no great length, in which he reminds them of the bravery and heroism of their fathers, and of the injuries done them and their brethren, they heat water with which they wash the black color from his face. They then grease and set his hair in order and repaint his face with red and various other colors. After he is dressed in his finest robes he begins to sing in a low tone the 'song of death.' His warriors who are to accompany him then sing, one after another, their 'war song.'"

When a Siberian nation is inclined to make peace, Santini tells us, they light the sacred pipe, which is offered by a chief to the principal man of the hostile tribe. If he receives and smokes it, peace is immediately proclaimed; and so sacred do they consider

this agreement that they seldom or never violate it. The bowl is of clay, and the tube consists of a reed three or four feet long, decorated with feathers of different colors.

The Tongusians also have the dance of the Potoosi,

CHIEF WITH CLAW NECKLACE.

or sacred pipe (calumet). Tongusians and Indians alike sacrifice dogs to appease the wrath of mis-

chievous spirits. Other customs almost identical in the two countries are the Festival of Dreams, the naming of children, various games, juggleries, etc.

But it is unnecessary to enter any further upon this large field. Enough has been said to substantiate the Asiatic origin of the North American Indians, and to show that these strange dusky children of destiny, who are being slowly exterminated under the thirst for white aggrandizement, wandered into this continent from one still vaster, still stranger and thousands of years older than our own.

CHAPTER III.

The Mound-Builders.—Who they were, and what their relations were to the Indians who succeeded them in America.

BEFORE proceeding with the story of the red men we must glance for one moment at a mysterious race that preceded them—the "Mound-builders." Who were these people? and what relation did they sustain to the wild Indians? The facts concerning them, the existence of mounds, fortifications and other vast monumental structures, are well known and need only be recapitulated here.

The ancient earthworks of this country may be classified into three grand divisions: the Northern Lake, or Wisconsin; the Ohio Valley; and the Gulf Border. The works of the first mentioned are gigantic, bizarre and unique productions, no others like them being found in the world. They consist of earthworks in the form of enormous animal effigies outlined upon the level surface of the prairies or flat river-borders of Wisconsin. They extend across the State in a southwest direction from Fond-du-Lac, ascending Fox River and following the general course of the Rock and Wisconsin rivers to the Mississippi.

The animals imitated are the buffalo, bear, fox,

wolf, otter, lizard, turtle, eagle, night-hawk, and even man. The height of these effigies is only from one to four feet above the surrounding prairie, but the length is enormous, generally as much as two hundred feet, and often exceeding this. Two of these images may be found in Ohio—the "Great Serpent" of Adams county, with a length of seven hundred feet; and the "Lizard" or "Alligator" of Licking county, two hundred and fifty feet long.

Mounds of Immense Size.

In the Ohio Valley division we may place the almost innumerable mounds of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Kentucky, as well as the sacred inclosures, fortified hills, etc. which abound everywhere in these States, especially the first mentioned, where may be found two of the most magnificent specimens—one in Newark, covering an area of two square miles; the other in Marietta, three-fourths of a mile in length by half a mile in breadth. It is almost impossible to adequately describe these works, the grandeur of the scale upon which they are constructed and the intricacy of their plan. It is said that one on first seeing them experiences a feeling of awe similar to that which is felt in passing the portals of some vast Egyptian temple.

The Grave Creek Mound, twelve miles below Wheeling, Va., is seventy feet in height by nine hundred feet in circumference. The great truncated, pyramidal mound of Cahokia, near St. Louis, was, in extent, seven hundred by five hundred feet at the

base. The works of the Gulf Border region are mostly pyramidal in shape, are truncated, and served as pedestals for temples, like the teocallis of Mexico and Central America.

All these specimens have been classified into sacred and miscellaneous enclosures and those for defence; mounds of sacrifice, of temple rites, of sepulture and of observation. Judging from the site and immense size of many of these works, and from the various articles found in the mounds, we reach the following conclusions respecting these mysterious people: That they were semi-civilized, living in large, stationary communities, cultivating the soil, probably subsisting on maize or Indian corn; that they spun and wove cloth, numerous remains of which have been found; that they modelled clay and carved the hardest stone into images of animals and of men; that they knew how to mine and smelt ores, especially copper, and quarried various minerals, such as mica, steatite, etc., which they wrought into ornamental objects; that they manufactured salt by evaporating the brine of saline substances; that they had a religion of nature and probably practised human sacrifices, the numerous remains of fires and charred bones upon the pyramidal temple mounds seeming to indicate this.

Difficulty of Building these Structures.

Furthermore, it is certain that to build such vast structures as the platform mound of Cahokia, or the Grave Creek Mound (works nearly as large as some of the pyramids of Egypt), there must have

been a considerably advanced state of society. There must have been subordination of the masses, as well as cheap food, in order to permit large numbers of men to devote their entire time to the work of construction, and at the same time be provided with sustenance.

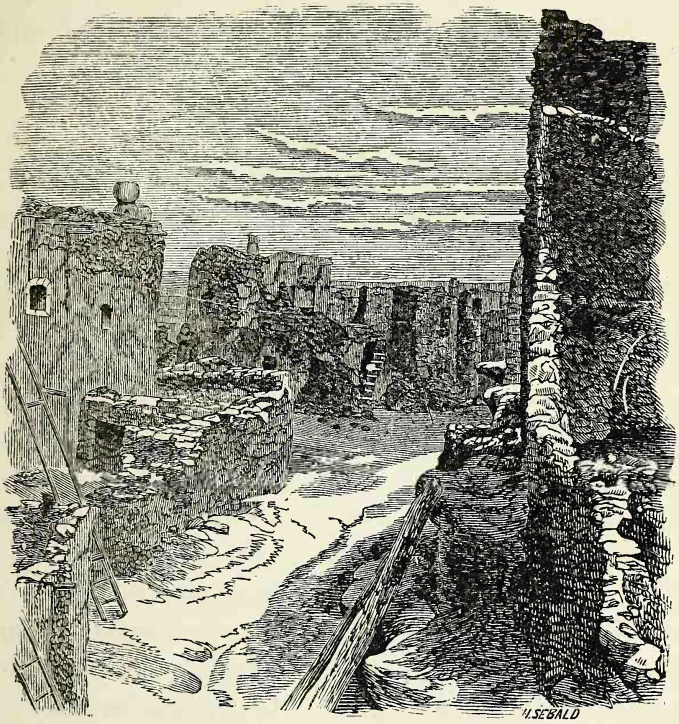
And here we are brought at once face to face with that which broadly distinguishes the Indians from these mound-builders. Our Indians have never had any co-operation for the purpose of erecting any structure greater than their wigwams, and never have cultivated the soil except in the smallest patches about their huts. It would, therefore, have been impossible for these red men or their ancestors to have built the mounds. It would have required a very large number of men to erect such vast structures, and the history of the Indians affords no evidence that they ever undertook any work which demanded the united efforts of a multitude of laborers.

Contents of the Mounds.

The Indians are proud of their personal freedom and are disinclined to labor. They detest working in the soil, are nomadic, restless, fickle and improvident. No chief would dare issue a command for his followers to engage in servile work. Furthermore, the objects found in the mounds show an advance in the arts such as the American Indians never attained. They never smelted ores, spun cloth or carved images so beautifully as the mound-builders did.

But some one may say, "Perhaps the ancestors of

the present Indians were more civilized than they are, and these specimens of advanced art are to be attributed to them." To this I reply that there is nothing



RUINS OF A DESERTED AZTEC VILLAGE.

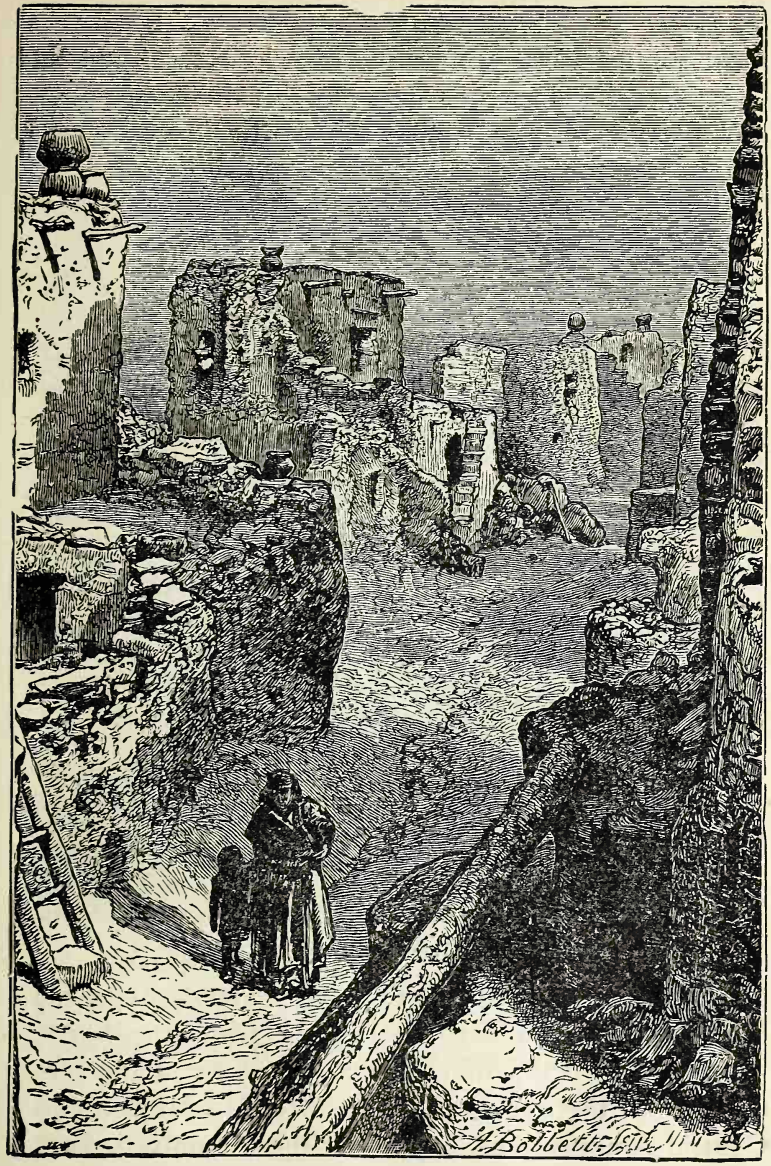
to give evidence that the progenitors of the present red men were any more advanced in civilization than the Asian savages from whom they descended. Everything tends to prove that they were entirely distinct in origin from the mound-builders. Mr. Bancroft, in his History of the United States (vol. iii. p. 265),

says, respecting the language of the American savages: "It has been asked if our Indians were not the wrecks of more civilized nations. Their language refutes the hypothesis. Every one of its forms is a witness that their ancestors were, like themselves, not yet disenthralled from nature."

Origin of the Mound-Builders.

Having now taken a brief survey of the civilization of the mound-builders, and having seen that they are separated from the American Indians by the sharpest lines of distinction, we are prepared to answer the questions propounded in the early part of this chapter respecting the origin of the earlier race and their relation to the savages. And where, indeed, should we look for the source of such a people as the mound-builders if not to those tropical lands whose gorgeous and magnificent, forest-buried cities speak of the seats of vast and varied indigenous civilizations, equalling or surpassing those of the Etruscans or the Egyptians? Indeed, the tropics are the birth-land of all the civilizations of the globe. It was only in these regions where nature offered delicious fruits and other foods in unstinted abundance, that men could at first gain leisure to turn their attention to the arts and the higher intellectual processes. The tropics are the womb of nations, and from these climes sprung the venerable civilizations of the Nile and the Ganges

So in the New World, the cities of Palenque, Uxmal and Copan are in lands of tropical luxuriance of flower, fruit and flesh. The Chichimecs seem to have



A DEAD TOWN OF THE AZTECS.

been the barbarous aborigines of Central America. Then came in succession the splendid Colhuan, Toltec and Aztec civilizations, each supplanting, or rather in-

CURIOUS DWELLINGS OF THE AZTECS.

corporating, its predecessor. The Aztecs appeared last, and tradition says they came from the north. This seems worthy of credence, since we know that the date of the irruption of this race into Mexico and Central America was only about three hundred years

before the appearance of the Spaniards in the New World.

Further, it has been recently ascertained that the antiquity of the mounds and other works of North America is not so great as was supposed. The hastily-made assertion of Squiers and Davis, in their report, to the effect that no earthwork occurs on any recent river-terrace, but only on the ancient geological ones, has now been proved to be erroneous. Then, the pyramidal character of many of the works of the Mississippi Valley is like that of the Central American teocallis; and there are many more indications that point to the conclusion that the Aztecs were the people who developed here in the North the germs of that civilization which they carried to so high a degree of splendor and magnificence in the warm lands of the South, engrafting their own somewhat rude arts upon the richer civilization of the Toltecs whom they subdued.

Furthermore, it seems just to conclude that the traditions are true which ascribe the cause of their dislodgment from their cities, temples, grain-fields and ancestral sepulchres in the Mississippi Valley to a long and bitterly-waged war with a horde of northern savages, and that the barbarians in the case are the very Indians known to us, and whose origin we have traced to the Asiatic country of Siberia.

CHAPTER IV.

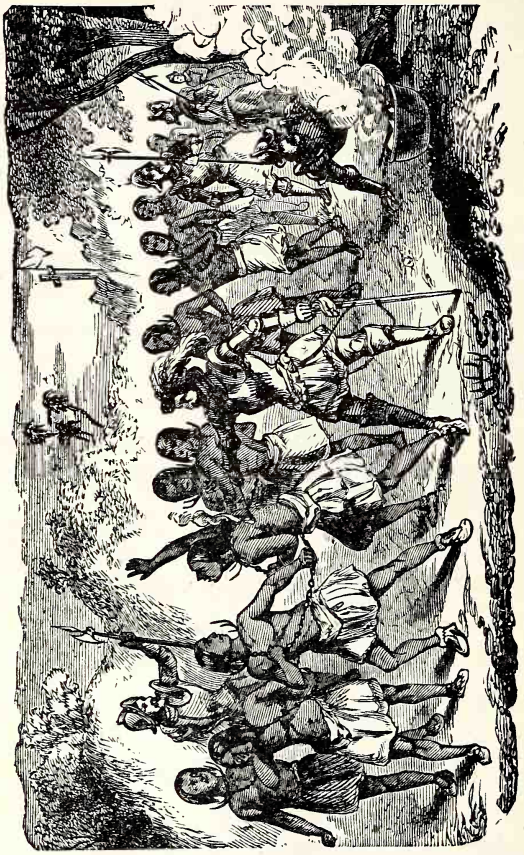
Early History of the North American Indians. —First Contact with White Men.

LITTLE or nothing is known of the history of the American Indians previous to the discovery of America by Europeans. Their vague and contradictory traditions were of little value for accurate history; and, indeed, the record, even supposing it attainable would prove but a wretched chronicle of petty and ferocious intestinal broils and massacres. Our story must, therefore, begin at the date of the advent of Europeans to these shores and their first encounters with the natives.

It was unfortunate that the early voyagers to various parts of the American coast were not only almost invariably hard-hearted and rude men, but also deplorably ignorant of the proper method of managing the savage nature. In almost every instance of first contact with the aborigines deeds of violence were unnecessarily committed by the invaders, and if they did not kill they generally managed to entice a few of them aboard their ships, and conveyed them to Europe, both as vouchers of the truth of their accounts and also to gain from them as much information as possible concerning their new

LANDING OF COLUMBUS.

and unknown world, its untried resources and unestimated values.



SPANIARDS ENSLAVING THE INDIANS.

Columbus, on his first voyage, carried away a number of the natives to Spain. The seven who survived the passage over he presented to the king. Upon this very first occasion, also, the blood of

several natives was shed by the men of Columbus. Sebastian Cabot gave three Newfoundland natives to Henry VII. In 1508 the French discovered the St. Lawrence, and on their return carried off several of the Indians to Paris. In 1524, John Verazzin, in the service of Francis I., sailed along the American coast, and, landing at a part of it supposed to be Connecticut, kidnapped an Indian boy.

Atrocious Cruelties.

The conduct of Henry Hudson toward the Indians whom he encountered on his voyage of discovery up the Hudson in 1609 was savage, cruel and unjust. It was probably owing to some insult given to the Indians by his men that bad blood was excited. One of Hudson's men was first killed. Shortly after, says the record, as they were at anchor "seven miles below the mountains," an Indian in a canoe, while many others were around the ship, came under the stern, climbed up by the rudder, entered the cabin window, which had been left open, and stole some trifling articles. Being discovered, he was pursued and killed by the mate by a shot through his breast. By this rash act several were so alarmed that they jumped into the river. As the boat from the ship was pursuing them, one of those in the water grasped the side of the boat, whereupon the cook cut off his hands with a sword, and he was drowned.

On the following day two canoes approached the ship and shot at it with bows and arrows; in return for which Hudson's men discharged six muskets

and killed two or three of them. In various other encounters six or seven more of the Indians were killed. This was indeed a sorry beginning and a poor example to set to "the savages." And we may

HENRY HUDSON.

well remember this, our own bad beginning, when we get to where our blood will be lawfully excited against our red brethren.

But the romantic adventures of the Spaniards with the Indians of Florida are both the earliest in chronological order and also the most thrilling in interest, owing to the high spirit, intelligence and ferocity of

the parties in the struggle. Juan Ponce de Leon, Velasquez de Ayllon, Pamphilo de Narvaez and De Soto are the well-known names of the Spanish adventurers in Florida, and the date is the first half of the sixteenth century (1512–1540). The Florida Indians resided in towns and villages of considerable

FERDINAND DE SOTO.

extent. They were desperately brave in the defence of their homes against the cruel Spaniards, unterrified by the novel spectacle of the iron-mailed Centaurs who charged upon them with shouts and curses

Horses they had never seen before, and they must have been as much surprised by them as were the Romans at the first sight of elephants. These Southern Indians were so proud-spirited that it was their custom, in Cuba, to hang themselves in order to escape the degradation of slavery and hard labor in the mines.

Brave Explorers.

In 1528, Pamphilo de Narvaez, with four hundred men and forty or fifty horses, penetrated Florida as far as Appalachee, then south to Aute, where, finding it hopeless to think of making further progress by land, they constructed, with great ingenuity, five small boats from ribs of wood and covered with the skins of their horses, their only tools being made from their steel accoutrements. A handful only of these men were ever heard of again, four or five of them having reached Mexico after incredible hardships.

In May, 1539, De Soto anchored his seven ships in Tampa Bay. He had between six hundred and one thousand bold adventurers with him, horsemen and foot-soldiers. Establishing himself in the chief village of the cacique Hiriga, De Soto made overtures to that monarch, but in vain. The remembrance of the former barbarities of the Spaniards steeled the heart of the cacique against all his blandishments. The Indians fought with desperate bravery in the marshes.

One day a party of horsemen charged a body of

Indians and put them to flight, and as one of the Spaniards was about to attack one of them with his lance, he was astonished to hear him exclaim: "Sirs, I am a Christian; do not kill me, nor these poor men who have given me my life." This man, named John Ortiz, sunburnt, naked and painted as he was, could hardly be distinguished from his companions, the Indians. He was one of the followers of Narvaez, and had lived with the savages for twelve years. Having been captured, he was bound to four stakes and a fire kindled beneath him, when, as the story goes, he was saved at the entreaty of the chief's daughter; his wounds were healed, and he was appointed to guard the bodies of the dead in the temple from the attacks of wolves. He had the good fortune to win the admiration of the people by despatching a wolf or panther that had attacked the chief's daughter, and had continued in their favor until restored by the chance of battle to the companionship of his countrymen.

Indian Bravery.

Pressing northward, De Soto reached the village of Vitachuco. The treacherous cacique pretended friendship, but prepared for an overwhelming attack The vigilance of John Ortiz, however, detected it the cacique was made prisoner and his army routed. Many of the fugitives were driven into a lake, where they concealed themselves by covering their heads with the leaves of water-lilies. The lake was surrounded by the Spanisb troops, but such was the

resolution of the Indians that they remained the whole night immersed in the water, and on the following day, when the rest had delivered themselves up, being constrained by the sharpness of the cold they had endured in the water, twelve still held out, resolving to die rather than surrender. Chilled and stupefied by exposure, these were dragged ashore by some Indians of Paracoxi belonging to De Soto's party, who swam after them and seized them by the hair.

Although a prisoner, with his chief warriors reduced to the condition of servants, Vitachuco did not lay aside his daring purposes of revenge. He managed to circulate an order among his men that on a day appointed, while the Spaniards were at dinner, every Indian should attack the one nearest him with whatever weapon came to hand. When the time arrived, Vitachuco, who was seated at the general's table, rallying himself for a desperate effort, sprang upon his host and endeavored to strangle him. "This blade," says the Portuguese narrator, "fell upon the general; but before he could get his two hands to his throat, he gave him such a furious blow with his fist upon the face that he put him all in a gore of blood." De Soto would still have perished had not his followers despatched the furious chief.

"All the other prisoners followed their cacique's example. Catching at the Spaniards' arms or the 'pounder wherewith they pounded the maize,' each set upon his master therewith or on the first that fell into his hands. They made use of the lances or

swords they met with as skilfully as if they had been bred to it from childhood; so that one of them, with sword in hand, made head against fifteen or twenty men in the open place until he was killed by the governor's halberdiers." The last of them took shelter in a room where corn was stored, and could only be overpowered by being finally shot through a hole in the roof.

Captain John Smith.

Space compels me to hurry the reader northward, and, leaving these brave red men of the far South, glance at those of Virginia, and get such a picture as we can of their customs and appearance when they first came in contact with the whites. The best, and in fact almost the only, source of information we have is contained in the quaint and vigorous narrative of Captain John Smith, who reached Virginia in 1606 as a member of the party of Bartholomew Gosnold. There are brief accounts, however, of encounters with the Indians before this time. Sir Richard Grenville in 1585 sailed to Virginia and left one hundred men to form a settlement at Roanoke. All returned, however, within a year. These Englishmen, in one of their exploring expeditions, committed another of the characteristic and unjustifiable outrages of the first whites in this country, in burning the entire town and destroying the cornfields of some Indians who had stolen a silver cup.

Captain John Smith gives some interesting statements relative to the customs of these Virginia

savages as they existed before being modified by contact with Europeans. Of the Susquesahanocks, Smith says: "Such great and well-proportioned men are seldom seen, for they seemed like giants to the

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

English. For their language, it may well beseem their proportions, sounding from them as a voice in a vault.

One of the chiefs measured three quarters of a yard about the calf of his leg, and all the rest of his limbs so answerable to that proportion that he seemed

the goodliest man we ever beheld. His hair, the one side, was long; the other, shorn close, with a ridge like a cock's comb." The people were dressed in the skins of wild animals: "Some have Cassacks made of Bear's heads and skins; that a man's head goes through the skin's neck, and the ears of the Bear fastened to his shoulders, the nose and teeth hanging down his breast; another Bear's face split behind him, and at the end of the nose hung a paw. One had the head of a wolf hanging in a chain for a jewel; his tobacco-pipe, three quarters of a yard long, prettily carved with a Bird or a Deer; or some such device at the great end, sufficient to beat out one's brains."

Strange Ornaments.

Sometimes would be seen a garment of feathers neatly and thickly woven together. Tattooing and painting were, of course, prevalent. It is difficult to credit some of the stories told by Smith, as, for instance, that some of the Indians "wear in the holes bored in their ears a small green and yellow-colored snake, nearly a yard in length, which, crawling and lapping herself about his neck, oftentimes would familiarly kiss his lips."

About the wigwams of some mulberry trees were planted. Captain Smith enumerates many of the wild fruits and animals which they had. It is easy to recognize the persimmon in the "putchamin," whose fruit is like a medlar; it is first green, then yellow, turning to red when ripe; if it be

unripe, it will "draw a man's mouth awry with much torment."

Passing over the various changes in the little colony that settled on the Powhatan (now James) River, we come to the romantic and wonderful adventures of Captain Smith, who soon became leader in the colony he brought from the mother-country. During the first winter he undertook a voyage of discovery up the Chickahominy River, which debouches into the James a few miles above Jamestown. He was soon obliged, by the obstructions in the river, to leave he barge and, with two Englishmen, continue their progress in a canoe.

During his absence George Gassan was taken prisoner, the savages having compelled him to reveal the intentions of Smith, then put him to death in the most fiendish manner, cutting off his limbs at the joints with shells and burning them before his face. Not daring to attack the boat's crew, they set out in pursuit of Smith. Coming upon the party among the marshes, they shot the two Englishmen as they were sleeping by the canoe. They then surrounded Smith, who had gone out with one of his guides in search of game.

Savages Astonished.

The gallant captain bound the Indian fast to his arm with a garter to protect himself from the arrows of his two hundred howling enemies, killed three of them and wounded several others. The savages stood at a distance in dismay at the execution of the gun. Unfortunately, in retreating, Smith became bemired

in the mud of a creek, and, becoming stiff with cold, was obliged to lay down his arms. The delighted savages took him to the fire and restored animation to his limbs by rubbing them. Smith thereupon endeavored to conciliate the king, Opechancanough, by presenting him with an ivory pocket compass and explaining its use to the admiring crowd. They then led him away to their village in triumph. Each warrior was gaudily painted, and each had a bow in his hand, and tied on his head the dried skin of a bird with her wings spread, a piece of copper, a white shell, a long feather with a small rattle growing at the tails of their snakes tied to it, or some similar toy.

One of the old warriors, whose son had been wounded by Smith's gun, could scarcely be restrained from killing the prisoner, who, however, informed them that he had at Jamestown a powerful medicine which would cure him. Messengers were sent with a letter written "on part of a Table book," whatever that was. To the astonishment of the Indians, the "speaking paper" accomplished its mission.

Weird Incantations.

To ascertain the real feelings of Smith toward them an incantation was held. Having seated him on a mat before a fire in one of their large wigwams, all went out. Presently "a great, grim fellow" came skipping in, "all painted over with coal mingled with oil; wearing many snake and weasel skins stuffed with moss, and their tails tied together so as to meet on the crown of his head in a tassel, round about

which was a coronet of feathers, the skins hanging about his head, back and shoulders, and, in a manner, covering his face, with a hellish voice and a rattle in his hand." He sprinkled a circle of meal about the fire, then concluded his conjurations.

After visiting the court of the grand monarch, Powhatan, and holding long conversations with the famous king, Smith was finally released on condition of presenting the king with two great guns and a millstone. On reaching Jamestown, the two guns were brought forth, but the guides were so terrified by a discharge of stones among the branches of an ice-covered tree that they were glad to take trinkets in place of such fearful engines. Smith now held the hearts of the savages; and it was well that he did otherwise the little colony might have perished of starvation.

It is related that every four or five days the noble little Pocahontas, who was but ten years old at that time, would appear on an errand of mercy accompanied by attendants carrying provisions. I have not given the story of the saving of Smith's life by this little maiden, both because of its extreme familiarity and for the reason that latterly strong historic doubt has been entertained as to its truth.

Grand Reception to Captain Newport.

Captains Newport and Nelson not long after arrived with two ships loaded with provisions and trinkets. Extravagant ideas having been instilled into the minds of the savages as to the power and majesty

of Captain Newport, a grand ceremonial reception was held at the court of Powhatan, during the course of which the bartering began.

The men of the newly-arrived ships had unfortunately spoiled the Indian market by offering irregular

POCAHONTAS.

prices, and the cunning king rated his corn so high that the English thought it cheaper in Spain. But presently Powhatan's eye was attracted by the gleam of some blue beads. The shrewd Captain Smith pretended that they were the rarest gems, worn only by monarchs, which possessed the king with the wildest desire to own them, and for which he offered immense

quantities of corn in exchange. After this the trade in blue beads was a royal privilege only.

On the 2d day of June, 1608, Smith set out upon his exploration of Chesapeake Bay. His companions numbered fourteen and their boat was an open barge. As they coasted along the eastern shore, everywhere the greatest astonishment and fright was manifested by the savages. The discharge of the guns invariably filled them with terror. Before reaching the head of the bay Smith was compelled to turn back, owing to the fatigue of his men, who were unaccustomed to such exposure.

A Cunning Disguise.

On the 24th of July a second expedition up the Chesapeake was undertaken. The hope of finding in these parts the famous northwest passage to the Indies had not yet been extinguished. Encountering some Massawomekes, a fierce tribe belonging to the redoubtable Iroquois or Six Nations of what was afterward New York State, they pacified them and obtained some of their shields, with which they fortified their boat; reminding one in this of Stanley, the African explorer, who did the same in his immortal descent of the Congo River. Upon one occasion, while Smith was exploring the Rappahannock River, he was attacked by a party of Rappahannocks, who were so cunningly disguised with bushes that they were supposed to be a natural growth of trees on the shore. On these two voyages Chesapeake Bay was surveyed and an accurate chart of the entire country drawn up.

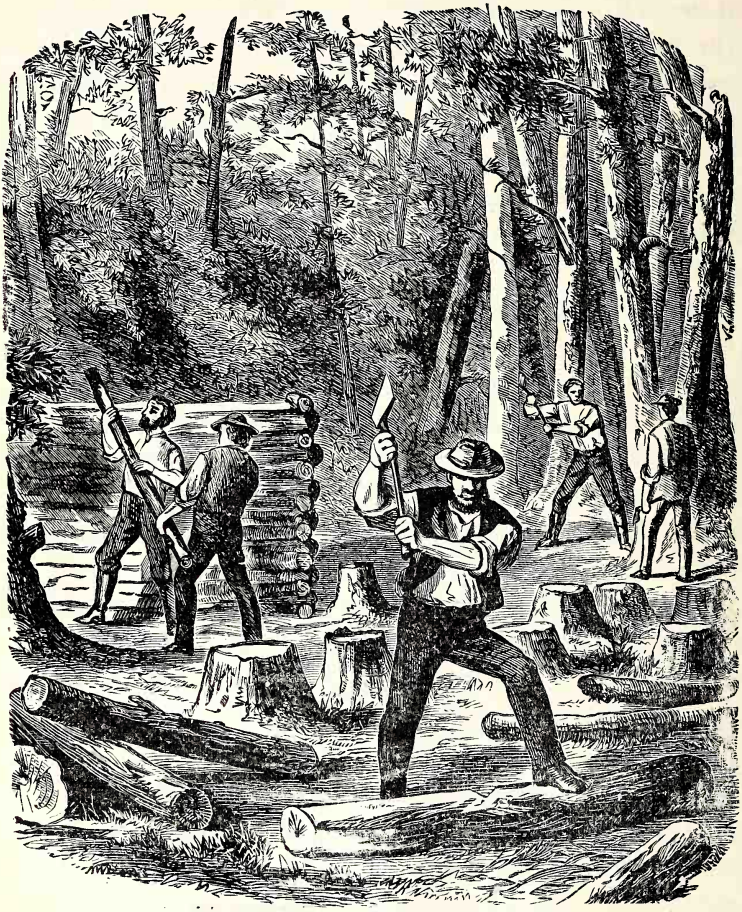
Great distress was experienced from want of food, and every means was resorted to in order to procure it from the Indians. Powhatan had come to despise the Jamestown colony, owing to a foolish coronation scene by Newport, who had recently arrived from England with a crowd of useless adventurers.

Warned by Pochahontas.

The splendor of the articles of coronation fairly turned the head of Powhatan, who became treacherous toward Smith and tried to kill him when he came to Werowocomoco to barter for corn. But the daring captain performed prodigies of valor in repelling attacks single-handed. His Indian angel, the friendly little Pocahontas, came at night to warn him of an attack. This treachery of Powhatan and the rest was attributed to the influence of some "damned Dutchmen" (as the English called them), who were at that time in the region. The old acquaintance of the English, Opechancanough, also proved faithless. Decoying Smith and his "old fifteen" into his house, he was profuse in his offers of provision and friendship; but in the mean time an ambuscade had surrounded the house. Smith was urged to come out to the door to receive his presents; but he saw that "the bait was guarded with at least two hundred men, and thirty lying under a great tree (placed athwart as a barricade), each his arrow nocked ready to shoot."

Smith, perceiving the plan to betray him, sprang upon the king seizing him by the hair, and, holding a pistol to his breast, led him forth; where, taking a

terrible speech before the people, he succeeded in gaining peace and provisions.



BUILDING THE FIRST HOUSE IN JAMESTOWN.

Several incidents occurred about this time which tended to establish the power of Smith over the sav-

ages. One was the explosion of a quantity of gunpowder which the Indians were trying to dry upon a plate of armor as they had seen the English do. Another was the affair of the pistol and the charcoal. An Indian had stolen one of these weapons: his two brothers were seized by Smith as pledges; one of them was sent in search of the pistol, and told that his brother would be hanged in twelve hours if it were not returned. The one who was retained was placed in a dungeon. Smith, pitying the poor, naked savage, sent him some food and some charcoal for a fire. Toward midnight the brother returned with the weapon, but the poor fellow in the dungeon was found stupefied by the charcoal and terribly burned. The lamentations of the brother were so touching tha Smith promised him, if he would abstain from future thefts, that he would restore the captive to life. This was accomplished by the proper means, and the rumor spread like wild-fire that the white chief could bring the dead to life. These and many other such incidents so amazed and frightened Powhatan and all his people that they came in from all quarters returning stolen property; and the land, says the narrative, "became absolutely as free for us as for themselves."

The Fair Hostage.

Soon after we hear the last of Captain Smith. In the latter part of 1609 he met with a terrible accident by the firing of a bag of gunpowder. He was so fearfully torn and burned that he leaped into the river, and was with difficulty rescued from drowning. He

was obliged to go to England to procure the needed medical assistance, and was never after able to revisit the colony which he had helped to found and so ably administered.

After his departure things went rapidly to wreck and ruin, and there was a general revolt of the Indians. In 1613, Pocahontas was captured and held as a hostage. While she was at Jamestown a young Englishman, John Rolfe, became passionately attached to her, and on the first of April they were married. They excited great attention everywhere, even at court, where Captain Smith made a speech about her before the queen. This interesting little woman died in 1617, as she was about to revisit America. She left one child, Thomas Rolfe, who afterward lived in Virginia, and to whom many old Virginia families still trace their origin. Powhatan, her father, died a year later.

CHAPTER V.

The Puritans and Indians.—Thrilling Experiences of the Early Settlers.

THE early adventures of our Puritan ancestors with the Indians form a thrilling chapter in history. A whole winter hastened away before the little company at Plymouth, in Massachusetts, succeeded in establishing any relations other than hostile with the savages around them. The appearance, in March, of Samoset and his introduction of Tisquantum, or 'Squanto, were the means of opening up important relations with the surrounding tribes. 'Squanto had had a romantic and checkered career in Europe, and had returned to America. His services as an interpreter were invaluable to the English.

It was a cold day in March when Samoset suddenly appeared at Plymouth and walked boldly down the street between the houses. He was naked, with "only a leather around his waist," says Mourt, "about a span long." They cast a horseman's cloak about him and gave him good food, in return for which he imparted to them all his knowledge of the country. He stated that he was one of the Sagamores of Moratiggon, a place five days' journey by land to the east; that the Indian name of the place which the

colonists had styled Plymouth was Patuxet; and that about four years before all its inhabitants had died of a plague.

Samoset had learned some broken English of the whites who came to fish along his coast. He left Plymouth the next morning, promising to return with some men of Massasoit, a sachem whose headquarters were on Narragansett Bay, to trade for beaver skins. True to his agreement, he appeared on the next Sunday with "five other tall, proper men. They had every man a deer's skin on him, and the principal of them had a wild cat's skin, or such like, on one arm. They had, most of them, long hosen up to their groins, close made; and above their groins, to their waist, another leather; they were altogether like the Irish trowsers."

The old record continues: "They are of complexion like our English Gypsies; no hair, or very little, on their faces; on their heads, long hair to their shoulders, only cut before; some trussed up before with a feather broadwise like a fan; another a foxtail hanging out."

A Singular Story.

In 1622 a colony known as Weston's had settled at Wessagusset, near Plymouth. They were mostly idle and improvident fellows who had much difficulty in obtaining anything to eat. It was charged against them that they once hanged an innocent and comparatively worthless member of the community in order to spare the life of an able-bodied man who had stolen

some corn from the Indians and whose life the savages demanded. The author of *Hudibras* has even put the incident into verse.

But in a quaint book published at Amsterdam in 1637 and written by Thomas Morton of Merry Mount fame, a different account is given, and the whole afair is so ludicrous and singular that I will quote it in full. "One of Master Weston's plantation," he says, "an able-bodied man that ranged the woods to see what it would afford, lighted by accident upon an Indian barn, and from thence did take a capful of corn. The savage owner of it, finding by the foot (track) some English had been there, came to the plantation and made complaint after this manner. The chief commander of the company, on this occasion, called a parliament of all his people but those who were sick and ill at ease. And wisely now they must consult upon this huge complaint, that a privy (paltry) knife or string of beads would well enough have qualified; and Edward Johnson was a special judge of this business. Hereupon, some one rose and said he had a plan that would please everybody: 'Says he, you all agree that one shall die, and one *shall* die. This young man's clothes we will take off and put upon one that is old and impotent, a sickly person that cannot escape death. Let him be hanged in the other's stead.' 'Amen,' says one, and so say many more. And this had like to have proved their final sentence, and, being there confirmed by act of Parliament, to after ages for a precedent. But that

one, with a ravenous voice, begin to croak and bellow for revenge, and put by that conclusive motion."

They concluded to hang the original culprit. "Yet, nevertheless, a scruple was made." The difficult thing was to get the man's good will, "for without that (they all agreed) it would be dangerous for any man to attempt the execution of it, lest mischief should befall them every man. He was a person that in his wrath did seem to be a second Samson, able to beat out their brains with the jaw-bone of an ass; therefore, they called the man, and, by persuasion, got him fast bound in jest, and then hanged him up hard by in good earnest, who, with a weapon and at liberty, would have put all these wise judges of this Parliament to a pitiful *non-plus* (as it hath been credibly reported), and made the chief judge of them all buckle to him." This story reads like a story out of Knickerbocker.

Plot to Murder the Settlers.

The natural resistance to the white man, which was inevitable, now appears. In 1623 all the Indians of Eastern Massachuseets, excepting those under the immediate control of their faithful ally, Massasoit, made a league to extirpate the colony at Wessagusset and probably that at Plymouth also. The plot was betrayed by Massasoit, who sent Hobomok, the rival interpreter of 'Squanto, to tell the Plymouth people of it. Then Standish, with eight men, set out for Wessagusset to crush this conspiracy by one terrible blow. The Indians now began to pre-

pare to meet the attack. They often came before the English, "and would whet and sharpen the points of their knives" and use many other insulting gestures and speeches.

Amongst the rest, Wittawamet boasted of the excellency of his knife, on the end of the handle of which there was pictured a woman's face; "but," said he, "I have another at home wherewith I have killed both French and English, and that hath a man's face on it, and by and bye these two must marry." To this he added: HINNAIM NAMEN, HINNAIM MICHEN, MATTA CUTS; that is, *By and bye it should see, and by and by it should eat, but not speak.*

Also Peeksnot, continues Winslow, being a man of greater stature than the captain, told him that though he were a great captain, yet he was but a little man. "And," said he, "though I be no sachem, yet am I a man of great strength and courage." These things the captain observed, yet bore with patience for the present. At length, having decoyed Peeksnot and Wittawamet "both, together with another man, and a youth of some eighteen years of age and brother to Wittawamet, and having about as many of his own company in a room with them, he gave the word to his men, and, the door being fast shut, began himself with Peeksnot, snatching his own knife from his neck, though with much struggling, and killed him therewith—the point whereof he had made as sharp as a needle and ground the back also to an edge. Wittawamet and the other man the rest killed and took

the youth, whom the captain caused to be hanged." Mr. Winslow continues: "But it is incredible how many wounds these two paniesies received before they died, not making any fearful noise, but catching at their weapons and striving to the last."

The Famous Pequods.

Another tribe now comes on the stage. The Pequods were a warlike race, unrelated by ties of consanguinity to any of the Indians around them. They had penetrated east from the Mohawk region, and had occasioned much trouble to the colonists, who finally extirpated them, a small remnant escaping westward. One incident of the "Pequod War" may be given here as a specimen of many such. The Pequod camp was upon the summit of a high hill within the limits of the present town of Groton. The English, under Mason, resolved on a night attack upon the palisaded Pequods, who were sunk in sleep after a great feast and dance. The alarm was given by the barking of a dog, and the cry "Owannux, Owannux!" was raised, this being the Indian name for the English.

Mason and his men rushed through the narrow brush-filled opening in the palisades and fell upon the Pequods with fury. Presently Mason resolved to fire the wigwams; the dry material caught like tinder and the flames held carnival everywhere. The Pequods fought desperately, but their bow-strings snapped from the heat and a general massacre ensued. About four hundred men, women and children were des-

troyed (most of them burned), with a loss of but two killed on the part of the English.

Morton says: "It was a fearful sight to see them thus frying in the fire, and the streams of blood quenching the same; and horrible was the stink and scent thereof." Increase Mather writes: "This day we brought six hundred Indian souls to hell." Verily, the old preacher was right, but were the "six hundred souls" those of red men?

Indian Legends.

Let us seek a wider field. There are preserved some thrilling legends, more or less reliable, concerning the early warfare of the famous Iroquois, or Six Nations, that proud people whose sway at one time extended over what are now the Middle States, their principal seat being in the beautiful lake region of New York. The bands composing the Six Nations were the Oneidas, Cayugas, Onondagas, Mohawks, Senecas and Tuscaroras. No other American tribes ever produced so many renowned warriors and orators as the Iroquois. Their regular system of federal government and grand councils tended to develop and foster oratory, and, like Boston, they had their "hundred orators."

But to return to the legends of wars and adventures before the advent of the Europeans. Their chief enemies were the Delawares, Appalachians and Cherokees. The distance of the latter from them, however, forbade any great body of warriors traversing it; but it gave opportunity for the display of in-

dividual prowess and hardihood. Scalping expeditions of small bands were frequent.

One of the stories told is that of the Seneca warrior, Hiadeoni, and is to the effect that he started off alone on the war-path, penetrating far south to the Cherokee country. Having killed and scalped two men, he started to return, when he met a young man coming out of a lonely wigwam. Him also he killed and scalped, then entered the hut to see if he could not find some tobacco. He threw himself upon the bed to rest, and presently the mother entered. In the dim light mistaking him for her son, she told him she was going away for the night. The tired Indian fell asleep, and was only awakened by the mother's return in the morning. In some way he managed to slip out of the hut and set out northward. The alarm was given, but his great fleetness enabled him to escape with his trophies to his own people.

A Daring Attack.

Another legend of a later date is that of "The Five Adirondacks." The Adirondacks had been badly worsted in their wars with the Iroquois, and the chief, Piskaret, with four companions, resolved to wipe out the stain of disgrace by a daring deed. Starting up the Sorel in a canoe, they encountered four boatloads of the enemy, and at once began their death-chant as if despairing of escape; but when the enemy approached they suddenly discharged their muskets, loaded with chain-shot, into the hostile canoes, which, being of frail birch-bark, were shattered and their

occupants left floundering in the water, where they were easily despatched.

On another occasion Piskaret started off alone into the enemy's country, using every precaution to avoid detection—reversing his snow-shoes and pursuing the most unfrequented routes. Upon reaching an Iroquois village he murdered and scalped for two successive nights; on the third a watch was set at every lodge. Piskaret knocked one of the watchmen on the head, and then fled, hotly pursued; but he was fleeter of foot than any man of his time, and, always managing to keep just in sight of his pursuers, he enticed them to a great distance from their village. At night, while they were asleep, overcome with fatigue, he murdered the entire number and bagged their scalps.

Popular Chief.

The principal settlements of the Delaware Indians lay between the Hudson and the Potomac. That these savages had many noble traits of character all the world knows through the prominence given to them by the treaty of William Penn, who came over in 1682. The grand treaty-council was held at Shackamaxon, just above Philadelphia, which later was called by the Indians *Coaquannoc*. The comparatively mild character of the Delawares may be judged by the esteem and veneration in which they held their famous chief Tammany (variously spelled in old books Tamany, Temeny and Tamanend). This man was so beloved by both Indians and whites that, after his

death, he was actually canonized as St. Tammany, and his name inserted in the calendars. Throughout the Revolutionary War his day was celebrated with great respect, both by the army and civilians, until Jefferson's administration.

The Tammany Festival.

It is said that when, about 1776, Colonel George Morgan, of Princeton, New Jersey, visited the Western Indians by direction of Congress, the Delawares conferred on him the name of Tammany, "in honor and remembrance of their ancient chief, and as the greatest mark of respect they could show to that gentleman, who, they said, had the same address, affability and meekness as their honored sachem."

The fame of this great chief extended even among the whites, who fabricated numerous legends concerning him. In the Revolutionary War his enthusiastic admirers dubbed him a saint, the patron saint of America. His festival was celebrated on the first day of May in every year, at which time a numerous society of his votaries walked together in procession through the streets of Philadelphia (their hats decorated with bucks' tails), and proceeded to a handsome rural place out of town, which they called the wigwam, where, after a long talk or Indian speech, and the calumet of peace and friendship had been duly smoked, they passed the day in festivity and mirth. After dinner Indian dances were performed on the green in front of the wigwam; the calumet was again smoked and the company separated. Since

WILLIAM PENN.

that time Philadelphia, New York and other towns have had their Tammany societies, Tammany halls, and the old relic of Indian greatness has degenerated into an organization for political purposes.

A Narrow Escape.

Count Zinzendorf, who visited this country in 1742, had a narrow escape from death at the hands of the Wyoming Indians. The savages could not believe that he had come only to benefit them (he was the founder of the Moravian sect and was here on a missionary errand), and they therefore resolved to kill him. One evening, as he sat in his tent on the bundle of weeds which formed his bed, engaged in writing, with a small fire near him, the Indians approached. Drawing a little aside the blanket which formed the door of his tent, they beheld a large rattlesnake which the fire had driven out lying by the venerable man, who had not seen it, since his back was toward it. The would-be murderers, who feared and respected this reptile as a kind of Manitou, drew back and stole away to report that Zinzendorf was undoubtedly of divine origin.

Now that I have touched upon anecdotes, I may as well relate the story told of the chief Canassatego by Benjamin Franklin, to whom it was related by Conrad Weiser. Says Franklin: "In going through the Indian country to carry a message from our governor to the council at Onondaga, he called at the habitation of Cassanatego, an old acquaintance, who embraced him, spread furs for him to sit upon, placed

before him some boiled beans and venison and mixed some rum and water for his drink. When he was well refreshed and had lit his pipe, Canassatego began to converse with him, asking him how he had fared during the many years since they had seen each other; whence he then came; what occasioned the journey, etc. Conrad answered all his questions, and when the discourse began to flag, the Indian, to continue it, said: 'Conrad, you have lived long among the white people and know something of their customs: I have been sometimes in Albany, and have observed that once in seven days they shut up their shops and assemble in the great house. Tell me what that is for; what do they do there?'

"'They meet there,' said Conrad, 'to hear and learn good things.'

"'I do not doubt,' says the Indian, 'that they tell you so; they have told me the same; but I doubt the truth of what they say, and I will tell you my reasons. I went lately to Albany to sell my skins and buy blankets, knives, powder and rum. You know I used to deal, generally, with Hans Hanson, but I was a little inclined this time to try some other merchants. However, I called first upon Hans and asked what he would give for beaver. He said he could not give more than four shillings a pound; "But," says he, "I cannot talk on business now. This is the day when we meet together to learn good things, and I am going to the meeting."

"'So I thought to myself, Since I cannot do any

business to-day, I may as well go to the meeting too, and I went with him. There stood up a man in black and began to talk to the people very angrily. I could not understand what he said, but, perceiving that he looked much at me and at Hanson, I imagined he was angry at seeing me there; so I went out, sat down near the house, struck fire and lit my pipe, waiting until the meeting should break up.

"'I thought, too, that the man had mentioned something of beaver, and suspected it might be the subject of their meeting. So, when they came out I accosted my merchant. "Well, Hans," says I, "I hope you have agreed to give more than four shillings a pound."

"'"No," says he, "I cannot give so much; I cannot give more than three shillings and sixpence." I then spoke to several other dealers, but they all sang the same song—"Three and sixpence, Three and sixpence."

"'This made it clear to me that my suspicion was right, and that whatever they pretended of meeting to learn good things, the purpose was to consult how to cheat the Indians in the price of beaver. Consider but a little, Conrad, and you must be of my opinion. If they met so often to learn good things, they certainly would have learned some before this time. But they are still ignorant. You know our practice. If a white man, in travelling through our country, enters one of our wigwams, we all treat him as I do you—dry him if he is wet; warm him if he is cold; give

EARLY SETTLERS OF GEORGIA.

him meat and drink that he may allay his thirst and hunger; and we spread soft furs for him to sleep on. We demand nothing in return.

'But if I go into a white man's house in Albany and ask him for meat and drink, they say, 'Get out, you Indian dog!' You see, they have not yet learned those good things that we need no meetings to be instructed in, because our mothers taught them to us when we were children; and therefore it is impossible their meeting should be, as they say, for any such purpose, or have any such effect; they are only to contrive the cheating of Indians in the price of beaver.'"

Southern Tribes.

We turn once more to the Southern Indians. The best account of the early history of these tribes is given by James Adair, for forty years trader among them. The Catawbas, he says, were a numerous and warlike people living between the Carolinas and the Cherokees. They were, however, much given to drunkenness. The upper Cherokees inhabited the Appalachian region; the lower, that part about the head-waters of the Savannah and Chattahoochee. When Adair first knew this nation, they were said to number about six thousand fighting-men. In 1738 nearly all of them perished by small-pox, and so fearful were the ravages of the disease that many committed suicide. These Indians were proud of their beauty and made frequent use of their looking-glasses; but when this dreadful malady removed the

cause of their vanity, they killed themselves out of chagrin.

The story of the settlement of Georgia, in 1773, by James Edward Oglethorpe, and his dealings with the natives, must receive a passing glance before we hasten on to the early Indian wars. The Creeks, at the time of his arrival, owned the territory around Savannah. Oglethorpe, having secured the services of a half-breed woman, named Mary Musgrove, as interpreter between the parties, proceeded to call a grand council of chiefs of the Creek nation at Savannah. Fifty assembled on the appointed day. The noted chief, Tomochichi, made a friendly speech and presented to Oglethorpe a buffalo skin adorned with eagles' feathers. A treaty was made. The Indians were to consider themselves as the subjects of the king and live at peace with their white neighbors.

The lands lying between the Savannah and the Altamaha were made over to the English, with all the islands on that coast, except St. Catherine's and two others, which were to be used by the Indians as bathing and fishing grounds. In 1734, Oglethorpe took Tomochichi and his queen with him to England. The Indians all conceived a great attachment for Oglethorpe, calling him their "beloved man."

These Creek Indians, by the way, received their name from the English, on account of the large number of creeks in their country. So says the historian Drake.

CHAPTER VI.

Wars of the Colonies with the Indians.—The Beginning of Extermination.—Driving Away the Red Men.

Of the almost innumerable wars of the colonies with the Indian tribes it would be impossible, in our limited space, to give a complete history. I shall, therefore, content myself with relating the more striking and characteristic occurrences, with such hints as may be necessary to fix them in their proper chronological and geographical order.

After the death of Oglethorpe, the Seminoles, Creeks, Cherokees and other Southern tribes were wasted and harried by long and cruel guerilla warfare with the whites. They were alternately attacked by the French, Spanish and English, being a common target for all. On the whole, their treatment was cruel and unjust. On the other hand, like most North American Indians, the "pesky varmints" were themselves merciless and treacherous to the last degree.

The story of the massacre of the French in Natchez will serve to show the bloodthirsty nature of these Southern savages, as well as the brutality of the whites. Among the Natchez Indians, *Sun* was

the name given to all their chiefs. But one was called Grand-Sun. He was a brother of Stung-Serpent, and, like him, a friend of the whites until an incident occurred which changed him into a deadly enemy, and was the cause of the destruction of the entire settlement of the French. The affair took place in 1729. This Grand-Sun had a residence—a beautiful village called White Apple—near Natchez. The commandant of the post of Natchez was M. de Chopart, a man distinguished for his injustice toward the Indians. He wished to build a handsome village, but no site pleased him so well as that of White Apple; so he sent to the chief and told him he must immediately yield up his possession.

The Indian modestly replied that his ancestors had lived there for as many years as there were hairs in his double cue, and that it was good they should remain there still.

Preparing for a Massacre.

This only enraged the commandant, who dismissed him with threats.* The chief assembled a council and various overtures were made to Chopart, but in vain Then deadly resentment filled the hearts of the Indians, and they began secretly to prepare the massacre of the entire settlement. Bundles of sticks were sent to the neighboring *Suns* and their import explained to them. To prevent mistaking the time, a stick was to be broken each morning, and the day upon which

* This story will remind the reader of the Bible narrative of Ahab and the vineyard of Naboth.

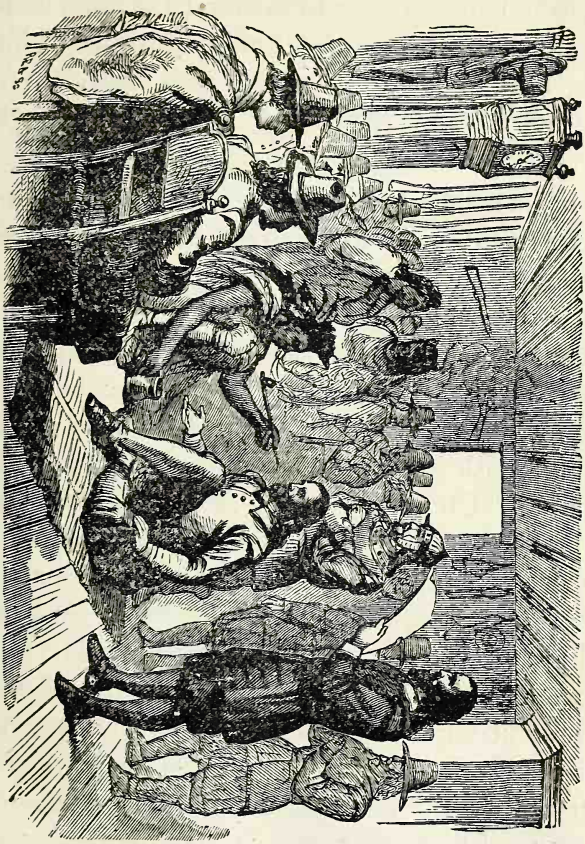
the last one was so used was to be the one for the massacre. A female *Sun* revealed the plot to Chopart, but he disdained to believe it. The 30th of November arrived, and with it the slaughter in cold blood of the entire town; of seven hundred people, not one escaped.

KING PHILIP.

It had been the purpose of the Natchez to follow up this event by the extermination of all the French in Louisiana; but the country was aroused, and the governor of the colony, aided by the people of New Orleans and sixteen hundred volunteers from the Choctaws, took the field against the Natchez, who at that time escaped in a body to the westward, but were the next year nearly annihilated and their existence brought to a bloody termination.

The war of the New England colonies with King Philip was the most important as well as the

most dangerous to their existence of all the Indian contests in that part of the country. Philip was the son of the chief, Massasoit, and succeeded his brother



THE TREATY BETWEEN GOVERNOR CARVER AND MASSASOIT.

Alexander as leader of his tribe. Whatever were the motives which actuated him in this war of extermination (whether revenge for his brother's death or jealousy of the increasing power of the whites), it is cer-

tain that he had brooded over his plan in secret for years. Like Massasoit, he never manifested the least interest in the Christian religion. It is related that once, when the famous preacher Eliot was exhorting him to accept Christianity, Philip approached him and, taking hold of a button on his coat, told him that he cared no more for his Christianity than for his button.

King Philip's War.

Long-continued and extensive negotiations were entered into by Philip with surrounding tribes. At length, on the 24th of June, 1675, the first attack was made at Swanzey, near Mount Hope, when some eight or nine men were killed. The alarm was given to Boston, and a detachment of men sent out under Captains Henchman and Prentice. These united with the Plymouth force under Captain Benjamin Church and Major Cutworth. They took up their quarters in a house in Swanzey. After some skirmishing, the Mount Hope region was cleared of the Indians. One white was killed, and a Mr. Gill struck by a ball that would have proved fatal but for a singular defensive armor, in the shape of a quantity of thick brown paper which he had inserted under his clothes.

The Captain Church mentioned above was a most brave and energetic man, and figures prominently in this war. At the outbreak he was living as a solitary pioneer-colonist in the country of the Sogkonates. It seems that he was in the habit of taking Indian captives, whom he put through a sort of taming process by treating them with kindness and generosity.

Thus, he soon had about him a devoted bodyguard of soldiers, who served him with the greatest enthusiasm. If he saw one of his captives looking surly, he would only clap the man on the back, saying, "Come, come, you look surly and mutter, but that signifies nothing; these, my best soldiers, were, a little while ago, as surly as you are now; by the time you have been one day with me you will love me too, and be as brisk as any of them." And so it proved.

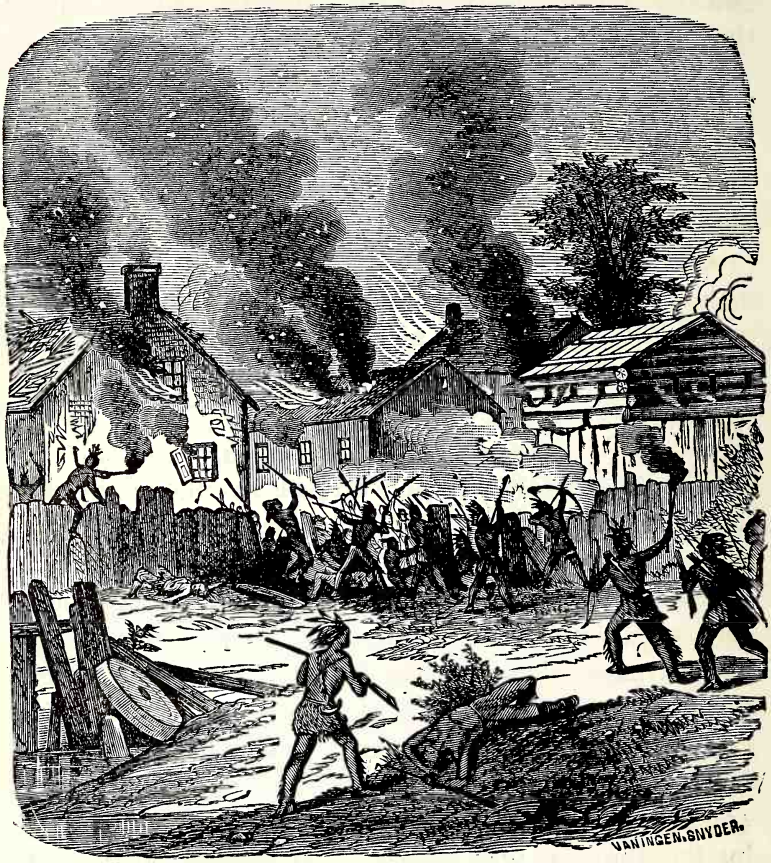
On the 18th of July (1675) the united forces of the colonists drove Philip with his warriors into a swamp near Pocasset. After some skirmishing the whites withdrew. It was said that a vigorous attack here might have ended the war.

Destruction of Brookfield.

The story of the destruction of Brookfield by the Nipmucks is a thrilling one. The terrified inhabitants of this village had collected in a single house that stood upon a rising knoll of ground. They had fortified their place of refuge as well as they were able by piling logs and hanging feather beds against the walls. The troops under Wheeler and Hutchinson (who had come here for the purpose of a treaty, but had, instead, been treacherously fired upon) also entered this house, which was then closely besieged by the Indians, who shot burning arrows upon the roof, and, attaching rags dipped in brimstone to long poles, fired them and thrust them against the walls.

From Monday, the 2d of August, till Wednesday evening these attempts continued. Finally, they

filled a cart with combustible materials, and, attaching long sets of poles to it, so that it could be operated



THE BURNING OF BROOKFIELD BY THE INDIANS

from a distance, they sent it forward blazing against the building. But a timely shower of rain extinguished the flames and saved the besieged whites. Assist-

ance reached them that night. Major Willard, with forty-six men, effected an entrance into the house, and the Indians retired, after the destruction of a large part of the town.

Inhuman Cruelty.

In this war the Narragansetts, the old friends of the English, had remained neutral, or had at least pretended to do so. But, on what seems to us, at this distance, insufficient grounds, the colonists resolved to wage war against them, it being alleged that they had aided and abetted the enemy. Accordingly, a very large body of English under command of Josias Winslow, governor of the colony of Plymouth (Church also taking part), moved down upon the Narragansetts in the middle of the winter. A guide was found who piloted them to the chief fort of the enemy, which was situated on an island in the midst of a large swamp.

The entire village was surrounded by a strong palisade, and the only means of approach was by crossing the marsh upon an immense fallen tree. File after file of soldiers was swept from this narrow bridge by the fire of the Indians. At last an entrance was effected. Church, who had been wounded, tried to dissuade the general from firing the wigwams, since on such a bitterly cold night they would need their shelter and warmth themselves, the nearest refuge from the snow-storm which was impending being some sixteen miles distant. But his advice was unheeded and a terrible scene ensued.

Large numbers of old men, women and children were burned alive in their huts. A chronicler of the scene says: "The Indians were about preparing their dinner when our sudden and unexpected assault put them beside that work, making their cooking-room too hot for them at that time when they and their mitchin fried together. Probably some of them ate their suppers in a colder place that night. Most of their provisions, as well as their huts, being then consumed by fire, those who were left alive were forced to hide themselves in a cedar swamp, where they had nothing to defend them from the cold but boughs of spruce and pine trees." The colonists lost eighty killed and one hundred and fifty wounded. Besides the unnumbered wretches who perished in the huts by the flames, it is supposed that about five hundred warriors were killed and seven hundred wounded.

Horrid Barbarity.

Upon one occasion the English, to their eternal disgrace, permitted a young Narragansett captive to be tortured to death by their Indian allies, "partly that they might not displease these confederates, and also that they might have ocular demonstration of savage cruelty." The victim had killed and scalped many Englishmen, as he acknowledged, and they thought fit to let him suffer, although the sight brought tears to their eyes. "The Mohegans cut round the joints of his fingers and toes successively, and then broke them off. He bore all unflinchingly, replying to their taunts with asservations that he

'liked the war well, and found it as sweet as the Englishmen do their sugar.' They compelled him to dance and sing in this condition until he had wearied both himself and them, and then broke his legs. Sinking in silence on the ground, he sat till they finished his miseries by a blow."

Close of King Philip's War.

The story of the capture of Philip and the close of the war can be soon told. It was the month of August, 1676. Church was worn out with hard service, but, at the urgent request of the government, consented to pursue Philip to the death. With a company of men he marched to Pocasset, and then made a flying trip to Rhode Island to visit his wife, who fainted with joy at seeing him alive.

But scarcely had the first greeting been given, when a messenger brought word that Philip was at his old quarters at Mount Hope Neck. Church, bidding his wife good-bye, immediately mounted his horse that he had just left at the door, and set off at full speed. The king, dejected in spirits and reduced to the utmost straits, was encamped upon a spot of dry land in the swamp. Church distributed a portion of his force so as to command the avenues of escape; the remainder he ordered to beat up Philip's head-quarters. The Indians, startled by the first fire of the guns, rushed into the swamp. Philip passed within easy shooting range of two of the attacking party—an Englishman and an Indian; the gun of the former snapped; but the latter shot the king through

the heart as, half naked and flinging his accoutrements behind him, he advanced at full speed.

His body was quartered and insulted; his hand was given to Alderman, the Indian who shot him; and the head was long exposed at Plymouth, where grim and harsh old Mather says exultingly that he with his own hand displaced the jaw from the skull of "that blasphemous leviathan."

A Hot Pursuit.

Annawan, Philip's bravest chief, escaped the massacre, but was pursued by Church to Rhode Island. He was tracked to Squannaconk Swamp, in the southeastern part of Rehoboth, an old Indian having turned traitor and piloted the English to his lair, which they found to be on a ledge of steep rocks which stood over the marsh. The only way to approach it was by climbing down from above.

It was night when Church arrived there; stopping the guide with his hand, he crawled to the edge of the rock and looked down upon the scene below. Annawan's hut consisted of a tree felled against the wall of rock, with birch bushes piled up against it. Fires were lit without, over which meat was roasting and kettles were boiling, and the light revealed several companies of the enemy. Their arms were stacked together and covered with a mat. In close proximity to them lay old Annawan and his son; an aged squaw was pounding corn in a mortar, and, as the noise of her blows continued, Church, preceded by the guide and his daughter, and followed by his

Indian allies, let himself down by the bushes and twigs which grew in the crevices of the rocks. With his hatchet in his hand he stepped over the young Annawan, who drew himself into a heap with his blanket over his head, and reached the guns. The old chief sat up, crying out "Howoh!" but, seeing he was taken, lay down again in silence.

All submitted. Annawan ordered his women to prepare supper for Church and his men, and they supped together harmoniously. Then all fell asleep, except the leaders, who lay looking at each other for nearly an hour; when Annawan arose and brought the regalia of Philip, which he presented on his knees to Church, saying: "Great captain, you have killed Philip and conquered his country; for I believe that I and my company are the last that war against the English. The war is ended by your means. These things belong to you."

He then handed him two broad belts richly worked in wampum, one of which, fringed with red hair from the Mohawks' country, reached from the shoulders nearly to the ground. He also gave him two horns of powder and a red cloth blanket. He said that Philip was accustomed to ornament his person with this regalia upon state occasions.

Death and Destruction.

The chief facts of this long and eventful conflict with Philip are thus summarized by Baylies: "In this war, which lasted but little more than a year and a half, six hundred Englishmen were killed; thirteen

towns in Massachusetts, Plymouth and Rhode Island were destroyed and many others greatly injured; almost every family had lost a relative; six hundred dwellings had been burned; a vast amount in goods and cattle had been destroyed, and a great debt created. But the result of the contest was decisive; the enemy was extinct, the fertile wilderness was opened and the rapid extension of settlements evinced the growing prosperity of New England."

"The Savages Rushed In."

Up to the time of Philip's war the people of Maine and New Hampshire had but little to complain of in the conduct of the Indians of their country. But after the date of the opening of hostilities (1675) they were of course continually under suspicion; in fact, from that time there were many uprisings and massacres in these two colonies. Captain Church was sent against them, and he waged the war with his usual energy and more than his accustomed cruelty.

In the summer of 1689 the Indians made an attack on Cocheco (Dover), where Major Waldron was in command with a considerable force. The savages were burning to avenge a wanton insult and injury inflicted upon them, the major having kidnapped and sent to Boston two hundred Indians, of whom eight or ten were hanged and the rest sold as slaves. The attack upon Cocheco was made at night. Two old squaws, having obtained permission to sleep in the garrisoned houses, arose at night and unbarred the doors, when the savages rushed in and completely

overpowered the troops, among the captives being Major Waldron. Although eighty years of age, he defended himself with desperate bravery, but was finally struck down by a blow from behind. Bruised and mangled, he was placed in a chair on a table, and the savages gathered round glutted their long-cherished hatred by torturing him.

"I Cross Out my Account."

One of their charges against him was that he had cheated them in trading transactions. It was reported among them that he used to estimate the weight of his fist to be a pound; also, that his accounts were not crossed out according to agreement. As they gashed his naked breast, each said, "I cross out my account." They would then cut a joint from his finger, with the question: "Will your fist weigh a pound now?" These fiendish barbarities continued until he fainted from loss of blood, when he was placed out of misery for ever.

In January, 1699, the war with the French being over, the Indians of Maine and New Hampshire concluded a treaty with the colonies. But in May, 1702, war was again declared, and all the old difficulties broke out again with renewed bitterness. Fate, it seemed, never intended white and red men to live in peace. One of the most famous episodes of the wars with these Northeastern Indians was Lovewell's fight. The engagement took place near Saco Pond, in Maine, the Indian in command being Pangus, chief of the Pequawkets. His men numbered eighty, while

Lovewell had but thirty-four. This border fight has been celebrated in a rather vigorous ballad, modelled on that of Chevy Chase; the author is unknown. As to Lovewell, he had, not long previously, been prominent in another affair.

The cruel and barbarous murders committed by the Indians in these regions had induced the general court of Massachusetts to offer a bounty of five hundred dollars for each Indian's scalp brought in. Lovewell, with forty men, coming upon a small body of Indians sleeping round their fires, killed and scalped all of them; then, with their trophies mounted on hoops, they marched in triumph to Boston and received their five thousand dollars.

Lovewell Fatally Shot.

Lovewell left Dunstable on the 16th of April, 1725. Early on the following morning, while at prayers, they heard the report of a gun. Leaving their packs, they pressed forward to meet the Indians. Pangus discovered the packs, and thereby learning the inferior strength of the enemy, boldly advanced and provoked battle. On the morning of the 8th, Ensign Wyman discovered an Indian who was returning from a hunt, having in one hand some fowls which he had killed, and in the other two guns. Perceiving that his hour had come, he levelled a gun at Captain Lovewell and mortally wounded him, though he did not immediately fall, but was able to lead his men in the second engagement, which occurred soon after when they had returned to the place where they had left

their packs. Here the Indians fell upon them from an ambuscade. The unknown poet mentioned above describes the scene in these lines:

"Anon, there eighty Indians rose,
Who'd hid themselves in ambush dread;
Their knives they shook, their guns they aimed,
The famous Pangus at their head.

"John Lovewell, captain of the band,
His sword he waved, that glittered bright;
For the last time he cheered his men,
And led them onward to the fight!"

At first the Indians held up ropes and asked the English if they would surrender; they replied by charging and firing, thus driving back the savages, who, however, soon rallied and, in turn, forced the English to retreat. Lovewell now fell. The fight continued obstinately until night, the Indians howling, yelling and barking like dogs, and the English cheering each other with huzzas. Pangus, chief of the red men, and Powan, another chief, were slain. Fourteen of the English escaped from the battle-ground at midnight, and, although fifty miles from any settlement, succeeded in reaching their friends.

A Miraculous Escape.

One Solomon Keyes, who had received three wounds from the Indians, had a remarkable escape. Thinking to crawl away and die in some spot where the Indians could not scalp him, he crept along the shore of the pond and found a canoe, into which he rolled himself and was floated away by the wind. To his amazement, he found that during the night he had

been drifted to within a short distance of the fort called Ossipee, which Lovewell's men had built as a refuge. Here he found a few companions, and, eventually recovering from his wounds, returned home with them.

Another sadly memorable event of the wars of the northern New England settlers with the Indians was the destruction of Deerfield in Massachusetts, which event formed part of a deep-laid plan of the Canadian French and the Indians for laying waste the entire frontier. The scheme was, however, but partially successful. Deerfield had been palisaded and twenty soldiers quartered there in different houses. But these guards forgot their duty. The snow afforded easy access over the fortifications to the town, and the conquest of the place was made with the greatest ease.

The story shall be given in the words of the Rev. John Williams: "On Tuesday, the 29th of February, 1703–4, not long before break of day, the enemy came in like a flood upon us, our watch being unfaithful—an evil whose awful effects, in the surprisal of our fort, should bespeak all watchmen to avoid, as they would not bring the charge of blood upon themselves. They came to my house in the beginning of the onset, and by their violent endeavors to break open doors and windows with axes and hatchets awakened me out of sleep; on which I leaped out of bed, and, running toward the door, perceived the enemy making their entrance into the house. I

called to awaken two soldiers in the chamber, and, returning toward my bedside for my arms, the enemy immediately brake into my room, I judge to the num-

BURNING OF DEERFIELD BY THE INDIANS.

ber of twenty, with painted faces and hideous acclamations.

"I reached up my hands to the bed-tester for my pistol, uttering a short petition to God, expecting a present passage through the valley of the shadow of

death. Taking down my pistol, I cocked it and put it to the breast of the first Indian who came up, but my pistol missed fire. I was seized by three Indians, who disarmed me and bound me, naked as I was, in my shirt, and so I stood for near the space of an hour."

Frightful Slaughter.

In the mean time the work of destruction went on. Forty-seven persons were killed, and the entire town burned with the exception of one house, which stood next to Mr. Williams', and in which seven men withstood the entire force of three hundred French and Indians. Mr. Williams continues: "About sun an hour high we were all carried out of the house for a march, and I saw many of the houses of my neighbors in flames, perceiving the whole fort, one house excepted, to be taken. We were carried over the river to the foot of the mountain, about a mile from my house, where we found a great number of our neighbors, men, women and children, to the number of one hundred, nineteen of whom were afterward murdered by the way and two starved to death near Coos in a time of great scarcity or famine the savages underwent there. When we came to the foot of our mountain they took away our shoes and gave us Indian shoes to prepare us for our journey."

At this point a few English who had escaped, and a few from Hatfield, attacked the Indians and pressed them hard—so much so that the French leader sent

a command to have the captives slain. Luckily, however, the messenger was killed on the way.

They now commenced a journey of three hundred miles through a trackless wilderness, consuming forty days in its accomplishment. Boughs of trees formed the only beds of women *enceinte* and the only resting-place of little children; the latter were, in general, treated well, probably because they desired to obtain ransom for them. At the first encampment some of the Indians became intoxicated, and in their fury killed Mr. Williams' negro-man.

Death Brings Relief.

On the second day's march occurred the death of Mrs. Williams. Having recently been delivered of a child, she was very feeble. Moreover, she had, on the occasion of the capture in Deerfield, received a terrible shock through the murder of two of her children at her own door, together with a black woman belonging to the family. At the upper part of Deerfield meadow it became necessary to cross Green River. The Indian who captured Mr. Williams was unwilling that he should speak to the other captives; but on the second day he had another master, who allowed him both to speak to his wife and to help her along. This was their last meeting; she very calmly told him that she was dying.

Having now reached the river, and Mr. Williams' old master returning, the two were separated. In crossing the stream, which was very rapid and about two feet deep, Mrs. Williams became thoroughly

wet by falling down. Her husband learned this and other subsequent facts concerning her from others, he himself being farther on in the van. Directly after she had emerged from the water she felt unable to proceed, and the wretch whose captive she was slew her with one stroke of his hatchet.

Others were killed and many died from exposure. It was debated whether they should not take the life of Mr. Williams also, but his master prevailed upon them not to do so. A young woman who was *enceinte*, being unable to proceed without continually falling down, was told by her master that she must die. She obtained leave to talk a few moments with her minister, Mr. Williams, and, then returning, was executed.

In 1706 fifty-seven of these Deerfield people were sent in a flag-ship to Boston, but many never left Canada. The Jesuits made strenuous endeavors to convert Mr. Williams and others; their efforts were successful with his daughter Eunice, who afterward married an Indian (by whom she had several children), and passed her life in a wigwam. After her marriage, dressed in the Indian garb, she visited her friends at Deerfield, and was kindly received by them, but all attempts to regain her proved unavailing.

CHAPTER VII.

War with the Six Nations.—Horrible Massacres and Tortures.

We now turn to the colonial wars with the Iroquois, or Six Nations. The massacres that followed the defeat of Braddock were numerous and bloody. The principal Indian leaders were Shingis and Captain Jacobs, whose headquarters were at Kittanning, on the Allegheny River. In 1756, Colonel John Armstrong, with three hundred men, proceeded against them, the attack beginning on the 8th of September. The savages fought desperately in their log cabins, and when told that they would be burned if they did not surrender, one of them replied that he did not care, as he could kill four or five before he died. As the fire approached them, some began to sing, while others, darting from the flames, were shot. Captain Jacobs was killed.

Shingis was reputed to be one of the most famous, daring and cruel warriors of his time. He was a terror to the whole frontier of Pennsylvania. Yet Heckewelder credits him with magnanimity. He says: "Passing one day with him, in the summer of 1762, near by where two prisoner boys (about twelve

years of age) were amusing themselves with his own sons, and he observing me looking that way, inquired what I was looking at. On my replying that I was observing his prisoners, he said: 'When I first took them they were such, but they are now my children; eat their victuals out of one and the same bowl;' which was saying as much as that they were in all respects on an equal footing with his own children—alike dear to him."

The French Defeated.

One of the great conflicts of this epoch occurred in 1775 at Lake George, between the French and Indians, under General Dieskau, and the English, under General William Johnson (superintendent of Indian affairs in America) and the brave Mohawk chief, Hendrick. After a stubborn fight the French were defeated. General Dieskau was found wounded and leaning against a stump for support. Supposing that his captors wanted plunder, he put his hand in his pocket to draw out his watch; but one of the soldiers, mistaking it for a movement to secure his pistol, shot him again in the hips. He lived to reach England, but died soon afterward. It is related that, before the battle, upon General Johnson consulting the opinion of Hendrick upon the advisability of detaching a certain portion of his force, and asking him if he thought the number sufficient, he replied: "If they are to fight, they are too few; if they are to be killed, they are too many." Hendrick was killed in the engagement.

Speaking of this brave man recalls a very pretty anecdote of him and General (or Sir William) Johnson. Not long after his arrival in America, Sir William "received from England some very richly embroidered suits of clothes. Hendrick was present at the time, and could not help expressing a great desire for a share in them. He went away very thoughtful, but returned not long after and called upon Sir William, telling him that he had dreamed a dream. Sir William very concernedly desired to know what it was. Hendrick readily told him he had dreamed that Sir William had presented him with one of his new suits of uniform."

Sir William's Dream.

Of course, Sir William could not refuse; the suit was given, the Indian departed to show himself, and left the general to tell the story. Not long after, Sir William met Hendrick and informed him that *he* had dreamed a dream. To Hendrick's inquiry as to its nature, the general replied that he had dreamed that Hendrick had presented him with a certain tract of land (about five hundred acres of the best in the Mohawk Valley). Hendrick answered, "It is yours;" but, shaking his head, said: "Sir William, I well never dream with you again."

One of the noblest chiefs of the Iroquois, the most magnaminous and friendly Indian of the times, was the famous Logan. He took no part in the French wars of 1760, except to act as peace-maker. It was the murder of members of his family that roused his

fury against the whites, the circumstances of this brutal outrage being as follows: In the spring of 1774 some Englishmen were exploring lands about Wheeling, Ohio, for the purpose of settling there. The Indians were said, or thought, to have robbed them; the land-jobbers, regarding this as a demonstration of hostility, and learning that there were two savages on the river above, sent against them Captain Michael Cresap, who succeeded in killing them, and directly afterward several more, among whom were members of the family of Logan.

A Hideous Crime.

In a short time from this another brutal murder occurred, by which Logan lost a brother and sister, the *enceinte* condition of the latter aggravating the hideousness of the crime. Two wretches near Wheeling, named Greathouse and Tomlinson, with thirty others, resolved to massacre a party of Indians who were assembled on the opposite shore of the Ohio River, and bent on revenge for the murder of their two friends. Greathouse, enticing a part of them to drink rum with him at his house across the stream, murdered them all in his house after they had become considerably intoxicated.

The remaining savages, hearing of the slaughter of their friends, sent over two canoes manned with warriors; but being fired into by an ambushed party of the whites, they were obliged to retreat and seek a place of safety.

After an ominous lull, Logan, with eight followers,

suddenly appeared on the Muskingum, where he was least expected, and, attacking some men who were at work in a field, killed one and took two prisoners, the latter being compelled to run the gauntlet. I think that nothing could possibly show the comparative humanity and gentleness of Logan more than his kind treatment of one of these men, notwithstanding the deep and terrible injuries which he had received at the hands of the English. He not only instructed the prisoner, whose name was Robinson, how to run the gauntlet with the least possible harm, but, when he was tied to the stake to be burned, cut the cords that bound him, and afterward had him adopted into an Indian family. This man subsequently became Logan's scribe.

Other tribes now joined in the war, all having sufficient provocations to whet their rage. The Shawnese took the field under their famous chief Cornstalk (of whom more anon), and the Delawares also assisted, being justly provoked by the cold-blooded murder of their inoffensive old chief, Bald Eagle. This old man was accustomed to wander up and down among the whites, visiting at those houses where he was best entertained. As he was ascending the Kanawha alone in his canoe one day, he was foully murdered by a man who had suffered many wrongs from the Indians. Placing the aged chief upright in his canoe, he let it drift down the river with the current. For a long time no one suspected that he was dead; but when at last the deed was dis

covered, the most fierce resentment dwelt in the breasts of his tribe.

Troops Hurrying to the Front.

When the news of the breaking out of hostilities was received the Virginia legislature was in session. Governor Dunmore at once issued orders for the assembling of three thousand men, one half of whom were to march for the mouth of the Great Kanawha, under the command of General Andrew Lewis; and the remainder, under the governor in person, were to proceed to some point on the Ohio above the former, in order to fall upon the Indian towns between while the warriors should be drawn off by the approach of Lewis in the opposite direction. He was then to pass down the Ohio and form a junction with General Lewis at Point Pleasant, whence they were to march according to circumstances.

On the 11th of September the forces under General Lewis, amounting to eleven hundred men, commenced their march from Camp Union for Point Pleasant on the Great Kanawha, distant one hundred and sixty miles. The country between was a trackless wilderness; the army was piloted by Captain Matthew Arbuckle; all the baggage was transported by pack-horses, and the expedition consumed nineteen days on the march.

Before General Lewis could learn the whereabouts of Governor Dunmore, he was attacked by a large force of the Indians, and the famous battle of Point Pleasant was fought. The savages were said to

"cover four acres of ground as closely as they could stand side by side."

A Mortal Wound.

The general, upon learning of the approach of the enemy, deliberately lighted his pipe and gave orders to his brother, Colonel Charles Lewis, to advance with two regiments and reconnoitre. The foe was soon encountered; the colonel was mortally wounded, and his regiment driven back; but another coming up, the Indians were forced to retreat behind a breastwork of logs and brush which they had constructed. They had chosen their ground well, and, in the event of a victory on their part, not an Englishman would have escaped from the narrow neck of ground on which the battle was waged. They had stationed men on both sides of the river to prevent any that might attempt flight by swimming from the apex of the triangle made by the confluence of the two rivers.

The battle was obstinately contested. Colonel Fleming conducted himself with great bravery; notwithstanding he had received two balls through the left wrist, he continued to exercise command with the greatest coolness; his voice was continually heard above the din of battle, crying, "Don't lose an inch of ground! Advance; outflank them; get between them and the river!"

The entire line of the Indian breastworks now became one blaze of fire, which lasted the rest of the day. Here the Indians under Logan, Cornstalk, Elinipsico, Red Eagle and other mighty chiefs of the

tribes of the Shawanese, Delawares, Mingoes, Wyandots and Cayugas, amounting, as was supposed, to fifteen hundred warriors, fought as men will ever do for their country's wrongs with a bravery which could only be equalled. Above the din of strife the voice of the mighty Cornstalk was often heard during the day, calling on his men in these words: "Be strong! be strong!" And when, by the repeated charges of the whites, some of his men began to waver, he is said to have sunk his tomahawk into the head of one who was cowardly endeavoring to desert.

Shrewd Stratagem.

At length the day was decided by three companies of the English getting in the rear of the Indians and rushing down upon them. They, supposing that reinforcements were at hand, at once fled across the Ohio and set out for their villages on the Scioto. A stratagem employed by the English in this fight was the holding out of a hat from behind a tree to be fired at, and dropping it at the first shot; when the Indian, running from his shelter to scalp his supposed victim, was easily picked off. The chief of the men raised for this service were "prime riflemen" and "the most expert woodsmen in Virginia."

The troops of Governor Dunmore marched to Chillicothe, where, much against the desire of the soldiers, a treaty with the Indians was entered into. This was the occasion which gave rise to the world-famous speech of Logan:

"I appeal to any white to say if ever he entered

Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not.

"During the course of the last long bloody war Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites that my countrymen pointed as they passed and said, 'Logan is the friend of white men.' I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children.

"There runs not a drop of my blood in any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one!"

A Telltale Note.

Unsuccessful attempts have been made to clear the skirts of Cresap of this crime of wanton butchery, and they would have succeeded but for an incident which would seem to make it doubly certain that he was the guilty one. A note tied to a war-club which was sent to Colonel Preston in Fincastle county, Va., reads as follows:

"Captain Cresap, what did you kill my people on Yellow Creek for? The white people killed my kin

at Conestoga a great while ago, and I thought nothing of that. But you killed my kin again on Yellow Creek and took my cousin prisoner. Then I thought I must kill too; I have been three times to war since, but the Indians are not angry; only myself.

"(*Signed*) CAPTAIN JOHN LOGAN."

Not long after the treaty of Chillicothe, Logan was foully murdered as he was returning home from Detroit. Previous to his death he had forfeited his manhood by excessive drinking.

Heroic Death.

The great chief, Cornstalk, was also barbarously killed in the fort at Point Pleasant, to which he had come for the purpose of notifying his white friends of the impending storm of war that was about to break upon them, and which he was unable to avert. Just before his death he had been drawing on the floor, for the information of those present, a map of the country between the Mississippi and the Missouri, when a call being heard from the opposite side of the river Ohio, he recognized the voice of his son Elinipsico, who, prompted by deep filial affection, had traveled far to see him. (Cornstalk, Red Hawk and others had been detained in the fort as hostages after they had given their friendly warning.)

On the day following the arrival of Elinipsico an Englishman was murdered by the Indians near at hand, and the body was brought over to the fort;

whereupon an infuriated band of men, with a certain Captain Hall at their head, cried out, "Let us kill the Indians in the fort!" As the murderers approached, Elinipsico discovered agitation, which, when Cornstalk saw, he said, "My son, the Great Spirit has seen fit that we die together, and has sent you to that end. It is his will, and let us submit." They shot him through with seven bullets. He fell and died without a struggle.

Mr. Withers, a writer on the Indians, says of him: "Thus perished the mighty Cornstalk, sachem of the Shawnees and king of the northern confederacy in 1774—a chief remarkable for many and good qualities. He was disposed to be at all times the friend of white men, as he ever was the advocate of honorable peace. But when his country's wrongs called aloud for battle, he became the thunderbolt of war and made her oppressors feel the weight of his uplifted arm. His noble bearing, his generous and disinterested attachment to the colonies when the thunder of British cannon was reverberating through the land, his anxiety to preserve the frontier of Virginia from desolation and death,—all conspired to win for him the esteem and respect of others, while deep indignation was excited by his death."

Colonel Wilson, who heard Cornstalk deliver a speech before Governor Dunmore in 1774, says: "When he arose he was in no wise confused or daunted, but spoke in a distinct and audible voice,

without stammering or repetition, and with a peculiar emphasis. His looks, while addressing Dunmore, were truly grand and majestic, yet graceful and attractive. I have heard the first orators in Virginia —Patrick Henry and Richard Henry Lee—but never have I heard one whose powers of delivery surpassed those of Cornstalk." This is high praise from a competent critic.

PONTIAC.

The colonial wars with Pontiac, chief of the Ottawa nation, in the region of the present Michigan and Wisconsin, may next engage our attention. Of the Ottawas one who knew them says: "The Indians on the lakes are generally at peace with one another, having a wide-extended and fruitful country in their possession. They are formed into a sort of empire, and the emperor is elected from the eldest tribe, which is the Ottawas, some of whom inhabit near our fort at Detroit, but are mostly farther

westward, toward the Mississippi. Pontiac is their present king or emperor, who has certainly the largest empire and greatest authority of any Indian chief that has appeared on the continent since our acquaintance with it. He puts on an air of majesty and princely grandeur, and is greatly honored and revered by his subjects."

"I Stand in the Path."

In 1760, Major Rogers marched into the country of Pontiac, who advanced to meet him with great pompousness and kingly pride, demanding to know why he had dared to enter his country without permission from him. He was told that the design was not to molest the Indians, but to drive out the French. To which he replied, "I stand in the path you travel in till to-morrow morning;" which signified that they must advance no farther until permission was given them.

But his intentions were friendly; food was supplied to the detachment, and one hundred warriors were detailed to help drive the cattle which had been brought along for the use of the soldiers. He also sent word to the surrounding Indian towns that Major Rogers had his permission to march through the country. He manifested the liveliest curiosity concerning the accoutrements of the English, and also often expressed his desire to visit England, offering the major a part of his kingdom if he would take him there. He was a strong character and possessed great influence among his people.

Pontiac always declared a willingness to have the English settle in his dominions, provided his rights as sovereign were respected; and it seems probable that the breaking out of the hostilities was due to the indiscreet treatment of him by the English.

Singular Kind of Money.

Under the rule of this great chief were the Miamis, Ottawas, Chippewas, Wyandots, Pottawatomies, Mississagas, Shawanese, Ottagamies and Winnebagoes. He was a person of great shrewdness and force of intellect; as an instance of his superior understanding it may be mentioned that in his war in 1763 (of which I am now about to speak) he issued bills of credit, all of which he afterward redeemed. They were of a singular nature, it must be confessed, consisting of pieces of the inner bark of trees, on which was pictured the object which he wished to obtain. The government stamp, so to speak, was the figure of an otter drawn, under the article desired, on each piece of the bark; this animal was the totem or escutcheon of his nation.

The first outbreak occurred at Fort Michillimackinac. Traders had several times warned commanding officer Etherington of the unfriendliness of the Indians; but he refused to listen to the stories, and threatened to send as a prisoner to Detroit the next man who should come to him with such false rumors. Gradually, the Indians assembled around the fort until their number amounted to four hundred; but slight attention was paid to them, however. On the

4th of June, which was the king's birthday, the savages began to play in front of the fort a game called *baggatiway*, a kind of rackets, and with them a favorite amusement.

An Indian Game.

The sport, which is the national diversion in Canada and called lacrosse, is of this character: There are two posts, say a mile apart; the ball is placed on the ground midway between them; the players are divided into two bands, the object being to see who can drive the ball against the opponents' post. The rackets are a kind of curved bats. In such a game the ball is, of course, thrown in every direction in order to avoid the adversary. Nothing, therefore, could be more natural than that, in the ardor of the sport, it should be tossed over the pickets of the fort; this occurred several times, that suspicion might be averted.

The last time, however, when a large body had rushed in after the ball, the word was given, and, dispersing rapidly in all directions, they took possession of the fort with scarcely any difficulty. Seventy of the garrison were killed and the remaining twenty retained as slaves.

Pontiac was the instigator of this affair; and, indeed, in a few days after the massacre he was in possession of all the garrisons in the West except three. Detroit alone was cut off from assistance. The story of the narrow escape of this city is most thrilling. When Pontiac arrived with his braves he brought many women and children with him, as well

as goods for traffic, for the purpose of quieting suspicion. Having encamped, he sent word to Major Gladwin that he wished to trade, but would first like to hold a council with him "to brighten the chain of peace."

Assent was given, and the next morning appointed for the meeting, no distrust having been aroused. The plot, however, was revealed by a squaw, who had made for Major Gladwin a pair of moccasins out of a curious elk skin. Being much pleased with them, he requested her to make another pair for him to present to a friend, and to keep what was left to convert into a pair of shoes for herself. She was then paid for her work and dismissed, but was afterward found loitering within the gates. Being asked what she wanted, she did not reply, and she was again summoned before the major, when, after much confusion and trepidation, she revealed the following plot for the massacre of the garrison on the morrow:

Ready for the Attack.

Each chief was to come to the council with such a piece cut from the end of his gun that it could be concealed under his blanket; also, as many as possible, armed in the same manner, were to enter outside, ostensibly for the purpose of trading. The woman was sent away and the news imparted to the men. In the morning all, being prepared, nervously awaited the hour for the meeting.

At ten o'clock Pontiac appeared with thirty-six chiefs and a train of warriors. He observed, with

some uneasiness, the unusual spectacle of troops marching from place to place, and some investing, or at least facing, the council-house, but was reassured upon being told that it was only parade. The council began by a speech from Pontiac. The signal for attack was known to be the presentation of a wampum peace-belt to Major Gladwin in a certain manner. As Pontiac reached this part of his speech, and was about to offer the belt, the officers around the major half drew their swords from their scabbards, the soldiers clutched their guns more firmly, and the chiefs saw at once that they had been betrayed. Pontiac turned as pale as it is possible for an Indian to do, and the chiefs exchanged glances of the utmost astonishment. Pontiac, however, having regained his composure, finished his speech as though nothing had occurred. When Major Gladwin began his reply he at once charged the treachery upon Pontiac, who endeavored to excuse himself, but the major stepped quickly to the nearest chief, and, pulling aside his blanket, revealed the short gun. Of course nothing further could be said, and they were told to leave the fort instantly, as the soldiers could with difficulty be restrained from cutting them to pieces.

On the following day the Indians began a furious attack. They endeavored to set on fire the stockade, and in several places commenced to cut it with axes, so as to form a breach. Major Gladwin finally instructed the men not only to permit the opening to be made, but to assist them by cutting away on the

inside. As soon as the passage was effected the Indians rushed forward to enter it; but at that moment a brass four-pounder was discharged at the opening from within, and made dreadful havoc amongst them. After this they contented themselves with blockading the fort.

Battle of Bloody Bridge.

There was much difficulty in relieving Detroit, owing to its great distance from the other extreme Western forts. At length, on the 29th of July, 1763, Captain Dalyell arrived with succor. Shortly after, sallying forth with two hundred and forty-seven men, he was attacked by the Indians in ambush, and what is known as the battle of Bloody Bridge was fought. This engagement derived its name from the bridge where the attack was made. The main body of the English effected a retreat, but they left the bridge actually blocked up with their dead, showing the desperate character of the struggle.

It seemed almost impossible for any ship bringing aid to escape the detection of Pontiac. Upon one occasion a schooner laden with provisions appeared near the fort, and Pontiac determined to attempt its capture. The vessel tacked short about, followed by the canoes, the savages, pertinacious as hornets, often coming so close to the vessel as to be severely burned by the powder from the guns. They had picked off nearly all the crew, and were at length clambering over the sides of the vessel and up the shrouds, when the captain, being determined not to fall into their

hands alive, commanded the gunner to fire the magazine.

A Huron chief, understanding a little English, overheard the order and communicated it to the rest, whereupon they precipitately fled the ship in the greatest alarm, and the remnant of the crew were then enabled to bring the vessel safely to the fort. This schooner had been sent from Niagara with a force of eighteen, twelve of whom were Mohawk Indians. So gratified was Major Gladwin by the bravery of the men in rescuing the garrison from the horrible and certain fate of starvation that he caused silver medals, descriptive of the event, to be struck and presented to each of the survivors.

The fame of these wars of Pontiac spread even to Europe. Finally, General Bradstreet, with three thousand men, took the field against him. Thereupon the chief sued for peace, which was granted, and he afterward became apparently a firm friend of the whites. The manner of his death is not certainly known.

CHAPTER VIII.

Hostilities on the Frontier.—Rescue of Captives.—Thrilling Scenes.

DURING hostilities at Fort Detroit, Fort Pitt had been closely besieged by the Indians. After Pontiac abandoned the siege at the former place, it was decided by the English (in July, 1763) to send relief to Fort Pitt, which was situated on a point of land made by the junction of the Monongahela with the Ohio. Captain Ecuyer, the brave commander of the place, had suffered severely from the unceasing and galling fire of the Indians, as well as from the great floods which had nearly destroyed the foundations of his fort. He was two hundred miles from any settlement, and could send no word of his danger.

General Amherst appointed Colonel Henry Bouquet leader of the relief expedition, and the forces (consisting of about five hundred men) were to rendezvous at Carlisle, Pa. As soon as the Indians learned that the colonel was *en route*, they broke up the siege and resolved to waylay him. Accordingly, on the 4th of July they made an attack from an ambuscade at a place called Bushy Run. The English, embarrassed by their convoy of horses laden with flour, were being much distressed and harassed by

the savages when the night closed in and forced them to desist from fighting. But the same scene was again enacted, until Colonel Bouquet bethought him of a stratagem which undoubtedly was the means of saving his force from destruction. He feigned a retreat, and the Indians rushed forward into a circle prepared for them by sending one of the wings of the army around a hill where they were unperceived by the enemy, who, being now attacked on all sides, were completely vanquished. In this battle fifty whites and sixty Indians were killed. In a few days Colonel Bouquet arrived at Fort Pitt.

Important Expedition.

The next year, the depredations of the Indians upon the back settlements continuing, it was resolved to send out a still larger force and awe the Indians into submission. Colonels Bradstreet and Bouquet were appointed to co-operate — the former proceeding by way of the great lakes and falling upon the rear of the Wyandots, Ottawas and Miamis, while the latter set out from Carlisle with a force of fifteen hundred men. On reaching Fort Pitt, various conferences were held with the crafty redskins, who were thoroughly frightened and expressed a desire for peace, finding they had no trifler to deal with in the person of Colonel Bouquet, who, while stern and exacting, was magnanimous as well, and desirous of avoiding the shedding of blood.

He had been sent word by Bradstreet that he had concluded a peace with the Delawares and Shaw-

anese; but Colonel Bouquet would place no reliance upon the good faith of the Indians, and told them so. He demanded of them, in the first place, to prove their sincerity by permitting to return to him in safety two messengers whom he was about to send to Colonel Bradstreet. In the mean time he moved on to Tuscarawas, and, finding here his messengers safely returned, he gave notice that he would hold a council with the chiefs.

At this meeting the Indians in the most abject manner sued for peace. The colonel dismissed them, saying that he would confer with them the next day. At the appointed time, after recounting to them all their outrages and treachery, he gave them twelve days in which to deliver up their captives.

A Resolute Demand.

He demanded that all prisoners should be surrendered, "Englishmen, Frenchmen, women and children; whether adopted, married, or living among them under any denomination or pretence whatsoever; and to furnish horses, clothes and provisions to carry them to Fort Pitt." When these terms had been complied with they were to be informed of the conditions of peace.

Moving forward to the Forks of Muskingum, in what is now the State of Ohio, Colonel Bouquet caused houses to be built for the reception of the captives; and by the 9th of November two hundred and six had been delivered into his hands, of whom ninety were Virginians and one hundred and twenty

six Pennsylvanians, one hundred and twenty-five being women and children.

The meeting of the adult prisoners with their friends and relatives, many of whom were with the army, was a scene that beggars description. Of the children, many clung to their adopted Indian mothers, and at first refused to depart with their real parents. A number of the Indians declined to be separated from their white captives, and followed the army on its return to Philadelphia. Thus, having completely humbled the Indians and obtained their promise to send, in the spring, one hundred more captives who were off on distant hunting expeditions, hostages being taken to secure the faithful performance of this stipulation, Colonel Bouquet returned to Pennsylvania.

Diabolical Deeds.

It is not necessary to detail these events of the Indian colonial wars in strict chronological order, and, indeed, it would be difficult to do so. I shall, therefore, at once pass from these events in the North-west to others which happened farther east, in Pennsylvania and Ohio.

In the year 1782 was committed the diabolical murder of the inoffensive Christian Indians of Gnadenhuetten, Salem and Schonbrunn in Ohio. In February a party of Sandusky Indians had massacred a family consisting of a man, his wife and five or six children. The settlers on the Pennsylvania frontier concluded that either the Moravian Indians at Gnadenhuetten were the guilty parties, or that the mur-

derers were quartered amongst them. Accordingly, organizing themselves into a band of eighty or ninety men, mounted and provisioned, they set out for Gnadenhuetten under the command of a certain David Williamson. It should here be mentioned that these praying Indians, as they were called, had, the previous autumn, narrowly escaped destruction, having been carried off to Detroit by the notorious Captain Pike (an Indian) by command of the governor at that fort. However, since it was found impossible to prove any wrong against them, they had been released, and were now (the 6th of March) out in the fields gathering in the Indian corn which they had left in the fields the autumn previous when they were taken away.

Buildings Turned to Slaughter-Houses.

The white guerillas informed them that it was their purpose to remove them to Fort Pitt for safety. Much pleased, they at once laid down their arms. Those at Salem were then summoned, and all were placed in guarded houses. Colonel Williamson, then drawing up his men in line, put the question whether the Indians should be taken prisoners to Fort Pitt or put to death, requesting those who favored the former movement to step forward and form a new line. Only sixteen or eighteen men are said to have advanced. The savages, in the mean time, having a presentiment of their fate, were praying, singing hymns and exhorting one another to remain firm. In a short time the two buildings were converted into

slaughter-houses, filled with the mangled and bleeding bodies of these innocent people—gray-haired men, women and tender children; none were spared the fatal wounds of the tomahawk, club, spear and scalping-knife! I said none; but two young lads did indeed escape—one by feigning death, and the other by creeping unobserved into a cellar, whence he emerged in the night and fled to the woods.

A Thrilling Speech.

There is a speech, preserved by Heckewelder, of the noted Captain Pike above mentioned, which is so remarkable a piece of oratory that it deserves to be given entire. Having made an expedition against the Americans in the Revolutionary War, he had come before the English commandant of the fort at Detroit to make report of his undertaking. He was seated in front of his Indians, and held in his hand a stick to which a scalp was fastened. After the usual pause, he arose and spoke as follows: "Father" (then he stooped a little and, turning toward his audience with a countenance expressing sarcasm, said in a low tone of voice): "I have said 'Father,' though indeed I do not know why I am to call him so, having never known any other father than the French, and considering the English only as brothers. But as this name is also imposed upon us, I shall make use of it and say" (at the same time fixing his gaze upon the commandant) "Father, some time ago you put a war-hatchet into my hands, saying, 'Take this weapon and try it on the heads of my enemies,

the Long-Knives, and let me afterward know if it was sharp and good.'

"Father, at the time when you gave me this weapon I had neither cause nor inclination to go to war against a people who had done me no injury; yet, in obedience to you who say you are my father and call me your child, I received the hatchet, well knowing that if I did not obey you would withhold from me the necessaries of life. Father, I have said that you may perhaps think me a fool for thus thoughtlessly rushing on your enemy! Do not believe this, father. Think not that I want sense to perceive that although you now pretend to keep up a perpetual enmity to the Long-Knives, you may, before long, conclude a peace with them.

"Father, you say you love your children, the Indians. This you have often told them; and, indeed, it is to your interest to say so to them, that you may have them at your service. But, father, who of us can believe that you can love a people of a different color from your own better than those who have a white skin like yourselves? Father, pay attention to what I am going to say. While you, father, are setting me on your enemy, much in the same manner as a hunter sets his dog on the game, while I am in the act of rushing on that enemy of yours with the bloody, destructive weapon you gave me, I may, perchance, happen to look back to the place whence you started me; and what shall I see? Perhaps I may see my father shaking hands with the Long-Knives;

yes, with these very people he now calls his enemies.

"I may then see him laugh at my folly in obeying orders; and yet I am now risking my life at his command! Father, keep what I have said in remembrance! Now, father, here is what has been done with the hatchet you gave me" (with these words he handed to the commandant the stick with the scalp upon it). "I have done with the hatchet what you have ordered me to do, and found it sharp. Nevertheless, I did not do all that I might have done. No, I did not. My heart failed within me. I felt compassion for your enemy. Innocence had no part in your quarrels; therefore I distinguished, I spared. I took some live flesh, which, while I was bringing to you, I spied one of your large canoes in which I put it for you.

"In a few days you will recover this flesh and find that the skin is of the same color with your own. Father, I hope you will not destroy what I have saved. You, father, have the means of preserving that which, with me, would perish for want. The warrior is poor and his cabin is always empty; but your house, father, is always full."

Nothing could better distinguish the difference between a savage and a civilized race than the last two or three sentences of this speech of Captain Pipe.

CHAPTER IX.

Romantic Adventures of Daniel Boone. — Exploits and Hair-breadth Escapes. — A Captivating Story.

THE exploits of Daniel Boone in Kentucky form one of the most interesting chapters in the history of the colonial Indian wars, both on account of his thrilling and romantic adventures in a land of enchanting beauty and fertility, and from the noble personal character of this hero of the events.

Daniel Boone was born in 1735 near Bristol, on the Delaware River. His ancestors were from Devonshire, England. Both his grandfather (George Boone) and his father (Squire Boone) had large families, and were characterized by a love of the freedom and advantages to be found in newly settled lands. It was this roving and independent spirit that led George Boone to emigrate to America, and that influenced his son, Squire Boone, to remove from Pennsylvania to North Carolina. This characteristic was inherited in full by Daniel. He was eighteen years of age when his father went to their new home; and as early as 1764 he had visited the eastern border of Kentucky, which was not far from his dwelling-place on the banks of the Yadkin.

THE PIONEER HERO, DANIEL BOONE.

In 1767, John Findlay, with a companion, discovered and traversed the lonely region of Central Kentucky and Tennessee, and brought to the Carolina settlers glowing accounts of the country. Among his listeners was Boone, who was now married, and who, with his instinctive dislike of crowded settlements, had left his father and settled in a log cabin in the Yadkin Valley as its first resident. But already others were coming in, and he therefore listened eagerly to the description of the beautiful lands to the westward.

On the first of May, 1769, with a small company of comrades, Boone started on his first expedition into that region, which was hereafter to be the scene of actions that were to make him immortal. They found the country beautiful with flowers, green grass and pleasing prospects, and abounding with buffaloes and all varieties of game.

Alone in a Vast Wilderness.

Near the Kentucky River, Boone and a friend named Stewart were taken captive by the Indians, but escaped on the seventh day. Daniel and his brother erected a small cabin, and remained here all winter, Stewart having been killed by the savages, and the remainder of the party having returned to Carolina. In May, 'Squire Boone set out alone to return to the settlements for the purpose of procuring two horses and ammunition, thus leaving Daniel alone and (as he says) without bread, salt or sugar; deprived of the company of his fellow-creatures, or even a horse or dog; alone in the vast wilderness and five

hundred miles from the nearest settlement. For three months he continued his solitary existence, going on exploring expeditions, and often so fearful of the approach of the Indians that he dared not sleep in his cabin. At length his brother returned with the horses, and the two explored the region between the Cumberland and the Green rivers. When they again reached the Kentucky River they resolved to make their future home there.

After a time they revisited North Carolina, but only with the intention to return and inherit this goodly land which they had seen and admired. A company did actually start; but among the mountains seven young men of their party, having strayed from the rest, encountered the Indians, who killed six of them, including one of the sons of Boone. This so disheartened the little band that they turned aside to the settlements on Clinch River, in Virginia. During the next year (1773–74) Boone performed various services as guide and explorer for the Virginia government.

In the autumn of 1774 the singular Transylvania Company was formed. Eight private gentlemen, at the head of whom was Richard Henderson, conceived and carried out the bold scheme of purchasing from the Cherokee Indians a large tract of country in the West. A council was held, and the red men ceded to them all that region between the Kentucky and Cumberland rivers. With this remarkable self-constituted government Daniel Boone entered into relations, con-

senting to act as guide and leader of a small colony to be planted in the newly-purchased territory. This advance guard was to make a road through the wilderness, and Colonel Henderson would then follow with pack mules and wagons. When within fifteen miles of the present Boonesborough the pioneers were attacked by the savages and four men were killed.

A Wonderful Fort.

Upon reaching the banks of the Kentucky the first duty was to build a fort, and this was accomplished by Boone with his characteristic thoroughness. This structure subsequently became the great tower of defence for the young and struggling colony. It was a wonderful work for that time and place, and filled the Indians with alarm and dismay. Its form was that of a parallelogram, and it enclosed nearly an acre of ground. They first dug a trench four or five feet deep, in which were planted heavy pickets, about a foot in thickness and pointed at the upper ends, so placed as to form a solid wall about twelve feet high. The soil was then pressed hard around the base. At the corners were projecting squares, or houses of logs (called flankers), with oblique port-holes, so that the defenders could rake with their fire the external front of the fort without being exposed to attack from without. Ingress and egress were effected by means of a gate with two immense folding valves.

The houses inside the enclosures appear to have been ranged along the pickets contiguously, in order

to strengthen the defence. It was rather unfortunate that the clearing was no larger than the fort, as the woods would afford shelter to the enemy. In two months and a half the structure was completed, and was no doubt regarded with feelings of pride by all.

Planting a Colony.

Boone now returned to North Carolina for his family, Mrs. Boone being the first woman to brave the perils of the wilderness. Colonel Henderson soon arrived with forty men; the clearing of land began; a land-office was opened, where ground was leased in the name of "The Proprietors of the Colony of Transylvania in America." Conscious that their bold claims would be disputed, the company took all possible steps to establish themselves firmly. Soon there were four settlements and forts in the region, and in 1775 all the pioneers, in the capacity of a legislature, assembled in the open air at Boonesborough in response to a call to form a state! This was certainly the most extraordinary legislature that ever met. They, however, with the parliamentary formalities, passed bills and transacted business with all possible gravity.

The first difficulty with the Indians was the capture, on July 14, 1776, of three young girls, two of whom were the daughters of settlers who had come in, and the other the daughter of Boone. They had carelessly crossed in a canoe to the opposite side of the Kentucky River (the fort being on the bank of that stream) at a late hour in the afternoon. The trees

and shrubs grew sick along the shore. The merry girls, playing and splashing in the water, permitted the canoe to drift to the opposite side. Lurking there, were five hideous savages, one of whom, crawling stealthily down the bank, seized the rope attached to the boat and drew it away out of sight of the fort. The shrieks of the maidens were heard; but the canoe was the only one, and none dared risk the chance of swimming the river, lest a large body of Indians might be concealed in the woods. Boone was absent at the time, but the next morning he and others were on the track of the Indians, and came up with them just as they were kindling a fire to cook their meal. Firing on them, they wounded or killed two, and routed the remainder so suddenly that they had no time either to injure the "broken-hearted" girls or to take their moccasins and tomahawks with them.

It will be impossible here to give all the details of the Indian wars of Kentucky; only a few of the most important and thrilling adventures can be related.

A Daring Scout.

One of Boone's bravest and most fearless scouts was Simon Kenton, whose life was a continual romance. Eight times did he run the gauntlet, three times he was tied to the stake, once nearly killed by a blow from an axe. At one time, when he had taken an Indian horse, he was seized and beaten by his captors until their arms were tired; they then proceeded to secure him in the following manner for the

CAPTURE OF THE BOONE AND GALLOWAY GIRLS.

night: Being placed on his back, his legs were drawn apart and each foot lashed firmly to stakes driven into the ground. A pole was then laid across his breast, his hands tied to each end and his arms lashed round it with thongs. Finally, a strap was passed round his neck and the end secured to a stake in the ground, his head being stretched back to prevent his choking.

This being the time of the Revolutionary War, the savages used frequently to visit their British employers and allies at Fort Detroit. To this place Kenton was taken, and there won, by his deportment, the interest of the wife of an Indian trader named Harvey.

Romantic Escape.

A little romance followed, for this lady promised to assist the escape of Kenton and two other Kentuckian captives, and the opportunity soon presented itself. On the 3d of June, 1779, the Indians assembled near the fort to have a "spree," which meant to get gloriously drunk on British whiskey. They stacked their guns near Mrs. Harvey's house. When it was dark she stole silently out, and, selecting three of the weapons, hid them in a patch of peas in her garden. Hastening to Kenton, she told him what she had done, and instructed him to come with the others at midnight to her palisaded garden, where they would find a ladder, by means of which they could climb over and secure the guns.

She also told him of a hollow tree at some distance from the town in which she had concealed such

articles of clothing, food, ammunition, etc. as they would require on their journey. At the appointed time the captives appeared at the garden. No time was to be lost, as the yells of the drunken savages could be heard and daylight would soon appear. Taking an affectionate leave of his benefactress, Kenton set out with his companions and escaped safely to Kentucky.

Taken Captive.

One of the great needs of the colonists was salt. Boone headed an expedition to the Blue Licks for the purpose of making it by evaporating in kettles the water of the famous salt springs situated there. The undertaking was successful as far as the immediate object of it was concerned, but was otherwise disastrous, since all the party were captured except the three who had gone to the fort with the salt which had been manufactured during the month in which they were not disturbed by the redskins. This was the beginning of the long and remarkable captivity of Boone, of which I shall presently speak.

Before the capture the following famous incident is said to have occurred: Boone, while hunting in the woods near the Licks, came upon two Indians. Perceiving that it was useless to think of attempting a retreat, he slipped behind a tree to let them come within rifle-shot, and then exposed himself; the foremost levelled his gun; at the flash Boone, who well knew how to dodge bullets, again stepped behind the tree. In the same manner the next Indian was

induced to throw away his bullets, and while they were trying, with eager, trembling hands, to reload, he was upon them and succeeded in shooting one of them dead.

The two antagonists, now on equal grounds, the one unsheathing his knife, the other raising his tomahawk, rushed toward the body of the Indian lying between them. Boone caught the well-aimed tomahawk of his foe on the barrel of his rifle; and, being at close quarters, with only the slain savage intervening, as the redskin, in poising his weapon, exposed himself to attack, he plunged his knife up to the hilt into his body. This occurrence is commemorated in sculptured stone in a group placed over the northern door of the Capitol at Washington.

Boone in the Hands of the Savages.

But to return from our digression. After the Indians had captured Boone, he took what proved to be the wisest course, submitted quietly and ingratiated himself in their favor, and, when they met the rest of the party at the Licks, signed to them also to surrender. Reposing the greatest confidence in him, they did as directed, and this, no doubt, was the means of saving the fort; for if the savages had not been conciliated here, but had fought and been victorious, they would certainly have gone on to attack this structure, as this had been a part of their programme. They were Shawanese from Chillicothe, and thither they immediately returned, taking Boone with them.

They next conducted their illustrious captive, by a long journey, to Detroit, to exhibit him to their friends and gratify their vanity. The comrades of Boone were delivered up to Commandant Hamilton at Detroit, who offered the Indians a large ransom for their prisoner; but they would not accept it. The taciturn, quiet, gentle and unassuming nature of this hero pleased the savages, and they purposed adopting him into their tribe. They occasionally met with a white man who assimilated himself to their ways by virtue of some subtle affinity with their nature, and they thought Boone was one of these. They returned to Chillicothe, and by the profoundest dissimulation he succeeded in almost completely lulling suspicion in their minds. He was formally adopted by a distinguished old chief named Blackfish, who had recently lost a son, and remained with the tribe four months, hunting with them and contending with them at their shooting matches, where he was careful not to excel them too often, as they took great delight in surpassing him.

A Painful Ordeal.

He won the confidence of their king, who often permitted him to hunt alone. To still further insure their confidence, he submitted to the ceremony of adoption, which was a rather severe ordeal. By a tedious and painful process the hair was plucked from the head, leaving only a scalp-lock tuft, which was dressed up in feathers and ribbons. He was then thoroughly washed and taken to the council-house,

where a speech was made to him, and finally he was generously overspread with paint, the ceremony concluding with a feast and pipe-smoking.

Still, his captors did not entirely trust him, but carefully counted the bullets given him for hunting, so that he could not conceal any for future use; but Boone outwitted them by halving the balls and using light charges of powder.

The Captive's Flight.

At length, when he saw four hundred and fifty warriors painting, pow-wowing and otherwise preparing for an expedition against Boonesborough, he determined to escape if possible. Having always carefully concealed from them his accurate knowledge of the Shawanese dialect, he thus learned all their plans. They had ascertained that during his absence the fort had fallen out of repair, and anticipated an easy subjugation of it. Although appearing to evince no interest in their preparations, and having seemingly become an adopted son of the tribe, the heart of Boone was secretly filled with anguish at the thought of his wife and children, whom he believed to be at the fort, although they, with the exception of one daughter, had in reality returned to the home of his father-in-law.

On the 16th of June he arose very early, went out to hunt and never returned. The flight of Boone to the fort on the Kentucky River, one hundred and sixty miles away, is one of the most daring and thrilling adventures to be found in the annals of Indian

warfare. The risk was terrible. Four hundred and fifty fleet-footed warriors were on his track, stung to fury by his ingratitude, by the deception he had practised on them, and by the consciousness that he possessed their secrets. In this remarkable flight Boone occupied four days, during which he had but one regular meal, which consisted of a turkey that he had shot after crossing the Ohio River. He was not an expert swimmer, and had anticipated great difficulty in crossing this stream, which was then swollen from continued rains; but he luckily found an old canoe, which he repaired and which bore him safely to the other side.

A Steady Storm of Lead.

So disconcerted were the Indians by his escape that they were unable to recover from their surprise for three weeks. In the mean time Boone had repaired and strengthened the fort in anticipation of the certain siege that was to come. The Indians soon arrived, four hundred and fifty strong, under command of Captain Du Quesne and Blackfish. Boone despatched a messenger to Colonel Arthur Campbell for assistance, and then used every device to gain time. During a truce of two days the besieged were strangely permitted to bring into the fort water and provisions.

After a treacherous attempt to seize Boone and eight others during a council, hostilities began. A siege had now opened which lasted nine days and nights without intermission. The enemy, from their

shelter in the woods, poured in a steady hailstorm of lead against the fort; but they did but little damage to any one, and the one hundred and twenty-five pounds of bullets which were picked up outside of the fort at the close of the siege had been thrown away to little purpose.

The garrison fought heroically, having only two men killed and four wounded; one of the former was the victim of a negro who had deserted from them, carrying with him the skill in shooting which he had acquired in the fort. This renegade had climbed a tree and was firing into the building, when Boone, marking him and taking advantage of a moment when he exposed his head, sent a bullet toward him. After the battle the negro was found dead with a ball in his head, the shot of Boone having been made at a distance of five hundred and twenty-five feet. At length the siege was raised, and the Indians returned in deep chagrin at their failure to secure Boone, whom they had destined to a dreadful death.

The terrible blow which the whites received in August, 1782 at the battle of Blue Licks is too familiar to render necessary more than mere allusion to it here. The number of settlers slain in that battle was seventy-seven, among whom was a son of Boone.

"Now, Boone, we Got You."

The Indians were now ever on the alert to gain possession of Boone. He owned a farm near Boonesborough, and upon one occasion four savages very nearly succeeded in capturing him on that place. He

related the incident at the wedding of his granddaughter a few months before his death. He had raised near his cabin a small patch of tobacco for the benefit of his neighbors (for he never used it himself), and had also built a small drying and curing house, in which he was one day standing on the rails that supported the second tier of drying sticks, and engaged in removing the dry tobacco from the first to the third tier, when suddenly four burly Indians, with guns in their hands, entered the low door below and said: "Now, Boone, we got you. You no get away more. We carry you off to Chillicothe this time. You no cheat us any more."

The Savages Outwitted.

Boone saw the guns pointed at his breast, and recognized in his visitors some of his old captors. He feigned great joy at seeing them, said he would gladly go with them, and only asked them to bridle their impatience until he could finish removing his tobacco, telling them to watch him closely. He then arranged a number of sticks of very dry tobacco just where they would fall upon their heads; and, gathering an armful of the dry and dusty weed, he leaped down upon them, filling their upturned mouths and eyes with the pungent, biting dust, and so blinding them that they could not follow him. While running toward his cabin he looked over his shoulder and beheld the Indians, blinded and suffocated, with outstretched hands, feeling in various directions and cursing him for a villain and themselves for fools!

As late as 1786, although crowds of settlers had come into Kentucky, it was not yet free from the incursions of the savages. A thrilling and at the same time rather ludicrous incident which happened this year deserves to be related. Two lads, named respectively Downing and Yates, living near a fort, started out one day to hunt for a stray horse. Toward evening they found themselves in a wild valley some six or seven miles from their starting-point. Downing now became alarmed and repeatedly told his companion that he heard the cracking of twigs behind them, and felt sure the Indians were following them. Yates ridiculed his fears; but Downing, noticing that in whatever direction they turned, the same ominous sounds continued, now became thoroughly alarmed; and presently, while his companion was loudly singing some woodland song, he sprang aside and hid himself in a clump of bushes, leaving Yates to pass on out of sight.

Chased by Redskins.

Scarcely had he done so when, to his horror, he observed two Indians cautiously peering out in the direction his comrade had taken. Fearing that they had seen him step aside, he determined to fire upon them, but was so nervous that the gun was discharged before it reached his shoulder. Starting off at full speed, he soon came up with Yates, and the two rushed on together, the savages now being in sight. Coming to a deep gully, Yates sprang across successfully, but Downing jumped short and fell back at full

length upon the bottom of the ditch. The Indians did not appear to notice him and continued the pursuit of Yates. Recovering strength, he walked slowly along the gully, which continually grew more shallow, and was ere long detected by a returning Indian.

A Run for Life.

Having neglected to reload his gun, his only course was instant flight. Throwing away his weapon, he ran for his life. His pursuer was gaining on him rapidly, and evidently desired to take him prisoner, when he arrived at a huge poplar that had been blown down by the wind; he was running along one side of the tree and the Indian on the other, when suddenly an unexpected incident occurred which turned the table in Downing's favor.

A huge bear was suckling her cubs in a bed which she had made at the root of the tree, and, the Indian thus unceremoniously surprising her, she at once sprang upon him, growling ferociously. The savage yelled and stabbed her with his knife; she returned the compliment with several most affectionate hugs. In the mean time, Downing, devoutly wishing her success, ran off to the fort, where he found Yates, who had reached there two hours before.

A word as to the latter years of Boone, who experienced the usual fate of great benefactors. He lost his farm in Kentucky, owing to some quibble about the title; and afterward, when he had removed to Missouri and had been granted a large tract of land in that territory by the Spanish Government, he was

deprived of that also by the United States authorities. These despicable acts of injustice will ever be a stain upon the escutcheons of Kentucky and the United States, notwithstanding the fact that he did finally receive from the United States Government a petty grant of eight hundred acres in Missouri, upon which he lived until his death; or at least made this his headquarters, for even in extreme age his passion for hunting did not forsake him, and he made many long excursions on foot or by canoe, and often entirely alone, into the interior regions of Missouri. He died in 1820 at the age of eighty-six, and was buried in the grave he had designated. In 1845 the legislature caused his remains to be brought to Frankfort, Ky., and reinterred in the cemetery of that place with ceremonial honor.

CHAPTER X.

Indian Captivities.—How the Captives Suffered.

PERHAPS, all things considered, the most fascinating and instructive reading in literature of Indian warfare is to be found in the personal narratives of the captives who were carried off by the savages. They are, for the most part, the simple and quaint stories of unsophisticated people, who had no inducement to assert anything but the plain, unvarnished truth, which in these instances is certainly stranger than fiction. Besides, through these recitals of the captives we gain more knowledge of the life of the red men, of their strange customs and terrible nature, than we could obtain in almost any other way. I shall, therefore, proceed to lay before the reader, without preface or remark, some of the most interesting portions of these narratives, which are all by the captives themselves.

The first in chronological order is that of John Gyles, commandant of the garrison on St. George's River, in Maine.

On the 2d day of August he and his father, two brothers and some laborers went to one of his father's farms, situated near Pemmaquid Falls, to gather in the harvest. They had just finished dinner

at the farm-house, and were taking their "nooning" near by, when they were startled by the reports of several great guns at the neighboring fort, Charles. The next moment they were astonished by a volley of shot from the guns of thirty or forty Indians, who were concealed near the barn. The terrible yells of the savages, the ping and whistle of their bullets and the voice of his father crying "What now? what now?" so terrified young Gyles that he at once ran for his life.

Looking back over his shoulder, he saw a stout painted savage pursuing him with a glittering cutlass poised in the air, which he expected every moment to feel in his brains. He presently fell down, when the savage seized and bound him; then, pointing toward the place where the laborers stood, told him by signs that he should go that way. As they proceeded he passed near to his father, who, very pale and bloody, was walking very slowly.

When they reached the laborers they found two of them shot down, and one or two more knocked on the head with hatchets, and crying, "Oh, Lord! oh, Lord!" One of his brothers escaped to a vessel lying on the other side of the river; the other was taken prisoner. The Indians, by gestures, directed them to go eastward. Presently they again met their father, who was told by one of the captors who understood a little English that it was strange Indians who had shot him, and that they were sorry for it. Thomas Gyles replied that he was a dying man, and wanted

no favors of them except liberty to pray with his children. This was something which even inhuman barbarity could not refuse.

Brutal Murder.

The privilege was granted, and, although pale and exhausted by reason of his great loss of blood, which now gushed out of his shoes, he yet gave them his benediction and parting advice with a cheerful voice, and the hope that they would meet in a better world. The Indians then led him aside, and although the sons heard the blows of the hatchet, neither shriek nor groan reached their ears; they afterward learned that at the first volley of the savages he had received seven shot-holes through his waistcoat.

Of the almost incredible hardships endured by young Gyles during the long years of his captivity one or two incidents will suffice to give an idea. One winter, as he and his masters were moving from place to place in the wilds of Maine, a moose was killed, and he and a young Indian were ordered to carry home the best parts of it. It being late in the evening when they came to where the moose lay, they had not time to collect materials for a fire. At the same time a heavy snowstorm set in and continued all night. They made such little fire as they could, and sat by it until morning, when they set out on the return march. Their clothes were soaked with the melted snow, and they had not travelled far before the moose-skin coat of Gyles (which constituted his entire apparel) was frozen stiff around his knees like

a hoop, while his snow-shoes and snow-moccasins were frozen fast to his feet.

During the entire day he continued the weary march, without food or fire, sick, drowsy and disheartened. The young Indian, who was better clad, soon left him behind. In his narrative he says that at times his spirits would strangely revive as though he had partaken of the richest cordial. At length he reached the wigwam, and, crawling in, the Indians cried, "The captive is frozen to death!"

When they removed his pack, they found that the place where it had lain on his back was the only part of his body not frozen. His snow-shoes were cut off and the leather clouts removed from his numbed and frozen feet. After sitting by the fire a short time, the blood began to circulate; his feet and ankles turned black and swelled with bloody blisters, painful to the last degree. The savages said, "His feet will rot and he will die."

Terrible Sufferings.

Soon afterward the skin came off his feet entire, like a shoe, as high as the ankles, leaving his naked toes without nails and the ends of his great toe-bones bare, which in a short time turned black, so that he was forced to cut off the first joint with his knife The Indians furnished him rags with which to bind up his feet, advising him to apply fir balsam, but at the same time suggested that it was scarcely worth while, as he would undoubtedly die. But by means of his elbows and a stick in each hand he pushed

himself along until he had obtained sufficient to make a salve, which he prepared in a clam-shell over the fire and then spread over his feet.

In a short time he was enabled to walk about on his heels with the aid of a cane. In ten or fifteen days the Indians again set out, having made for him two little hoop-like shoes, which they sewed to his feet, so that he was able to follow them, though often in the most excruciating torture from the snow and water. Gyles seems to have been one of those unfortunate lads who are ever undergoing a remarkable number of nearly fatal mishaps, and yet always recovering with the tenacious vitality of a nine-lived cat.

Remarkable Adventures.

On one occasion, as he lay in the wigwam, a scaffold supporting moose-meat broke, and he was stunned and badly bruised by a fragment of the wood, which struck him on the head. At another time, being upset in a canoe, he was forced to remain underneath it for a quarter of an hour, imprisoned by the cross-bar and unable to swim, but was at length drifted to the shore. Upon still another occasion the Indians ordered him to dive across a deep hole where they were bathing, when he sank like lead to the bottom; he was rescued by an Indian girl, who discovered his position by the bubbles that rose to the surface. He was finally sold to a Frenchman in Canada, and years afterward returned to Boston in an English vessel.

In March, 1690, the town of Salmon Falls, New Hampshire, was taken and destroyed by the Indians.

One of the captives was Robert Rogers (nicknamed "Robin Pork," on accouut of his corpulence). This fat wight was so harassed by the almost insupportable burden which the savages had laid upon him that he endeavored to escape.

Fiendish Torture.

The Indians, starting in pursuit, soon found the place where his pack had been cast aside, and directly after tracked him to a hollow tree in which he had hidden. Pulling him out and stripping him, they spurred him forward with the points of their knives until they reached the camp. As the reader has seen in other parts of this volume, the savages deem it an unpardonable offence for a captive to endeavor to escape. Accordingly, poor Robin was tied to a tree; the Indians then prepared their supper and with ghastly merriment sang and danced around him. They next gathered a quantity of wood, and, cutting off the top of a small red-oak tree, left the trunk for a stake. A fire was kindled near at hand and Rogers told to take leave of his friends, "which," says the narrative, "he did in a doleful manner, such as no pen, though made of a harpy's quill, could describe the dolor of it."

They then gave him time to say his prayers, which he did with extreme fervency and agony. He was next bound to the stake, the other prisoners being seated around, and the fire thrust upon him with much laughter and shouting. Then, not to kill him too soon, they drew off, and presently began their fiendish dance, at every turn cutting collops of flesh

from his body and throwing them into his face. After he was dead they set his body down upon the glowing coals, and thus left him tied to the stake, where he was afterward found by some English who were on the trail of these miscreants.

Hot Coals and Fire-Brands.

In October, 1754, the house of a Scotchman, named Peter Williamson, who lived near the forks of the Delaware River, was attacked by the Indians during the night and Williamson taken captive; his wife was fortunately absent on a visit to a neighboring farm. Williamson suffered all the usual tortures, but his experience was not so terrible as that of several others who were captured at the same time. He gives an account of the inflictions to which they were subjected.

Going to the house of an old man named John Adams, they murdered his wife and four small children. In vain he entreated them to kill him. Placing a heavy pack of their pilfered goods upon his back, they forced him to follow them. At their halting-places they diverted themselves by inflicting barbarous cruelties upon him, sometimes stripping him naked and painting his entire body with various colors; at other times plucking the white hairs from his head and mockingly telling him that he had lived too long; again, tying him to a tree, they would whip him, and at times would scorch his cheeks with red-hot coals and burn his legs with fire-brands.

Another party of savages, having with them three prisoners and twenty scalps, joined themselves to the band that held possession of Williamson. Almost dead with hunger and harsh treatment, these three captives attempted escape, but were retaken, and their fate, the reader need not be told, was death by torture with the usual accompaniments, including the ripping open of their bellies with knives and the burning of their bowels before their eyes.

The third victim was buried in the ground, with only his head left in view. After scalping him, he was left thus in his agony for several hours; a fire was then kindled near him, and amidst his anguished cries his brains were literally roasted. They then cut off his head and buried it with the other bodies, Williamson being obliged to dig the graves.

Williamson's Escape.

Finally, he determined to escape, and one night when all were sleeping soundly, as only Indians could, he employed several tests to see if their slumber was real or feigned. Being satisfied that it was genuine, he next tried in vain to obtain one of the guns from under their heads, where they are always kept during sleep. He then commenced his flight, but in such terror that he would stop every few yards and look back to see if he were being pursued. After proceeding some distance he started on a run for the foot of the mountains, but to his horror he now heard the cry of the savages which told that his escape had been discovered. Terror lent him wings.

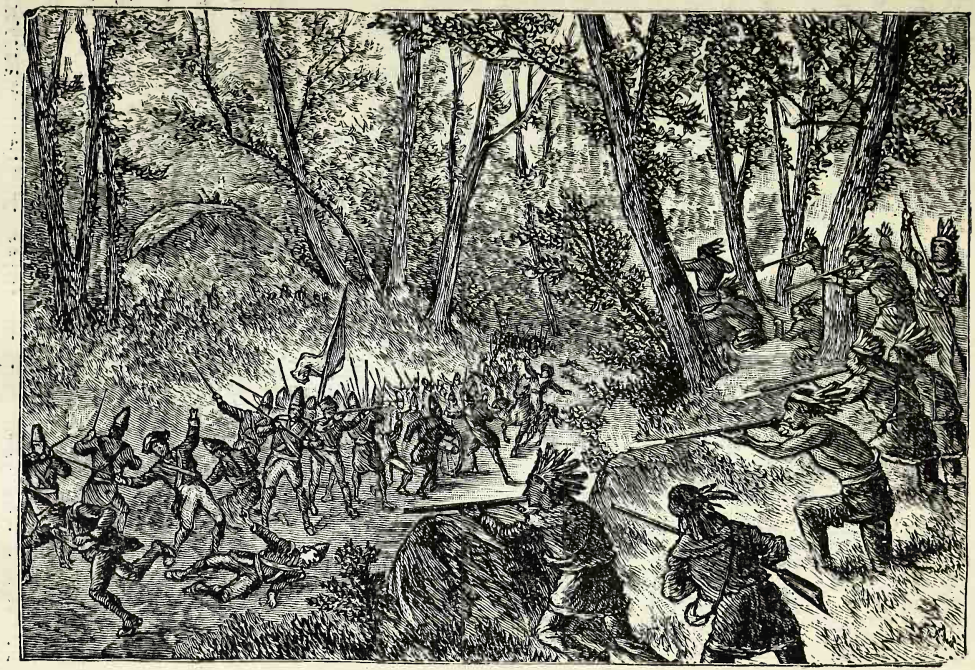
INDIAN LIFE IN THEIR NATIVE FORESTS.

Onward he pressed with all the speed he could summon, scarcely knowing where he trod, and often falling and bruising himself in a most woeful manner against stones and logs. At daybreak he crept into a hollow tree, and, although his pursuers passed quite near him, he remained there safely during the day, and at night continued his flight, arriving safely at the house of his father-in-law in Chester county, Pennsylvania.

Capture of Colonel Smith.

It is with a feeling of relief and pleasure that one passes from the perusal of these revolting scenes to the highly entertaining narrative of the captivity of Colonel James Smith. This account, written by himself, is taken from journals which he kept during his residence with the savages, and is as attractive as Robinson Crusoe, being told in the same simple language. It contains few or no instances of bloodshedding, other than those connected with himself. Its great value lies in its rehearsal of the intimate private life of the Indians of Northern Ohio, especially the Caughnawagas, by whom Colonel Smith was adopted and with whom he lived for five years.

In May, 1755, the province of Pennsylvania ordered out three hundred men to cut a wagon-road from Fort Loudon to the three forks of the Youghiogheny. James (afterward Colonel) Smith was then living at Conococheague, and resolved to assist his brother in the construction of this roadway. He states that he was in love with a young lady, but being born between



BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT.

the stars Venus and Mars he concluded to try his fortunes in this semi-military adventure. In a short time he was captured by some Delaware Indians, and carried, first to Fort Du Quesne, then to Fort Pitt, at which place he saw the return of the Indians from the defeat of Braddock and witnessed their bacchanalian orgies outside the fort.

From Fort Pitt he was led by the Indians into the interior of Ohio, and was here adopted into the tribe. His adopted brother was named Tontileango. Almost the entire life of the Northern savages is passed in hunting for meat, making maple sugar, cultivating their maize patches, trapping, etc. Young Smith was at first given a gun, but he soon fell into disgrace by getting lost in the woods one night; the weapon was then taken from him and replaced by a bow and arrows, but it was restored to him at the end of two years by reason of his display of Indian fortitude on two trying occasions.

An Infernal Stratagem.

One day shortly after his adoption he was out hunting with an Indian called Mohawk Solomon, who, while they were tracking up some buffaloes, told him a queer story about the Catawba Indians. He stated that this tribe once came near one of their hunting camps, lying in ambush at some distance off; and that, in order to entice them out, they (the Catawbas) during the night sent two or three of their warriors past the camp with buffalo hoofs fastened on their feet, so as to make artificial tracks.

The next morning those in the camp followed up these traces, and were attacked by the Catawbas and several of them killed. The remainder fled, collected a party and started in pursuit of the foe; but they, in their subtle fiendishness, had brought with them rattlesnake poison, which was corked up in a joint of canestalk, and had also carried a supply of small reeds about the size of rye straws. These they made sharp at the end, like a pen, and, dipping them into the poison, stuck them in the ground among the grass along the line of their own tracks, and in such a way that they would pierce the legs of their pursuers. It happened as was expected; a number of them were lamed at once; and the Catawbas, having set spies to report, turned back upon hearing of the success of their stratagem, and killed and scalped all their disabled victims.

On the Move.

When the savage had concluded his story, he said to Smith, "You don't know—Catawba velly bad Indian; Catawba all one devil, Catawba."

Smith was now taken North by his Indian relations; they led, in fact, a nomadic life, never remaining many months in one place, but moving about in search of game. Their longest tarryings were when they settled for the cold season. The first winter he was with them they built a cabin on the banks of a small creek that emptied into Lake Erie, between Canesadooharie and Cuyahoga. The hut was constructed in the following manner: They cut logs about

fifteen feet long, and laid one upon the other, keeping them together by driving posts into the ground at each end, these latter being tied together at the top with bark. In this way they raised two walls opposite each other, about four feet high, which were the sides of the cabin.

Next, at the centre of each end they drove long forked pieces of wood into the ground, and laid a stout beam in the forks to serve as a ridge-pole, from which to the two sides they placed their slanting rafters; on these they tied small cross-poles, which they covered with lynn bark. This bark may be stripped from the tree even in winter. They would cut down a tree that promised well, insert the handle of the tomahawk under a piece five or six inches broad near the top, and then strip it down, in this manner sometimes obtaining pieces thirty feet long, which they cut into the required lengths.

At the ends of their huts the Indians set up split timber, leaving spaces for two doors, one at each end. The chinks were filled up with moss by the squaws; bear-skins hung at the doors, and along the middle of the cabin were fires which the women built of dry split wood.

Indian Hospitality.

It was some time in December when they were settled in their really comfortable little cabin. But now a new difficulty arose—they had nothing to eat. The Indians, as is well known, are improvident in the extreme, eating voraciously and even wasting their

food when they have plenty, and lying idly about until it is gone. They are highly offended if they detect any one attempting to hide anything for a future emergency. They are very hospitable, and never, under any circumstances, refuse food to any one who asks, so long as they have a morsel in their house; and it is considered very impolite to refuse to eat with them when invited. They have no regular meal-times, but take their food when hungry.

What Indians Eat.

Colonel Smith tells us that on one occasion, when a Wyandot Indian came to their camp during the absence of Tontileango, he gave him a shoulder of venison which he had by the fire ready roasted. The visitor thanked him and received it gladly, for he was very hungry. When his adopted brother returned, Smith told him what he had done. He said, "You have done well, and I suppose you gave him maple sugar and bear's oil to eat with his venison." Smith replied that he had not done so, as these articles were down in the canoe, and he had not gone for them. Tontileango then told him that he had acted just like a Dutchman, and asked him if he did not know that when strangers came to the cabin they must always give them the best they had.

Smith acknowledged his error, and his adopted brother said he could excuse him, as he was but young, but that he must learn to behave like a warrior, do great things, and never be found in such little actions. In summer the food of these Caugh-

nawagas consisted of hominy, roast fowls, and sometimes, as a luxury, bread made of corn-meal pounded in a hominy block and mixed with boiled beans, the whole being baked in cakes under the ashes; in the fall they had fat roasted and boiled venison; in the winter, bear's meat and beaver; in the spring, maple sugar, bear's oil and dry venison, the latter being eaten by dipping it in a mixture of sugar and bear's oil.

Their maple sap was caught in vessels of bark and boiled in brass kettles; but if not possessed of these they let Jack Frost make maple molasses for them by exposing the sap in shallow bark vessels and removing the ice as it formed on the surface, repeating this process several times. The saccharine particles do not freeze, and the liquor left in the dishes would be very brown and sweet.

Method of Killing Bears.

Their method of killing bears in winter was as follows: They searched about until they found a tree that had been scratched by the bear in climbing, and discovered if the hole was large enough to admit him. Then, when it was possible, they would fell a sapling in such a way that it would fall against or near the opening, when one of them would climb up and drive Bruin from his retreat. If the saplings or trees near at hand leaned the wrong way, they gathered some rotten wood and tied it in bunches with bark; then, making a wooden hook and taking a long pole, one of them would ascend a neighboring tree, draw up

the pole by means of a hook which he reached from limb to limb as he climbed, and, igniting his spunk-wood, place it in the cavity. Presently the bear would come forth and be shot by the one below.

Their fare was varied with raccoon and fox meat, these animals being caught in dead-fall traps. Hickory-nuts and red and black haws were also gathered in extreme emergencies. On one occasion the Indians with whom Smith lived decided that they must have horses with which to bring in their game; otherwise, the women, children and old men were liable to go hungry much of the time, as the men were unable to carry sufficient meat on their backs to keep them supplied. Accordingly, two of the warriors painted themselves, blustered about for a day or two and then set out for the war-path on the frontier. Some time afterward they returned with two horses and two scalps.

Catching Beavers.

Their method of taking beaver was as follows: Before the waters were frozen they caught them in wooden and steel traps; after that they hunted them on the ice. When the animals were in their houses, and not in subterranean lodgings in the banks, the Indians, taking mauls and handspikes, broke all the hollow ice to prevent them from getting their heads above the water under it. They then forced open the houses, and the beavers, escaping, would run to the open places to breathe, where the savages would either catch them by the hind legs, throw them out on

the ice and tomahawk them, or else shoot them when their heads appeared above the water. Tecaughretanego (adopted brother of Tontileango) told Smith that the dams made by the beavers served them in a variety of ways; for example, in raising the water over the mouths of their lodging-places in the bank, and also by enabling them to cut down saplings without going out much upon the land; for, as they live chiefly upon the bark of trees, and are extremely slow and awkward when out of the water, they would be killed by their enemies if found far from the banks.

Saved by a Hollow Tree.

Once, when Smith had gone out beaver-hunting with Tecaughretanego and others, they discovered some raccoon tracks in the snow, and sent Smith to look them up; if he found them, he was to halloo. He soon came upon them, but when he gave the signal received no answer. He at once retraced his steps and struck into the trail of the others; but, a violent storm of snow having come up, the tracks were speedily obliterated. The air too became almost as dark as at night by reason of the thick driving snow. His situation was now dismal indeed, having with him only his bow, arrows and tomahawk, with no means of striking a fire. At length he reached a hollow tree with a hole at one side large enough for him to enter, being three feet in diameter and six feet high.

Inside was a quantity of soft, dry rotten wood; he therefore concluded to stop up the doorway and take

up his quarters in this inexpensive inn. Stripping off his blanket, which was all the clothes he wore except a breech-clout, leggings and moccasins, he proceeded to cut up the top of a tree that lay near by and set the wood on end against the opening until it was three or four feet in thickness all around, excepting a hole sufficiently large for him to pass through. For covering this little doorway he procured a block to be pulled in after him, and also threw in a number of small sticks with which to fill up chinks after he went inside. When he had entered he cut down all the dry rotten wood he could find, and, pounding it small, made a kind of "goose-nest or hog-bed," as he called it.

Lost in the Forest.

He next stopped up the crevices with the small sticks, and then danced in the centre of his bed for about half an hour for the purpose of warming himself. By this time the snow had fallen over such little cracks as remained and it became quite dark inside. Coiling himself in his blanket, he passed a tolerably comfortable night. When he judged it must be morning, he endeavored to move the large block, but did not succeed at the first attempt; this confused and terrified him; but after a second effort it yielded sufficiently to cause an aperture of nine inches, when, to his delight, the blessed light of day penetrated his dungeon. He now saw that the fall of snow had been very heavy—three feet in depth, in addition to what was on the ground before.

Taking his weapons, he started out, his only guide-boards being those of the woodman. He knew that the moss generally grows on the north-west side of straight trees; that the limbs are larger and more numerous on the south side; and that the tops of pine trees generally lean to the south. Led by these guides, he finally reached the camp, where he found his friends just setting out to search for him, though with little hope of seeing him alive. They were overjoyed at his return, and manifested their delight in the most extravagant manner. This was one of the adventures that led the Indians to buy him a gun at Detroit.

The other was a similar occasion, when, getting benighted in the woods, he displayed great fortitude. dancing and hallooing all night to keep from freezing, although suffering extremely from cold and exposure.

A Runaway Wife.

One winter, toward the close of Colonel Smith's captivity, they had buried their canoes for the season near the Falls of the Sandusky River, and had gone into the interior of Ohio to hunt. Here, one day, Tontileango happened to whip his step-son for some offence, instead of ducking him, which was the usual custom with the Indians in punishing boys. By this act his wife was made so angry that she gathered up her effects (which were always kept separate from those of her husband) and rode off to the home of her father-in-law. Tontileango went after her and made up the quarrel, but did not return to his encampment

again, and seems to have stayed with his wife, thus leaving one boy and the old man, Tecaughretanego, with Smith.

Cold and Hunger.

Their experience this winter was an unenviable one, as it was difficult to obtain sufficient meat to keep them from starving. Smith was, of course, obliged to do all the hunting, and was often unsuccessful. The old man was quite a Socrates, and the sober and stately speeches made by him, and which Smith noted down in his journal, would do honor to Seneca or Martin Tupper, to say the least.

They remained in their hut until April, 1758 (they could only guess at the time of year), when they constructed a bark canoe and started down a certain river; but the water being too shallow, Tecaughretanego concluded to land and pray for rain. In order to purify himself before addressing the deity, he put himself through a sweating process in one of those sweating-huts which seem to be peculiar to the North American Indians. Descriptions of these structures are often met with in Indian books. According to Catlin, they are used for purposes of luxury and health by the Mandan Indians.

Tecaughretanego first made a framework of hoops, which he covered with blankets and skins. He next prepared hot stones, which he rolled into the hut, and then went in himself, carrying in his hand a little kettle of water mixed with a variety of odoriferous herbs, which he had carried in his pack dried and cured

After telling Smith to pull the blankets down close, he began to pour water on the hot stones and to sing aloud. He remained in this extremely hot place for about fifteen minutes.

A Singular Ceremony.

When he came out he began to burn tobacco and pray, commencing each petition with *Oh, ho, ho, ho*, words which express ardent aspiration:

"O Great Being! I thank thee that I have obtained the use of my legs again—that I am now able to walk about and kill turkeys, etc., without feeling exquisite pain and misery. I know that thou art a bearer and helper, and therefore I will call upon thee.

"*Oh, ho, ho, ho.*

"Grant that my knees and ankles may be right well, and that I may be able not only to walk, but to run and jump logs as I did last fall.

"*Oh, ho, ho, ho.*

"Grant that on this voyage we may frequently kill bears as they may be crossing the Scioto and Sandusky.

"*Oh, ho, ho, ho.*

"Grant that we may kill plenty of turkeys along the banks to stew with our fat bear meat.

"*Oh, ho, ho, ho.*

"Grant that rain may come to raise the Ollentangy about two or three feet, that we may cross in safety down to Scioto, without danger of our canoe being wrecked on the rocks. And now, O Great Being, thou knowest how matters stand; thou knowest that

I am a great lover of tobacco, and, though I know not when I may get any more, I now make a present of the last I have unto thee as a free burnt-offering; therefore I expect thou wilt hear and grant these requests, and I, thy servant, will return thee thanks and love thee for thy gifts."

During all of this strange ceremony Smith had preserved a decorous gravity, but when the burning of the tobacco took place he smiled. The old man observed it and rebuked him gently. His companion confessed his error, and they smoked a pipe of red willow-bark in token of reconciliation.

Smith Escapes.

In the spring of 1759, Tecaughretanego, his son Nungany, and Smith went from Detroit to Montreal in a canoe. Here Smith slipped away from his old and long-tried acquaintances and got aboard a French ship which contained a number of English prisoners. Hearing that these were to be exchanged, he joined them voluntarily. They were given their liberty about four months afterward at Crown Point. Smith returned to Conococheague early in 1760; his people, who had been entirely ignorant of his fate during his five years' absence, received him with great joy, and were surprised to see him so much like an Indian both in his walk and bearing. He says he leaves it to his readers to judge of his feelings upon learning that his sweetheart had married a few days before his return. He lived to a good old age, having served with great distinction in various

capacities during the Revolutionary War, his intimate knowledge of Indian manners and customs rendering him an extremely valuable aid to the leaders and generals of the American army. He died about the year 1813, in Kentucky, where he had lived for many years.

MEDICINE MAN IN FANTASTIC COSTUME.

CHAPTER XI.

Thrilling Adventures of Indian Captives.—Exciting Story of Alexander Henry and Others.

THE story of the captivity of Alexander Henry among Huron Indians contains much that is entertaining and new. Henry was a trader, and his narrative begins at Michillimackinac at the time of the capture of that fort by the Indians under Pontiac. Shortly after his arrival at this place he received many visits from a Chippewa named Wawatam, who manifested for him the warmest esteem, and at last came one day with his entire family, bringing also a large present of skins, sugar and dried meat.

He then made a speech, in which he informed the trader that, some years before, he had observed a fast, during which he had dreamed of adopting an Englishman as his brother, and that as soon as he had seen Henry he had recognized him as the one whom the Great Spirit had directed him to take into his family. Henry could not do otherwise than accept the gifts and express his pleasure at having so good a man for his friend and relative. He made a present in return, which Wawatam received, and, after thanking his host for the favor he had done him, set out on his winter's hunt. (It is the custom of

these Northern Indians to separate by families during the cold weather, that they may support life more comfortably by hunting.)

In the year that intervened Henry had almost forgotten his new brother, when one day, just before the massacre, he appeared again in a melancholy and thoughtful mood, and endeavored, by every indirect means which he could devise, to induce the trader to leave Michillimackinac with him, even hinting at the danger from the Indians who were prowling around in large numbers. The language of Wawatam (like that of all Indians) was extravagantly figurative, and, as he spoke in the Chippewa tongue, Henry did not fully comprehend what he said, and so made light of his fears. Finally, he and his wife departed, both shedding tears.

Drinking the Blood of their Victims.

On the following morning occurred the ball game and the horrible butchery of the garrison. Henry was in his house writing at the time. He at first seized his gun and went to the window, but, seeing resistance useless, he fled to the house of a Mr. Langlade, a French Canadian, who, with his family, was at the window indifferently watching the massacre. Henry besought him to conceal him in some place of safety, but the Frenchman shrugged his shoulders and turned again to the window, saying he could do nothing for him.

The trader was in despair, but an Indian slave beckoned him to follow her, and, conducting him to a door, told him that it led to a garret. She locked the

door after him and took the key away. From an aperture in the attic Henry looked out upon the awful scene which was being enacted below in the yard of the fort. He saw the writhing and shrieking victims, the scalped and the mangled, and the fiends drinking the blood of their victims from the hollow of their hands.

The Pursuers Near.

Presently he heard some Indians enter the house in which he was hiding. The garret floor formed the ceiling of the room below, so that he could hear all that was said; they were inquiring for him. M. Langlade showed a serene indifference to his fate, telling them that they might search the house.

Notwithstanding some delay attendant upon getting the key of the attic door, Henry had barely time to hide himself in a heap of vessels of birch-bark which were used for making maple sugar when four savages entered, armed with tomahawks and stained with blood from head to foot. It seemed to him as though the beating of his heart would surely betray him; but, although they passed very near, they did not detect him, owing, he thought, to the dark color of his clothes and the absence of windows in the room.

When they had left the trader was so exhausted by his recent agitation that he threw himself upon a feather bed and slept until toward evening. He was awakened by the entrance of the wife of M. Langlade, who had come to cover a hole in the roof, for it had begun to rain; she seemed much surprised to see him.

As she was leaving Henry begged her to send him a little water to drink, which she did.

He was utterly unable to think of any plan by which he could escape eventual capture. He was four hundred miles from Detroit, the nearest English station, and the entire distance lay through the lands of hostile Indians. At the same time, death seemed inevitable should he remain long where he then was. In the morning the savages returned, saying he could not be found among the slain, and they suspected that he must be concealed somewhere near.

Henry's Life Spared.

Henry now heard the wife speaking to her husband in French, urging him to deliver up the trader, lest the Indians might kill her children should he escape through their instrumentality. M. Langlade at first resisted, but finally yielded and led the way to the garret. Henry rose to meet his captors, who entered in a state of intoxication and entirely naked except about the loins. One of them, named Wenniway, whom the trader had formerly known, was more than six feet in height; except a circle of white about each eye, his entire body was covered with charcoal-dust and grease. This sinister giant approached Henry and grasped him by the collar with one hand, while in the other he held a large carving-knife.

Looking him steadily in the eyes for a few seconds, he let his arm drop, saying that he would spare his life and adopt him in place of a lost brother of his. After various fortunes, he, with other captives, was

taken in canoes bound for the Isles du Castor at the mouth of Lake Michigan. During the passage the prisoners were offered bread which the savages cut with knives besmeared with the blood of their friends.

On the 17th of June, 1763, Wawatam suddenly entered the lodge in which Henry was living, and, giving him his hand in passing, walked toward the great chief Menehwehna, by the side of whom sat Wenniway. The most profound silence prevailed; each smoked his pipe, and when this was finished Wawatam arose and as he passed out said to Henry, "Take courage."

After the lapse of an hour (during which time several chiefs had entered, as if a council were preparing), Wawatam and his wife came in loaded with merchandise, which they laid before the chiefs, the former making the following speech: "Friends and relations, what is it that I shall say? You know what I feel. You all have friends, brothers and children, whom as yourselves you love; and you, what would you experience did you, like me, behold your dearest friend, your brother, in the condition of a slave—a slave exposed every moment to insult and to menaces of death? This case, as you all know, is mine. See there, my friend and brother among slaves, himself a slave!

"On the day on which the war began you were fearful lest, on this very account, I should betray your secret. You requested, therefore, that I would leave the fort and even cross the lake. I did so, but

did it with reluctance, notwithstanding that you, Menehwehna, promised to protect my friend. I now come, offering you these goods for his ransom."

Arrayed in Indian Costume.

After a refilling of pipes, a smoke and a further silence, Menehwehna arose and made a speech, at the close of which he expressed his gratification at the escape of Henry, accepted the ransom and told Wawatam that he might take his brother home with him.

Henry was welcomed by the family of his deliverer with many expressions of gladness. Food was set before him, and he was then arrayed as an Indian, in order to escape insult and possible death from other savages. In the winter they set out upon their annual hunting-jaunt, which was a source of satisfaction to Henry, since it relieved him of his continual apprehensions from the conduct of other tribes.

During his stay with this family Henry witnessed and participated in what they call the Feast of the Dead. On returning from hunting one evening, he found the fire extinguished and the opening in the top of the lodge covered over with skins, in order to exclude external light. Dry sand was sprinkled over the fire-place, from which the ashes had been removed. A fire was then built outside and a kettle set to boil. Indian etiquette demanded that he should ask no questions, but await the pleasure of the master of the house.

As soon as it was dark all were invited into the

tent. Henry was requested not to speak, as the spirits delighted in complete silence. Each one on entering was presented with a spoon, and a dish into which Wawatam, who was master of ceremonies, put two ears of corn. He then began a speech to the manes of the dead, entreating them to be present and partake of the food which had been prepared, and also to assist him in the chase. When he had finished, they proceeded to eat their corn in silence; being only half boiled, it took about an hour for Henry to masticate the two ears that were his portion. He was requested not to break the cobs, as this would be displeasing to the departed. When all was consumed the master of the family made another speech, which concluded the ceremonies.

Conclusion of the Feast.

A fire was then kindled with fresh sparks from the flint and steel; pipes were smoked; the cobs left from the feast were carefully buried in a hole dug in the ground within the lodge; and finally a dance ensued, which continued nearly all night. This feast was observed on the first night in November. A similar ceremony took place subsequently on the occasion of killing a bear, whose winter quarters in the trunk of a colossal pine tree, near the top, had been discovered by Henry. Chopping with their light axes for a day and a half brought down the tree; for a moment all was silent, and they began to be disappointed; but Madame Bruin was only a little stunned, and presently walked out to see what was

the matter, when, of course, she was at once shot. Her weight could not have been less than five hundred pounds.

Only the she-bears lodge in the tops of trees; they bring forth their young in the winter, and then seek these secure places in order to protect their cubs from the attacks of wolves and other animals. After the bear was dead the men and women went up to it, took its head in their hands, and, stroking and kissing it, begged its pardon a thousand times for having taken its life, called it their relation and grandmother, and asked it not to lay the blame upon them, since it was the Englishman that had put it to death.

Strange Superstitions.

After the animal had been cut up and removed to the lodge, the head was adorned with all the trinkets in the family possession, such as silver arm- and wrist-bands and belts of wampum. It was then placed upon a scaffold erected to receive it, and a large quantity of tobacco placed under its nose.

The next morning a feast was made to its manes. The lodge was swept and garnished, and a new blanket, which had never been used, was spread under the head of the bear. Pipes being lit, Wawatam blew smoke into its nostrils, directing Henry to do the same. Nothing could convince the Indians that this part of the bear was not in some way animated by the powerful spirit of the slain animal. The master of the family then addressed to it a deprecatory speech, after which all ate heartily of its flesh; and

in two or three days even the head was put into the pot and boiled.

In April they set out with their venison, furs and peltries for Michillimackinac. At La Grande Traverse they met a large body of Indians, who were in great terror of the vengeance of the English, and who became firmly convinced that Henry had the power of foreseeing the future by means of dreams. When he was asked to tell them if he knew of any design to attack them, and he pleaded his ignorance of any such intention, they became suspicious and thought that he was concealing his knowledge from them. At length it became necessary to tell them that he knew there was no enemy, and they could with safety go on to Michillimackinac.

Ridiculous Ceremonies.

Of the various other superstitions recorded by Henry; of their ceremony of the Great Turtle (an imposture by which the priest pretends to consult the Great Spirit as to future events, and to receive an audible answer in a voice like that of a young puppy); of their ridiculous deprecatory prayers to rattlesnakes; and of other similar customs,—I cannot here treat in detail. Suffice it to say that our trader, Mr. Henry, arrived safely at Fort Niagara, and that both he and the Indians were received by Sir William Johnson with the kindness which ever characterized him in his dealings with his friends.

These accounts of captivity among the red men must now be concluded with one that for wild, lurid

terror and spectacular effect outvies all the rest. The story of the burning of Cape Florida Lighthouse and the besieging of the keeper, John Thompson, upon its summit, scarcely comes under the head of captivities, it is true, yet it was a narrow escape from bondage, and may with propriety be narrated here.

An Awful Scene.

On the 23d of July, 1836, Thompson discovered a large body of Indians behind the kitchen as he was passing from that place to the lighthouse. Calling to an old negro, they ran for the tower, reaching the door amid a shower of bullets, and just in time to lock it before the savages reached them. Thompson stationed the negro at the door, and, taking his three muskets, which were loaded with ball and buckshot, went to the second window, and by firing from this and other windows succeeded in keeping them at bay until dark. The savages continued pouring in a heavy fire of balls, and at length set fire to the light-house; then began a lurid and awful scene on that lonely point in the darkness of the night—enough to make one's blood run cold.

The balls of the enemy had penetrated the tin tanks containing two hundred and twenty-five gallons of oil, which, escaping, saturated everything—woodwork, clothes and bedding. The flames, fed by this unctuous fluid and by the yellow-pine lumber, spread fast and fiercely. When driven away by the fire, the heroic keeper took a musket, balls and keg of gunpowder to the top of the house; then, going be-

low again, began to cut away the stairs halfway from the bottom.

The negro now coming up, he with difficulty drew him up over the space already cut; in a short time both were driven by the flames to the top of the building. Covering the scuttle that led up to the lantern, they succeeded in keeping the fire from them for some time. At length the dreadful moment came; the flames burst through, and at the same time the savages began their fiendish yells. The poor old negro looked at his master with tears in his eyes, but could not speak. They went out of the lantern, which was now full of flames, the lamps and side glasses bursting and flying in all directions.

Terrific Explosion.

With their clothes on fire and their flesh roasting they lay down on the edge of the platform, which was two feet in width; to move now from this spot would be almost certain death from the balls of the Indians. To more quickly end his excruciating sufferings, the keeper then threw the keg of gunpowder down the scuttle, hoping to be instantly blown into eternity; but in this he was disappointed; the explosion indeed shook the tower from top to bottom, and for a moment checked the progress of the fire by throwing down the staircase and all the woodwork near the top of the lighthouse. But soon the fierce element again raged relentlessly. At this point the old negro died.

Thompson had received six balls, three in each foot,

and, finding that he was roasting alive, he resolved to jump off. Going outside of the iron railing and recommending his soul to God, he was on the point of precipitating himself on the rocks below, when something whispered to him to return and lie down. He did so, and in two minutes the fire fell to the bottom of the house, and in a very short time died out. A brisk and cool breeze now sprang up, which was a great blessing to him.

The Indians, thinking him dead, next set fire to the dwelling-house, kitchen and other outbuildings; and began to carry their plunder down to the little sloop belonging to the keeper. About ten o'clock the next morning they departed. Thompson's position was now almost as desperate as before. A burning fever was on him; his feet were shot to pieces; his clothes burned from his body; he had nothing to eat or drink a hot sun was overhead, a dead man by his side, with no friend near or likely to be; and between seventy and eighty feet from the ground, with no prospect of getting down. About twelve o'clock he thought he perceived a vessel not far off. His eyesight had suffered from the fire, but served him well upon this occasion.

Taking a piece of the negro's trousers, that had escaped the flames from being saturated with blood, he made a signal. In the afternoon, seeing his sloop coming in tow of two boats, he felt sure that the Indians had noticed his sign and were returning to murder him. But it proved to be boats of the United

States schooner, Motto, Captain Armstrong, with a detachment of seamen and marines. They had retaken Thompson's sloop after it had been divested of everything. They told him that they had heard his explosion twelve miles, away, and had at once sailed to his assistance, although scarcely expecting to find him alive.

Night coming on, they were forced to return on board, but assured him of their prompt assistance in the morning; at which time they tried to send a line to him by means of a kite which they had made during the night. But this not succeeding, they next fired twine from their muskets, tying it to the ramrods. This effort proved successful. Thompson hauled up a tail-block, made it fast to an iron stanchion and dropped the twine through the pulley, by which means those below hoisted a strong rope. Two men were then raised, by this means, to the wounded man, whom they soon had on the ground He stated that after being received aboard the Motto, every man, from the captain to the cook, endeavored to alleviate his sufferings. He was taken to the military hospital in Charleston, S. C., where he eventually recovered, although he remained a cripple all his life.

CHAPTER XII.

The Famous War with the Creeks and Other Hostiles. — Bloodthirsty Savages and Valiant White Men.

PASSING now from Colonial wars with the Indians to the contests of the States, and beginning, as before, with the Southern tribes and nations, we have first to speak of the Creek War.

All these Indian hostilities centre about the great chiefs who inspired them. One of the great chiefs in the Creek War of 1812 was Weatherford. His father was a sordid, treacherous and revengeful peddler, and his mother a full-blooded Seminole; he is said to have partaken of all the bad characteristics of both his parents, and to have added to them many more of his own. He was avaricious, treacherous, bloodthirsty, lustful, gluttonous, and at the same time (such is Nature's compensations) he possessed eloquence, genius and daring courage.

Disdaining to weaken his importance among his associates by too frequent speech, he was seldom heard in council; but when he did proclaim his sentiments he was listened to with delight and deference. His fine judgment procured for him the respect of the old; his daring and his defiant vices

attached to him the young. He was tall and well proportioned; his black eye piercing and commanding; his nose thin, aquiline and elegant in its symmetry; while every feature of his face indicated an active and disciplined intellect. He had a great passion for wealth, and owned an estate which he cultivated and embellished, often retiring to it in the intervals of war.

This remarkable man was the leader in the massacre at Fort Mimms. Major Beasley, who was in command at this place in the country of the Creeks, had been warned of the intentions of Weatherford; but such was the carelessness at the fort that on the 30th of August, 1813, this noted chief entered the open gate with fifteen hundred warriors, or, rather, made the attempt, for before very many had passed within they were met by Major Beasley at the head of his men, and an obstinate and sanguinary struggle for the possession of the gate ensued.

Slaughter of the Innocent.

The number of persons in the fort was two hundred and seventy-five, of whom only one hundred and sixty were soldiers; but they were all heroes and the women heroines. When nearly all of the military had been killed at the gate, the women and children shut themselves in the block-house and began a defence; but their place of retreat was set on fire and all either perished in the flames or were shot down in attempting to escape.

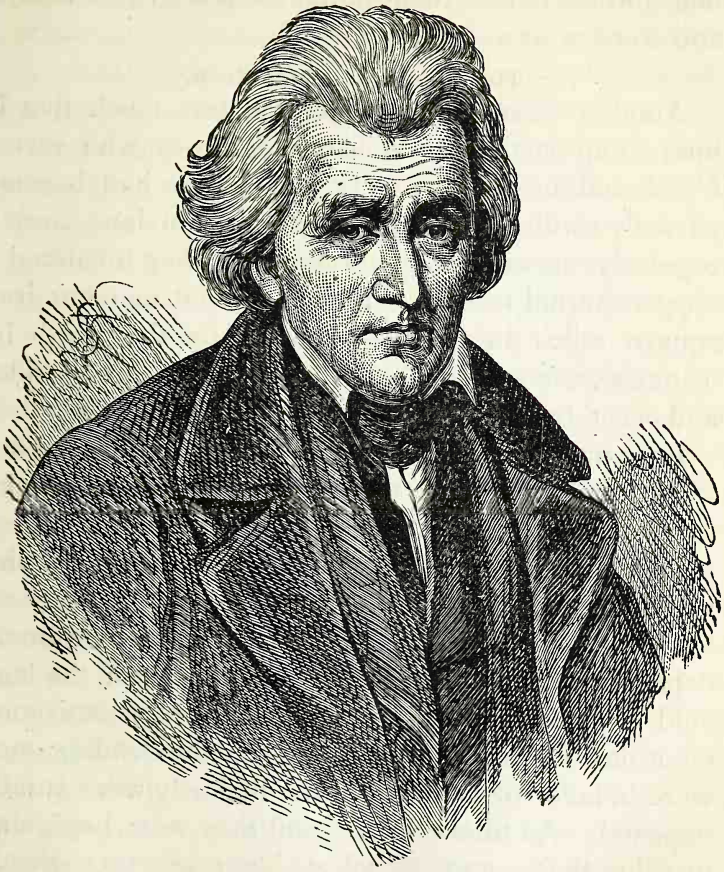
One sickens at these atrocities of the red men per-

petrated upon the innocent and the helpless. It almost passes belief that these tigers in human form could take delight in the murder of women and children. But such is the Indian nature. Incredibly stoical, and inured to all kinds of physical pain themselves, they care little for inflicting it upon others.

When the news of this terrible massacre spread abroad, loud were the cries for revenge from all parts of the country, and two large armies were soon marching south. The Indians, finding resistance useless, surrendered; and one morning General Jackson was astonished to see Weatherford humbly enter his tent to beg for peace for his people, the Creeks.

At one time the army of Jackson was in desperate need of provisions; but the general, who was not the man to yield to trifles, as he chose to call them, wrote to Governor Blount that *while they could procure an ear of corn apiece they would not give up the expedition.*

One morning a soldier with a woeful countenance approached him, stating that he was almost starved and knew not what to do. The general was seated at the foot of a tree, and was observed to be eating something, which no doubt caused the complaint from the soldier, who hoped thereby to obtain something for himself. The general replied that he never turned away a hungry person when he had anything to give him, and thereupon pulled from his pocket a handful of acorns, which he offered to him with the remark that that was his fare and he was welcome to share it. The hungry suppliant went away and told his com-



ANDREW JACKSON—"OLD HICKORY."

panions that they should not murmur after this. Out of this incident is said to have arisen the story that General Jackson once invited his officers to dine with him, and set before them nothing but a tray of acorns and some water.

The Celebrated McIntosh.

Another name about which clusters much that is interesting is that of William McIntosh, who was a Creek half-breed, In 1823 this nation had become partially civilized, with a written code of laws and a regularly constituted government. They inhabited a most beautiful tract of country of about nine hundred square miles in extent, bounded on the north by Tennessee, east by Georgia, south by the Floridas and west by the Mississippi.

Intermarriages between the Creeks and the whites were numerous; and the women, instead of being the slaves of men, had, to a great extent, taken their proper place in the household, while the men cultivated the fields.

In the year 1823 the United States Government determined to obtain possession of a part of the land held by this nation, for the purpose of satisfying Georgia. McIntosh and a few of the leading men were in favor of selling, but the majority were stoutly opposed. As tillers of the soil they were beginning to value their estate as wild tribes rarely do. But at length the land was actually made over by treaty to the Georgia commissioners. Only thirteen of the signers were chiefs, the remainder being obscure and

unknown. Thirty-six chiefs who were present refused to subscribe their names, and the entire party of McIntosh numbered not a tenth part of the nation.

The commissioners, however, assured them that the United States considered the Creeks sufficiently represented by them, and were ready to enter into negotiations. This party of the Creek chief undoubtedly hoped that they would receive all the pay for the land themselves. That McIntosh himself had been tampered with there can be but little question. The following letter, which he sent to John Ross, President of the Creek council of chiefs, proves his guilt:

"NEWTOWN, 21st Oct., 1823.

"MY FRIEND:

"I am going to inform you a few lines as a friend. I want you to give me your opinion about the treaty, whether the chiefs will be willing or not. If the chiefs feel disposed to let the United States have the land, part of it, I want you to let me know. I will make the U. States commissioners give you 2000 dollars, A. McCoy the same, and Charles Hicks 3000 for a present; and nobody shall know it; and if you think the land woulden sold I will be satisfied. If the land should be sold, I will get you the amount before the treaty sign, and if you get any friend you want him to receive, they shall receive. Nothing more to inform you at present.

"I remain yr. affectionate friend,

"JOHN ROSS. WM. MCINTOSH.

"An answer return.

"N. B. The whole amount is $12,000, you can divide among your friends exclusive $7000."

McIntosh found that he had mistaken the character of this man, for Ross read this letter at the next meeting of the council, when the author of it himself was present, and he was thus publicly exposed. In fine, he was besieged in his house by a committee of the nation, consisting of Muaw-way and about one hundred Okefuskee warriors. His home was set on fire, and he, in attempting to escape, was shot down.

War with the Seminoles.

The next great event to which our attention will be directed is the Seminole War. At the time of the opening of hostilities in 1835 the Seminoles of Florida were thought to number about two thousand warriors, who, as is well known, were among the bravest Indians in the country, desperate and tenacious of their rights to the last degree.

Shortly after the cession of Florida to the United States by Spain a treaty was made by which this tribe agreed to give up the best of their lands and retire to the centre of the Peninsula, a region of dry sand and pine barrens of the dreariest description, and ending southward in vast and impassable marshes or everglades. By the treaty of Moultrie Creek the Indians had consented to restrict themselves to certain definite boundaries and refrain from approaching anywhere within fifteen miles of the coast. For any

losses which they might sustain in the removal the government promised to make restitution, and at the same time to provide agricultural tools, schools, presents of corn, meat, etc., and to pay, in addition, an annuity of five thousand dollars for twenty years. The savages, on the other hand, were required to deliver up fugitive slaves who should take refuge in their territory. For a number of years all of the terms were complied with; but after a time there were loud clamors against the Seminoles on account of their remissness in delivering up runaway negroes.

At length it was decided that in some manner the Indians must be removed out of Florida, and to effect this object the treaty of Payne's Landing was devised, by which they were to consent to emigrate in a body to the country allotted to the Creeks west of the Mississippi. As a recompense the government was to pay fifteen thousand dollars on their arrival in their new home, and in addition give to each man, woman and child one blanket and one homespun frock. One inexplicable clause of the contract, which stipulated that they should first give up all their stock, was afterward the cause of much difficulty. In fact, shortly after the treaty it became evident that they had no intention of leaving.

General Thompson, Government agent in Florida, in a council held by him at Fort King, and at which the soon-to-be-famous Osceola appeared, delivered a long speech, in which he endeavored to persuade the

Indians that they ought to remove. They retired for consultation, when Osceola, in a bold and animated strain, argued against emigration, saying that he who proposed it should be regarded as the enemy of his country.

A Crafty Chief.

Throughout the council Osceola was the leading spirit and continually urged the other chiefs to remain firm. At the close he informed the general that he had the decision of the leading men, and that nothing more was to be said. Subsequently, in a private conversation, Micanopy (who was king of the nation and distinct from its first chief) said he had heard much of his great father's regard for his red children. It had come upon his ears, but had gone through them; he now wanted to see it with his eyes; that the father took land from other red skins to pay them for theirs, and by and by he would claim that also. *The white skins had forked tongues and hawk's fingers.* It was his desire, he said, to sleep in the same land with his fathers, and he wished his children to lie by his side.

The chief Osceola, who here appears upon the scene, is to figure so prominently during this account of the Seminole War that it may be interesting to give a description of his personal appearance. He was not an hereditary chieftain, but had gained his position by virtue of his personal daring and ability. His father is said to have been an Englishman and his mother a Creek. He was a member

OSCEOLA, CHIEF OF THE SEMINOLES.

of the Red Stick tribe. Although his figure was slight, he was well formed and muscular and capable of enduring great fatigue. In military manœuvres he could not be excelled by any white man. His complexion was somewhat light; his voice clear and shrill; his eyes deep and restless. He was about thirty-five years of age, and is said to have conducted in person almost every important battle of the war.

Not discouraged by the unsuccessful result of the first council, General Thompson prevailed upon a number of chiefs and sub-chiefs to meet him and execute a written agreement to comply with the treaty of 1832. Osceola was extremely irritated by this conduct of the general, and remonstrated with him; a dispute followed, and as a result the chief was put in irons for a couple of days. His proud spirit naturally chafed under this indignity, and from this time he nursed the deadliest resentment against the whites. At the same time, he manifested the most profound cunning in concealing his enmity; feigned to submit, came to Fort Key with seventy-nine of his people, and signed the treaty.

The three years allowed the Seminoles for preparation having expired in December, 1835, the Indian agent notified such of them as he could of the fact, and told them that they must now make ready to move. Acts of violence had been committed during the previous summer. A party of whites, having discovered some Indians hunting beyond their limits, had whipped them with cowhides; guns were used

on both sides and two of the savages killed. A mail-carrier had also been murdered, presumably by the red men. Still, the greatest surprise and consternation prevailed among the settlers when it was discovered that, instead of obeying the order to prepare for emigration, the Indians had sent their women and children into the interior, and, with arms in their hands, were rapidly moving here and there.

A Cold-blooded Massacre.

On the 5th of January, 1836, a band of about thirty Indians struck a blow at the whites by murdering the entire family of the lighthouse-keeper at New River, a place about twenty-two miles to the north of Cape Florida. Mr. Cooley, the father of the family, was absent at the time, the six victims being his mother, wife and three children, together with a man named Flinton, the children's preceptor, whom Cooley found horribly mutilated; the two older children, shot through the heart, were lying near their teacher, with the books they had been using by their side. His wife and the child at her breast had apparently been killed by the same bullet. The miscreants found rich plunder, carrying off twelve barrels of provisions, thirty hogs, three horses, four hundred and eighty dollars in silver, one keg of powder, two hundred pounds of lead and seven hundred dollars' worth of dry goods.

Another family, consisting of Thomas Godfrey, his wife and four little girls, having fled to a swamp, had a very narrow escape. Near the end of the fourth day the moans of the infant at the mother's breast

(which could no longer yield it nourishment) attracted the attention of a negro who was passing. He rushed toward them with uplifted axe; but the recollection of his own children, who were then in the power of the whites, served to stay his hand, and he resolved to make an attempt to restore them to their friends—a very dangerous proceeding, since the Indians held possession of the entire surrounding country. He brought them food and blankets. On the following day, a party of whites having defeated the Indians, he conducted the family safely into the camp of the whites, and then ran away.

A Deplorable Fate.

On the 20th of December, as General Call with a body of troops was marching toward Fort Drain, his advanced guard discovered a house on fire near Micanopy, and an Indian trail leading to a pond or bog. Surrounding the marsh, which was full of bushes and logs, they killed four savages who were lurking there. Although the war had now become serious and general, yet, with one exception, no measures had been taken by the United States Government to quell it. This exception was the case of Major Dade, who arrived at Fort Brooke late in December with a small body of United States infantry from Key West. The fate of this little band of one hundred and ten men was deplorable. Its destination was Fort King, then in command of General Clinch, and thought to be in great danger from the Indians.

On the 24th of January they started from Fort Brooke; five days afterward, about ten o'clock in the morning, they were attacked by a large body of Indians and negroes, who were ambushed in the tall palmetto grass of a thinly-wooded region through which the soldiers were marching. Every officer fell, as did also every soldier except three, who escaped, terribly mangled, and gave the details of the engagement. The company was marching in separate columns (light infantry extension) when the painted savages started up between the very files before they were discovered, and poured round after round into the brave and desperate little band.

An official report says: "Muskets were clubbed, knives and bayonets were used and parties were clenched; in the second attack our own men's muskets from the dead and wounded were used against them; a cross-fire cut down a succession of artillerists at the fence, from which forty-nine rounds were fired; the gun-carriages were burnt; the guns sunk in a pond; a war-dance was held on the ground." Many negroes took part in this attack, and pierced the throats of all who showed signs of life; but no scalps were taken. The three survivors only escaped by feigning death. One hundred of the negroes were well mounted, naked and painted hideously in red and black.

After the arrival of General Gaines in Florida he sent Captain Hitchcock to visit the battle-ground two months after the conflict. In his report the captain

describes it as one of the most affecting and appalling scenes he had ever beheld. They first came upon some broken boxes; then a cart, the two oxen of which were lying dead, as if they had fallen asleep, their yokes still on them; a little to the right were one or two horses. They next reached a small triangular enclosure made by felling trees, so as to form a breastwork for defence. Within and along two faces of it were about thirty bodies, mostly mere skeletons (although much of the uniforms remained), and lying almost in the position which they occupied in the fight—their heads next to the logs over which they had delivered their fire, and their bodies stretched in regular parallel rows. Other bodies were found in the vicinity, generally behind the trees to which they had resorted for defence. A little in advance, in the middle of the road, was a group of bodies which were the vanguard; in the rear were the remains of Major Dade and Captain Frazer.

Interment of the Dead.

It was in the interval between the first and the second attack that the little band of thirty threw up the triangular breastwork, which, however, was too hastily constructed to afford much protection. The officers were all identified and buried by friends who accompanied Captain Hitchcock, and a cannon set upright at the head of their grave; the soldiers also were properly interred.*

* One of the most surprising facts in connection with this sad affair was, that all the personal valuables of the officers and men were found untouched; the bosom

On the same day that Major Dade and his company were slain occurred the massacre at Fort King, the commander here being Genl. Thompson, who, it will be remembered, had put Osceola in irons a short time before. The Indian chief had been heard to swear that the commander should atone for that act with his life. On the fatal day Thompson, with nine other gentlemen, was dining at the store-house of Mr. Rogers, situated about two hundred and fifty yards from the fort. The doors being open (the genial climate permitting this, although it was mid-winter), the Indians deliberately fired a volley of about one hundred shots at the guests, who were seated at the table. Five were instantly killed; the remainder jumped through the windows and escaped to the fort. After the first fire the savages rushed into the house with loud yells. The cook, a negro woman, escaped by hiding behind a barrel back of the counter. General Thompson fell, pierced by fifteen bullets; Mr. Rogers, sixteen. Their heads were scalped entire, as far as the hair extended.

Prompt Action.

Hard upon these sanguinary events followed the battle of Ouithlacoochee River. General Clinch, the commander in this engagement, had been lying in garrison at Fort Drane, a stockade about thirty miles from Fort King. On the 24th of January, 1836, Brigadier-

pins of the former, their watches, and the gold and silver in their purses had been undisturbed. Nothing could more plainly show that the war had been undertaken by the Seminoles for the sole purpose of defending their right to their native land.

general Call arrived with volunteers called into service by G. R. Walker, acting governor of Florida. As the time of the volunteer service would shortly expire, prompt concerted action was determined upon; the enemy was met at Ouithlacoochee River, and a sharply-contested fight ensued. The result, so far as could be ascertained, was a drawn battle, and on the following day, the volunteers having retired, the detachment fell back to Fort Drane.

A Bold Fighter.

In this engagement Osceola was constantly seen in the front, wearing a red belt and with three long feathers in his head. Taking position behind a tree, he would step boldly forth, level his rifle and bring down his man at almost every shot; the tree which formed his shelter was literally cut to pieces. He aimed several times at General Clinch, who escaped, however, with several bullet-shots through his clothes.

An officer of General Clinch declares that he displayed the most intrepid bravery throughout the conflict. In a moment of confusion among the troops some soldiers gave the word "Retire," when the general immediately advanced to the front, his horse staggering beneath him, dismounted, and, amid a perfect hailstorm of bullets from the enemy, announced that before he would retire he would die upon the field. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed among the men through this act, and, reassured, they kept the field for three hours longer, when they crossed the river in good order.

General Gaines, with his troops, arrived by ship at Tampa on the 4th of February, having engaged in several skirmishes while moving down the Ouithlacoochee. The Indians, having lost many of their best men in the recent battles and being obliged to slaughter their horses for food, were now greatly discouraged. On the night of the 5th, about ten o'clock, a call was heard in the woods, and an Indian appeared saying that they were tired of fighting and desired peace. General Gaines sent word that they might despatch a messenger in the morning with a white flag to parley. After some discussion a suspension of hostilities was agreed upon.

A Gallant Defence.

But, notwithstanding their wishes for peace, skirmishes continued to take place. A peculiar episode that occurred at this time was the defence of Camp M'Lemore. About the 5th of April, General Scott ordered forty men to erect a block-house on the Ouithlacoochee, in the heart of the Indian country, and to remain there until relieved by himself or Major M'Lemore. Fortunately, their presence was not discovered until four days after their arrival, when their little fort was completed and a small spring dug out near its edge. The Indians now surrounded them; various skirmishes ensued; their boat (which was their only means of escape) was captured; and they had nothing to eat except corn without salt. At length three men volunteered to attempt to reach the army of the whites, and, succeeding, the little garrison

was brought off by a steamer on the 24th of May without the loss of a man.

On the 15th of September another melancholy event occurred near Jacksonville. The house of a Mr. Johns was attacked, he himself shot dead and his wife scalped and dreadfully wounded. Both were about twenty yards from their home when they saw the Indians emerging from the corner of a fence. They ran in and bolted the door. The savages, peeping through the logs, ordered them to come out, which they refused to do; whereupon the door was burst open, Mr. Johns was shot through the head, and his wife, receiving two bullets in her body, fell upon his prostrate form. The Indians, after scalping her, applied fire to her clothing and to the house, and retired. Dragging herself from the burning building, she succeeded, after fainting several times, in reaching a swamp, where she obtained water. Eventually she recovered.

Feigning to be Drowned.

About the 28th of September some fifty Indians attacked a house near Orange Grove and killed the inmates. A Mr. Hunter living there jumped into a pond, where by keeping his body immersed in the water for twenty-four hours, feigning to be drowned, he escaped destruction. The perpetrators of this deed were supposed to be Creeks, and it should be mentioned here that throughout the war this nation and the Cherokees took sides, now with one party and now with another.

The war waged with unabated fury all through the autumn, the white leaders being Colonel Lane and Governor Call. Two severe battles were fought at Wahoo Swamp—the almost impregnable fastness of the Seminoles—and where, in October, a deputation of Creeks visited them and advised them to submit. Osceola replied that the Seminoles would never yield; the land was theirs and they would die upon it.

The beginning of 1837 found General Jessup in command of the troops in Florida. A battle was fought at Lake Monroe, which resulted disastrously to the Indians; they feigned submission; several of the chiefs signed a treaty; and, notwithstanding frequent murders, there was no new outbreak of hostilities. By the first of May, Osceola had come in to Fort Mellon, and in a short time there were assembled there about thirty-five hundred Indians, men, women and children, to whom one thousand rations were issued. All things progressed favorably, and General Jessup felt confident that at last the Indians were sincere and willing to go. Osceola even slept in the tent of one of his chief officers, and both parties reposed the greatest confidence in each other.

Before the middle of May the general had twenty transports at Tampa in which to remove the red men, but on the 2d of June he found, to his dismay, that nearly all of them had fled to their fastnesses in the swamps and forests. The general has been unjustly censured for trusting the savages so implicitly. He

could not have done otherwise. Had he attempted to detain the chiefs in the fort or restrain their movements in any way, he would only have frightened away the body of the people. There was at least some prospect of success in the course which he pursued and the confidence he reposed in the good faith of the chiefs.

Important Capture.

In the following October, 1837, John Ross, the chief of the Cherokees, prepared at Washington an address to the Seminoles, urging them to come to terms. But, although this was carried to them before it could be discussed, they experienced a severe shock in the capture, by General Jessup, of eight more of their leaders, among whom was Osceola. It occurred in this manner: The Indians, approaching as near Fort Peyton as they dared, sent a request to General Jessup to come out and talk with them. He returned no answer, but instructed Lieutenant Peyton to entice them into the fort if possible, and then seize them. But this not succeeding, General Hernandez was ordered to go out with two hundred men and parley with them. At the same time Lieutenant Peyton was to learn whether Hernandez's questions were answered satisfactorily or not; he presently reported that the replies were evasive, whereupon General Jessup ordered Major Ashley and General Hernandez to capture them; which was accomplished without firing a shot on either side, although the Indians had loaded guns in their hands.

Some have condemned General Jessup for this act, but it should be remembered that he was dealing with treacherous, unprincipled savages, who only a short time previously had served him in an exactly similar manner in the abduction of the old King Micanopy and others, whom he had nearly ready for Arkansas. He had been a long time in Florida, had been baffled and derided by the Indians and vituperated at Washington; at length he determined to strike one blow at least by pursuing the same course that his opponents, the Indians, were accustomed to follow.

The next great event of this war, the battle of Okeechobee Lake, was (with the exception of that in which Major Dade and his company were slain) the most sanguinary of the conflicts. Large numbers of the Indians were under the leadership of Abiaca and Alligator; General Zachary Taylor commanded the whites. Fifteen miles from Lake Okeechobee he learned from a prisoner that about twenty-five miles distant was encamped Alligator, with all the Seminole warriors and one hundred and seventy-five Mikasaukies. Many of General Taylor's men were incapable of serving, owing to lameness caused by the saw-palmetto cutting their feet and legs. With the remainder the general advanced, and discovered the Indians in one of the strongest places and one of the most difficult of access in Florida. A desperate struggle ensued, resulting in the final victory of the whites. The Indians retired, twenty of their number having been slain; the whites lost twenty-eight killed

and one hundred and eleven wounded, among the former being almost all of General Taylor's officers.

The Indians Surrender.

On the 30th of January, 1838, died of catarrhal fever the famous Osceola, a captive at Fort Moultrie, near Charleston, he having been sent there from the prison at St. Augustine for safe-keeping.

On the 7th of February, General Jessup, by fair means or foul, succeeded in capturing twelve hundred Indians and negroes, of whom three hundred and nineteen were warriors. Other bodies surrendered to different commanders, many chiefs had been sent out of the country, and by April twenty-four hundred Indians had laid down their arms and been sent west of the Mississippi.

But many horrible outrages were still perpetrated. Those who remained fought with the desperation of wounded wild beasts or poisonous snakes. At length their crimes became so insupportable that the people of Florida resolved to take the management of the war into their own hands, offering a reward of two hundred dollars for every Indian killed. About this time great indignation was created throughout the country by the rumor that bloodhounds were to be used in the attacks against the Indians. Very few, however, were actually so employed.

There exists an account of an Indian, somewhere in the middle of Florida, being captured by these dogs, who held him by the throat until the whites came up and took him. Another story is told of nine

of these animals which were to be taken by a Colonel Twiggs on a proposed expedition to the Ocklawaha. Desiring to test them beforehand, the officers caused an Indian prisoner to be sent to a distance of five miles, where he was made to climb a tree. The hounds were then let loose and put upon the trail; the leader went directly to the tree and attempted to climb it, having actually reached a height of six feet when the officers arrived.

Ludicrous Costumes.

Another tragi-comic incident of these days was the adventure of some actors in Florida. A certain Mr. Forbes, thinking that perhaps the people would be interested in witnessing a counterfeit tragedy as a change from the monotony of so many genuine ones, started with his theatrical company for that country. On the 23d of May, as they were passing in wagons from Picolata to St. Augustine, they were attacked by a large number of Indians under Wild Cat. Four of the actors were killed, but Forbes and the women escaped. Soon after the savages appeared at Fort Searle equipped in the most ludicrous fashion in the costumes of the company. Wild Cat wore the turban of Othello, and others were gaudily bedecked with sashes, spangles and tinsels of every kind. The chief afterward showed a rich velvet dress to some negroes, and declared that he would not take a hundred head of cattle for it.

The last event of note connected with this desperate struggle of the Seminoles was the expedition, in

1839, of Colonel Harvey into the Everglades, those vast malarial swamps of Southern Florida which extend over one hundred square miles, and consist of stretches of shallow water dotted with innumerable low, flat islands generally covered with trees and scrubs. A great part of the water is covered by a thick saw-grass as high as a man's head, with little channels running here and there. The suspicion that the Indians had long occupied these marshes as their retreat was confirmed by the testimony of a negro who came in at Cape Florida after having lived with them there since 1835.

Colonel Harvey, with this negro, John, as guide, proceeded with ninety men in boats to traverse the great trackless region. He found his conductor trustworthy, and landed upon an island where he took thirty-eight of the Indians prisoners and killed two. The savages proved to be the band of Chai-ki-ka, the daring villain who had led the attack on Indian Key and treacherously massacred Colonel Harvey's men at Synebol. That these charges were true was proved by the fact of their finding here two thousand dollars' worth of the goods taken at Indian Key, as well as thirteen Colt's rifles which had been lost at Synebol. As a compensation for these atrocities the colonel hung five of the ten warriors and retained the tenth for a future guide.

Turning now to the wars of the States with the Iroquois Indians and other Western tribes, I take up the thread of my narrative where it was dropped

when we were considering the conflicts of the colonies with these nations. That part of our history, it will be remembered, closed with a speech of Captain Pipe's. The next event of note was the defeat of St. Clair in the country of the Miamis (Southern Ohio and Indiana). At this time Little Turtle was the chief of the tribe and commanded his braves in the battle. The result of the sanguinary engagement was an overwhelming subjugation of St. Clair's army. Five hundred and ninety-three of the Americans, with thirty-eight officers, were killed and missing; two hundred and sixty-seven were wounded.

Desperate Battle.

The Indians fought with the most desperate bravery, rushing on the very guns and using the tomahawks with fatal effect. Colonel Butler, who commanded the right wing, was severely wounded and left on the field. The infamous Simon Girty approaching, the colonel entreated him to put him out of his misery, which he refused to do, but turned to an Indian near by and explained that this was the commander of the army. Thereupon the savage buried his tomahawk in his skull. Others now coming up, they scalped him and cut out his heart, which they divided into as many pieces as there were tribes in the battle, giving one part to each. In token that the object of dispute in this contest was *land*, the enemy filled the mouths of the dead with earth, as though to ask, "Have you land enough now?"

Many interesting anecdotes are related of Little Turtle. His residence was upon Eel River, near Fort Wayne, where the United States Government had built a house for him in the hope of its serving as a good example to his tribe. Unfortunately, however, it had only the effect of arousing hatred and jealousy in the minds of the others. When Little Turtle came to Philadelphia in 1797, the philosopher Volney, then in America, sought his acquaintance for the purpose of making a vocabulary of his language. This lexicon is in the appendix to his Travels.

Painted by the Sun.

During the time which had elapsed between the defeat of St. Clair in 1791 and Little Turtle's visit to Philadelphia (1797), he had become convinced that resistance to the whites was useless; and his present errand was to solicit aid from Congress and from the Society of Friends for the purpose of establishing his people in agricultural pursuits. At the time of Mr. Volney's interview with him he was dressed in English clothes, and his skin, where not exposed, the philosopher says, was as white as his own. Little Turtle said: "I have seen Spaniards in Louisiana, and found no difference of color between them and me. And why should there be any? In them, as in us, *it is the work of the father of colors, the sun, that burns us.*"

On Mr. Volney remarking that it was the opinion of some people that the Indians were descended from the Siberians, he replied: "Why should not these

Siberians, who resemble us, have come from America? Is there any reason to the contrary?"

When Mr. Volney asked him why he did not live among the whites rather than upon the banks of the Wabash, he said: "Taking all things together, you have the advantage over us; but here I am deaf and dumb; I can neither hear nor make myself heard. When I walk through the streets I see every person in his shop employed about something; one makes shoes; another, hats; a third sells cloth; and every one lives by his labor. I say to myself, 'Which of all these things can you do?' Not one. I can make a bow or an arrow, catch fish, kill game or go to war, but none of these is of any use here. To learn what is done here would require a long time. Old age comes on. I should be a piece of furniture useless to my nation, useless to the whites and useless to myself. I must return to my country."

Description of Little Turtle.

Kosciusko met Little Turtle during this visit to Philadelphia, and was so much pleased with him that he presented him with a beautifully-mounted pair of pistols and an elegant robe made of sea-otter's skin.

This interesting chief died of the gout at Fort Wayne in 1812, and was buried with the honors due him as a commander and as a personally distinguished man. In person he was six feet high and of a rather morose countenance, which, to some, seemed to indicate craft and cruelty. His dress consisted of moccasins; a blue petticoat that reached halfway to his

knees; a European waistcoat and surtout; on his head was an Indian cap that hung halfway down his back and was almost entirely filled with silver brooches, probably to the number of two hundred or more; in each ear were two earrings, the upper parts of which were formed of three silver medals about the size of a dollar, the lower parts being made of quarters of dollars, the entire ornament falling more than twelve inches from his ears; one of the earrings hung in front over his breast, the other over his back. He also wore three very large curiously-painted nose-jewels of silver.

He was at one time having his portrait painted in Philadelphia. An Irishman, who prided himself on his ability in joking, was sitting for his at the same time. Little Turtle received the cue, and much merry badinage was indulged in at their several meetings. One morning the Indian took but little notice of the Irishman and preserved a very dignified and serious mien. At length the Hibernian began to intimate that he had probably retired from the game from a consciousness of his inferiority in the sport. But the savage answered through the interpreter, "He mistakes; I was just thinking of proposing to this man to paint us both on one board, and there I would stand face to face with him and blackguard him to all eternity."

The next cycle of events to be recorded centres about the name of the great Mohawk chief, Brant or Thayendanega. This prominent Indian leader re-

ceived a good English education at Moor's charity school in Lebanon, Connecticut, where he was placed by Sir William Johnson, then English agent for Indian affairs. Brant also visited England in 1775. His benefactor (who died in 1774) was held in great esteem by the red men, whom he used to entertain with liberal hospitality at his elegant estate on the north bank of the Mohawk, about forty miles from Albany. Sometimes he would receive several hundred at once, and so great was their respect for him that they were never known to disturb or appropriate any of his possessions. At times he would assume their style of dress; he also took as a sort of companion a sister of Brant named Molly. This treatment of the Indians by Sir William was no doubt the secret of their faithful adherence to the cause of the English against the Colonies in the succeeding Revolutionary War. Not far from his residence lived the Butlers—John and Walter—soon to become famous by their atrocities at Cherry Valley and Wyoming.

In 1775 a letter of Brant's to the Oneida chiefs was found in an Indian path. In it he subscribes himself "secretary of Guy Johnson" (Guy was the son-in-law of Sir William Johnson). The letter was as follows:

"Written at Guy Johnson's, May, 1775. This is your letter, you great ones, or sachems. Guy Johnson says he will be glad if you get this intelligence, you Oneidas, how it goes with him now, and he is now more certain concerning the intention of the

Boston people. Guy Johnson is in great fear of being taken prisoner by the Bostonians. We Mohawks are obliged to watch him constantly."

Brant accompanied Johnson and the Butlers when they fled to Canada, but having a quarrel with Johnson, he returned to New York and took up the war-hatchet.

Herkimer's Mortal Wound.

In 1777 was fought the battle of Oriskany, which, after a hard struggle, was won by the Americans under General Herkimer, who was marching at the head of two regiments to the relief of Fort Stanwix, then invested by Brant. The Indians were ambushed in a ravine through which ran a corduroy road, and in which General Herkimer's regiments were nearly cut to pieces by the yelling, murderous red fiends around them; they were only rescued by a timely reinforcement from the fort.

In this battle General Herkimer received a wound which eventually resulted in his death. At the beginning of the battle he was also severely wounded in the leg. Directing his saddle to be placed on a little knoll, he leaned upon it and continued to direct the fight. Upon being asked if he had not better remove to a safer place, he said: "No; I will face the enemy," and thereupon very coolly and deliberately took from his pocket his tinder-box, lighted his pipe and smoked with great composure. The loss in this battle was heavy on both sides.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Massacre of Wyoming.—Inhuman Butcheries.—A Ghastly Tale.—The Celebrated Red Jacket.

NEXT in chronological order comes the heart rending and world-renowned event of the massacre at Wyoming. In the spring of 1778 it was known that a large force of Tories and Indians was assembling at Niagara for the purpose of harrying the frontier; but Congress was much occupied with other momentous affairs, and nothing was done. Early in July sixteen hundred men were found to be in possession of Fort Wintermoot, near Wyoming; at the latter place were four hundred Americans under Colonel Zebulon Butler, cousin of John Butler, the leader of the Tories and Indians.

The two bodies came into conflict near Wyoming, and the American force was literally cut to pieces, so that out of the original number who set out, only about twenty escaped, among whom, however, was Colonel Zebulon Butler and several officers. The fort and Wyoming were now besieged, and presently Colonel Zebulon Butler proposed a parley with his cousin. This was agreed to; but when the Americans marched out the other party kept retreating, at the same time waving the white flag, and alleging

fear as a motive for their withdrawal. Through this diabolical stratagem the Americans were treacherously drawn into an ambuscade; the enemy surrounded them, and "the work of death raged in all its fury." Out of the hundreds who went forth only a few reached the fort. To insult the besieged the enemy sent in a pretended summons to surrender, at the same time exhibiting one hundred and ninety-six bloody scalps. When asked what terms they would give, Butler replied, "The hatchet."

Having finally been obliged to yield, the garrison was assailed by the fiendish enemy, who, after selecting a few prisoners, shut the remainder (men, women and children) in the houses and barracks *and burned them alive!* Seventy Continental soldiers in another fort near at hand surrendered without conditions, and were immediately butchered to a man. And, as if their hellish fury could not be sated in the slaughter of human beings, they shot and wounded the cattle in the fields, occasionally cutting out their tongues and leaving them alive!

Diabolical Torture.

One of the prisoners, a Captain Badlock, was tortured by having his body pierced with splinters of pine knots and a fire of dry wood made around him. His two companions, Captains Ranson and Durkee, were also cast into the fire, and held down with pitchforks until dead. A fellow named Partial Terry, who had joined the Indians, sent his own father word that he hoped to wash his hands in his heart's blood; and

DESTRUCTION OF THE GARRISON AT WYOMING

this unnatural miscreant did actually murder his father, mother, brothers and sisters, scalped them, and ended by cutting off his father's head! It is well known that the Tories often dressed like the Indians and excelled them in ferocity. In the same valley with Wyoming were the towns of Wilkesbarre and Kingston, which were also destroyed. The settlers of these towns were from Connecticut, and out of one thousand families had furnished one thousand men for the Revolutionary War.

Many are familiar with the remarkable story of "the lost sister of Wyoming," Frances Slocum, her captivity and wanderings among the Indians. This woman, it will be remembered, was captured when a child by three Delaware Indians. For sixty years she was lost, and then by merest chance discovered. She died in 1849 at the age of 76, half a savage, unable to speak English and with a lingering distrust of her own race. She was married twice to Indian chiefs, having by her second husband, a Miami named She-Pan-Can-Ah, two daughters. The Indians seized her shortly after the battle of Wyoming, in her father's cabin, pitched on the site of the city of Wilkesbarre, and when finally found she was living in Indiana.

In November following the Wyoming massacre Cherry Valley met a similar fate. Colonel Ichabod Alden was in command, and it was to his fatal sense of security and disregard of repeated warnings that the destruction of the place was due. On occasion of the first admonition he said it was only bravado,

but that he would send out scouts. He did so, but one of them kindled a fire and laid down by it. The Indians, approaching, captured all of them. On the morning of the 11th of November, 1778, the Indians, being favored by a heavy fog, approached the fort with its surrounding houses. A Mr. Hamble was fired upon as he was passing from his house to the fort. He gave the warning, but the infatuated colonel again derided it.

Felled by the Tomahawk.

In a few moments the place was in the hands of the enemy, and the soldiers and inhabitants were being slaughtered. Colonel Alden was killed while running from his house. A Mr. Wells was slaughtered while at prayer, and his daughter, an amiable young lady, fled to the wood-pile for safety, but was pursued by an Indian, who coolly wiped his long, bloody knife on his leggings, stuck it in his belt, and then seizing her by the arm, regardless of her entreaties for mercy, killed her by one blow of his tomahawk.

Three years after this sad event Walter Butler, the wretch who, with Brant, led the attack, was murdered in the Mohawk country. It is gratifying to learn that he was wounded in a skirmish with sixty Oneida Indians commanded by Colonel Willet. He begged for quarter, but an Indian cried out with a dreadful voice, "Cherry Valley," and sunk his tomahawk into his head.

At the close of the Revolutionary War, King George bestowed upon Brant a valuable tract of land on the

western shore of Lake Ontario, where he settled and lived after the English fashion.

Some account must now be given of the Senecas, their great chiefs and their wars and troubles with the States. One of their greatest leaders was Red Jacket, who was much respected by all who came in contact with him. This famous orator and chief for many years before his death lived about four miles from Buffalo, in a log house on the Seneca reservation. His fame as an orator, his noble demeanor and the astuteness of his intellect drew many a visitor to his house during his later years, who regarded him as a living curiosity.

His great infirmity at that time was the too free indulgence in ardent spirits. He had a great antipathy to the black-coats (as he called the missionaries) and to their attempts to force the Christian religion upon his nation. In 1821 he addressed a striking memorial to the governor of New York, praying for relief from the plague of "black-coats," who brought only dissensions, quarrels and misery among them by their sectarian disputes, and by their inevitably bringing in their train other whites, who robbed and plundered his nation.

A Shrewd Reply.

The Indians, with their unenlightened minds, only laughed at the metaphysical doctrines of the Christians. When told that

> "In Adam's fall
> We sinned all,"

they quietly remarked that they were not included in that number. Red Jacket once said to a preacher (Rev. Mr. Brackenridge) who was exhorting him: "Brother, if you white men murdered the Son of the Great Spirit, we Indians have had nothing to do with it, and it is none of our affair. If he had come among us, we would not have killed him; we would have treated him well. You must make amends for that crime yourselves."

During the war of 1812, Red Jacket took part with the Americans. Having heard that Colonel Snelling (to whom he had become much attached) had been ordered to a distant post, Red Jacket came to him and said: "Brother, I hear you are going to a place called Governor's Island; I hope you will be a governor yourself. I understand that you white people think children a blessing; I hope you may have a thousand. And, above all, I hope wherever you go you may never find whiskey more than two shillings a quart."

At one time in his life Red Jacket lost favor with his nation. To regain it, he induced his brother to announce himself as a prophet, commissioned by the Great Spirit to redeem them out of their miserable condition of drunkenness and immorality. The result was that the superstitious Indians were induced to abstain almost entirely from their evil practices. But the fires of superstition being now aroused, many were accused of witchcraft; among the number was Red Jacket, who, upon being brought to trial, acquitted himself in a three hours' speech, which was a wonder-

ful feat, considering the powerful hold of superstition on the minds of his judges.

Speech by Red Jacket.

At the trial of a certain Seneca chief named Tomjemmy for the crime of cutting the throat of a witch, Red Jacket made the following speech on the witness stand, in allusion to some Americans who had ridiculed the Seneca witch superstition; and it must be confessed that his logic was cogent and, in fact, unanswerable: "What! do you denounce us as fools and bigots because we still continue to believe that which you yourselves sedulously inculcated two centuries ago? Your divines have thundered this doctrine from the pulpit; your judges have pronounced it from the bench; your courts of justice have sanctioned it with the formalities of the law; and you would now punish our unfortunate brother for adherence to the superstitions of his fathers! Go to Salem! Look at the records of your government, and you will find hundreds executed for the very crime which has called forth the sentence of condemnation upon this woman and drawn down the arm of vengeance upon her."

Before Red Jacket was admitted upon the witness stand he was asked to state if he believed in a future condition of rewards and punishments and in the existence of God. Fixing a terrible and piercing look upon the questioner, he replied: "Yes, much more than the white men, if we are to judge by their actions."

Another Seneca chief of marked intellectual power

was Farmers-Brother. One of his most famous speeches was that delivered at a council at Genesee River in 1798. This chief, notwithstanding his love of peace, was engaged in one shameful butchery at least — that which occurred at what is called the "Devil's Hole," near the Falls of Niagara, a ravine about three and a half miles below the falls on the American side, and near the road. It is, or was, a most dismal spot, a sombre chasm, horrid with the shade of dark evergreens and birches. The time was that of the French and Indian wars. Some English teamsters were passing along the road whistling gayly to their oxen, when Farmers-Brother and his ambushed warriors, with loud yells, leaped out upon them and killed all but two, hurling men, oxen and wagons over into the chasm. Of the two who escaped, one owed his deliverance to a fleet horse: the other, to the circumstance that when thrown over the precipice he was caught upon a projecting root, and evaded the notice of the savages.

In the war of 1812, Farmers-Brother one day discovered a Mohawk spy in the camp of his warriors. At once walking up to him, he said: "I know you well. You belong to the Mohawks. You are a spy. Here is my rifle, my tomahawk, my scalping-knife. Say which I shall use: I am in haste." (What Spartan sententiousness and deadly brevity in these words!) The young Mohawk saw that nothing was to be said; he chose the rifle; was directed to lie down; he did so, and was immediately shot through the head.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Celebrated Tecumseh.—Black Hawk's War.—The Sioux, Sacs and Foxes.—Sanguinary Conflicts.

Of the great war of Tecumseh in the West but little that is of special interest to us of this day appears to have been preserved. As is well known, Tecumseh had formed a deeply-laid conspiracy with all the tribes in Ohio, Indiana and neighboring regions to beat back the whites beyond the Ohio River. The hatchet had been taken up for some months when the war of the States with England (1812) broke out. According to the usual policy of the English, Tecumseh was of course sought as an ally. He was made brigadier-general in the British army, and after appearing in several engagements he was killed at the battle of the Thames, near Detroit, being then in his forty-fourth year.

He was born near what is now Chillicothe, was one of triplets, one of his brothers being the famous imposter-prophet, Ellskwatawa; and the other, Kumshaka, meaning "a tiger that flies in the air." Tecumseh signifies "a tiger crouching for his prey." This chief possessed a dark, ambitious and sombre character; his manner was austere and silent, his

bearing dignified, his eye piercing. Unlike most savages, he cared nothing for gaudy ornaments or dress; his clothing consisted of a simple coat and pantaloons made of deer-skin.

He was an excellent judge of military position, and had a keen eye for the topographical features of the regions through which he passed; a map which he once drew with the point of his scalping-knife on an extended roll of elm-bark elicited much commendation from General Brock of Detroit.

Bravest of the Brave.

Another famous chief of the time of which I am writing was Petalesharoo, son of Letelesha of the Pawnee tribe. His face and form were attractive in the extreme, and so daring was he that he was called "the bravest of the braves." It was the custom of warriors of his tribe to occasionally sacrifice war captives to "the great star" Venus, in order to ensure success in battle. In one of their expeditions against the Iteans a woman was taken captive and condemned to be burned at the stake as a sacrifice. A vast crowd of spectators had assembled; but in the mean time Petalesharoo had stationed two swift horses near at hand, and at the opportune moment rushed forward, seized the trembling female in his arms, reached his horses and bore her away in safety to her own tribe.

So strong was the hold of the religious superstition on the mind of the savages that no other man in the tribe would have dared to do such an act; but his standing was such that no one would have ventured

to express an opinion against his conduct. When Petalesharoo was afterward in Washington, the young ladies of a Miss White's seminary were so much impressed by the account of this daring and humane act that they presented the young chief with an elegant silver medal appropriately inscribed and accompanied by the following address: "Brother, accept this token of our esteem; always wear it for our sakes, and when again you have the power to save a poor woman from death and torture, think of this and of us, and fly to her relief and her rescue."

The chief replied: "This (medal) will give me more ease than I ever had, and I will listen more than I ever did to white men. I am glad that my brothers and sisters have heard of the good act that I have done. My brothers and sisters think that I did it in ignorance, but I now know what I have done. I did it in ignorance, and did not know that I did good, but by giving me this medal I know it."

It is pleasing to learn that this chief and his father soon after succeeded in abolishing the horrid custom of human sacrifice in their tribe.

Black Hawk's War.

In the Black Hawk War, which next claims our attention, the following tribes were more or less engaged; 1st, the Winnebagoes, numbering about fifteen hundred and fifty, and living on the borders of the Wisconsin River; 2d, the Menomonees, numbering about three hundred and fifty-five, and dwelling just north of the Winnebagoes, from whom they

were separated by a range of mountains; 3d, the Pottawatomies, in number about thirty-four hundred, having their habitation along the southern portion of Lake Michigan; 4th, the Sacs and Foxes of Western Illinois, three thousand strong.

As early as 1827 quarrels had taken place between Sioux and Sac chiefs and the whites, owing to dissatisfaction caused by the interference of the latter with the bloody feuds and murders of the Sioux and the Chippewas. The Sioux chief, Red Bird, and the Sac chief, Black Hawk, were implicated in various murderous assaults that occurred during the year above mentioned (1827). They and their accomplices were brought to trial before United States courts. Some were executed; Red Bird died in prison, and Black Hawk was liberated, owing to insufficient evidence against him.

But it was not until 1830 that a portion of the tribe of Black Hawk received what it regarded as the final deadly and unpardonable affront, which was expulsion from their ancestral lands on the eastern shore of the Mississippi. The Sac chief, Keokuk, with the approval of a portion of the tribe, had, it is true, formally sold these lands to the United States Government by treaty, but Black Hawk, his rival and at that time actual leader, knew nothing of the sale, was deeply offended by it, and, with the support of a strong party of warriors, swore never to leave his ancestral village and acres. This village was on the point of land formed by the Rock River and the Mis-

sissippi. There were the graves of their fathers, and there also their carefully tilled and rich corn-land amounting to about seven hundred acres.

Great Indignation.

Keokuk afterward saw his mistake, and promised Black Hawk to go to the whites and do all in his power to recover their homes and their land. In the winter of 1830 the tribe set out on its annual hunt; when they returned they found settlers in their own wigwams and lodges and eating their own corn. It is not surprising, then, that deep indignation fired their souls when they thus witnessed this assumption of their rights and possessions. They determined to occupy the land in conjunction with the whites, rather than yield up their homes. The whites dared not expel them, but did not scruple to insult them in every possible way; they punished their squaws and young men for the most trifling offences, and with that brutality which has generally characterized the border-ruffian of the West; in their bargains with them they practised fraud and deception.

By an article of the treaty the Indians were not obliged to leave their lands until they were actually sold to private parties; they continued, therefore, to retain possession, for a time at least. Finally, the whites sent complaints (how justly cannot be determined) to Governor Reynolds of Illinois that their lands were being encroached upon by the Indians. The governor, through some measures, seems to have persuaded himself that the reports were true, and by some

sophistication of intellect reached the amazing conclusion that the section of the State near Rock Island was "invaded" by a band of hostile Sacs! and called out the militia, under General Gaines, to suppress the invasion.

The Crisis at Hand.

The Indians fled across the Mississippi to avoid massacre, and sent a white flag to Gaines. A treaty was made, but the supply of corn which had been promised them proving insufficient, they were driven by famine to steal it from their own fields (as they pathetically called them) across the river. As a consequence, bloodshed and a rupture of the treaty ensued.

In the spring of 1832 complaints were again entered against the Sacs for occupying their old village. General Atkinson, at the head of the Sixth regiment of United States infantry, was sent against them. He despatched word to Black Hawk (who was now ascending Rock River with his party in the delusive hope of receiving promised aid from the Pottawatomies and Winnebagoes) that he must at once leave the country. The chief refused, and defied him to do his worst.

On the 14th of May an advance party of two hundred and seventy, under Major Stillman, was completely routed by Black Hawk with only forty men. This retreat of the white militia was a shameful flight, scarcely two men keeping together, and many of them running such a distance and so dispersedly

that they did not reach the rendezvous at Dixon's Ferry for two or three days.

Blood having now been shed, the customary reprisals of the Indians upon any whites whom they met began to be practised, and the entire frontier was harassed by the usual atrocious depredations and murders. Congress ordered General Scott to the relief of the settlers, and nine companies of artillery and eleven companies of United States infantry were also directed to co-operate; but nearly all of these troops were swept away by the appalling ravages of the cholera.

The Indians Retreat.

On the 21st of July, Black Hawk was defeated on the Wisconsin by General Dodge, who then joined his forces with those of General Atkinson, and proceeded with great haste and by forced marches in pursuit of Black Hawk, in the hope of overtaking him before he could cross the Mississippi. After a severe march of four days through a roughly-wooded mountainous region, the great trail continually giving evidence of the movements of the Indians, the army came up with them just as they were preparing to cross the Mississippi near Prairie du Chien. That they had not succeeded in reaching the opposite side on the day previous was due to the fact of their encountering a steamboat as they were on the point of passing over.

The captain, disregarding their flag of truce, mercilessly shot them down with his six-pounder canister

shot. On the next day, the 2d of August, Black Hawk's entire band was cut to pieces by the efforts of these combined forces. No quarter was given except to women and children; if they attempted escape by swimming, they were struck down by the sharpshooters; if they endeavored to flee up the river, they were met by troops sent to intercept them.

Black Hawk escaped for a time, but on the 27th of August he and the prophet Wabokieshick were brought to General Street at Prairie du Chien by two Winnebago Indians named Dacorie and Chaetar. In their formal speech attendant upon delivering up their illustrious captives they reminded the general of his promise to favor their tribe. The two prisoners were in full dress of very white tanned deer-skins. It may be safely inferred that the prophet Wabokieshick was the prime instigator of the war, having, by his conjurations, encouraged and incited his followers to the trial. He was an ill-looking fellow, his expression indicating deliberate cruelty and his entire presence suggestive of secret assassinations and the gallows.

Magnificent Warriors.

The prisoner chiefs and warriors, to the number of about sixty, were conveyed to Jefferson Barracks near St. Louis, and all were heavily ironed. A gentleman who visited them during the time of their confinement here states that he was forcibly impressed by the gigantic and symmetrical proportions of most of the

warriors. They looked like statues of the old Romans as they reclined, half naked, in their quarters. The visitor further states that they were clad in leggings and moccasins of buckskin, and wore their blankets after the manner of the Roman toga. Their faces were painted with bright vermilion and transversely streaked with red and black. The only hair on the heads of the Sacs was a single tuft, which they sometimes covered with vermilion and then trimmed the edges, leaving it in shape like a cock's comb.

The brother of the prophet was named Neapope, and possessed the same wicked, Thug-like expression. When Catlin, the artist, was painting his portrait he seized the ball and chain which were fastened to his leg, and, raising them on high, said, with a look of scorn: "Make me so, and show me to the great father." When the artist refused to do so, he put on a variety of grimaces in order to prevent him from catching the natural expression.

In September, 1832, final treaties were made with the Winnebagoes, Sacs and Foxes, by which all their lands east of the Mississippi (including the valuable lead-mines, and amounting in all to about ten million acres) were formally ceded to the United States Government. As compensation the government agreed to pay an annuity of $20,000 for thirty years; to support an additional blacksmith and gunsmith; to pay their debts and supply them with provisions. Black Hawk, his two sons, the prophet, Neapope and five other principal warriors were to be retained as

hostages during the pleasure of the President of the United States.

Excitement Over the Chiefs.

On the 23d of April, 1833, these captive chiefs arrived in Washington, and after a remarkable trip through the principal cities of the East, where the wildest excitement prevailed in the desire to see them, they were confined at Fortress Monroe, from which, however, they were soon liberated and sent West.

After an interview with the President at Washington, they were shown the great cities and their special attractions, in order to impress them with the power and importance of the whites. It is said that at the Capitol they expressed most surprise and pleasure at seeing the portraits of Indian warriors preserved there. The exhibition at the Navy Yard led Black Hawk to remark that he suspected the great father was getting ready for war. At Fortress Monroe they were treated with great consideration.

On the 4th of June orders were received to the effect that they should be liberated and taken West, after a tour through the large cities. Everywhere vast crowds assembled to see them, and in their tumultuous excitement to catch a glimpse of these gaudily painted and splendidly decorated human tigers, the crowd in Baltimore tore down the balusters and windows; thereafter the Indians were obliged to exhibit themselves on the balconies and platforms. While at Baltimore they visited the Washington

Monument. At first they feared to climb its circular stairs, saying that it was the white people's God; but finally they were induced to take courage and ascend.

Arrival in New York.

They went to New York by a steamer of the People's Line. It happened that as the boat came up to Castle Garden an aëronaut was about making an ascension in a large balloon. When it became known that the Indians were on the boat, the crowd cheered lustily, as also did many sailors in neighboring boats; the chiefs were at first terrified by the supposition that they were to be attacked by the excited crowd. When the aëronaut ascended in his balloon the Indians were asked to express their opinions regarding the sight. Black Hawk said: "That man is a great brave. I think he must be a Sac." Another chief remarked: "If he is a Sac, he'll get none of his brothers to follow in his trail. None of 'em will ever see the smoke of his wigwam. He will have to live alone, without any squaw." When the balloon was almost out of sight, Black Hawk exclaimed, "I think he can go to the heavens, to the Great Spirit." Powahoe said: "I think he can see the country of the English."

While in New York a gentleman gained admittance to them for the purpose of giving them some religious instruction, and began by addressing Black Hawk's son, a remarkably handsome and athletic young brave. When he understood the object of the worthy zealot's visit he said, "I lazee," and, covering his face

with his blanket, laid himself upon a sofa and fell asleep.

They next visited Albany, and left that place by way of the Erie Canal. When they saw the mysterious workings of the locks, one of them remarked that the canal must be the work of a Manitou, for it was the first river they ever saw go over hills and across other rivers.

At Buffalo and Detroit, Black Hawk recognized places where he had formerly been when he was serving the British in the war of 1812.

Black Hawk in a Passion.

The party was liberated at Fort Armstrong, Rock Island. Keokuk, now the principal chief of the tribe, arrived soon, and a council was held. Major Garland said that he wished it distinctly understood by all present that Keokuk was to be recognized as the principal chief of the nation, and that he wished and expected Black Hawk to listen and conform to his counsel. Owing to a mistake of the interpreter, Black Hawk understood the major to say that he must conform to the counsel of his rival: he became uncontrollably excited; arose in his place, and uttered a few wild, passionate words to the effect that he was an old man with gray hair, and would yield to the judgment of no one. He afterward repeatedly explained that he did not know what he said in this short speech, and wished it to be forgotten. But his high spirit had been irreparably wounded and his pride most deeply touched. In the evening Major Garland

held a sort of Indian reception at which pipes were smoked, the wine-cup passed around and smooth and amicable speeches made.

Indians Visit the East.

In 1837 the Sioux and Sacs (deadly enemies of old) fought a battle near the mouth of the Otter River. During the same year a delegation of Sacs and Foxes, and another of the Sioux and Ioways, visited Washington and Boston; at the latter place they were treated with great consideration, and large meetings were held at Faneuil Hall and the State-House. The Sioux, however, did not remain to attend the meeting at the State-House, since it was rather uncomfortable for them to be so near their old enemies, the Sacs and Foxes, and not be able to scalp them.

We must now take leave of these Indians of the North-west, only pausing to note the death of Black Hawk, which occurred in his seventy-third year at Des Moines, on the 3d of October, 1838. He was buried, at his own request and as his father had been, not in a grave, but in a sitting posture on the ground, leaning on his cane, which he held in his hands between his knees, as if meditating in the long reverie of death. Slabs and rails were then heaped around his body

CHAPTER XV.

Last Dance of the Pottawatomies.—Amazing Spectacle.—Bloody Encounter with the Camanches.

In August of the year 1835, a little previous to the time at which our history has arrived, occurred at Chicago (then an infant city) a startling and picturesque episode in the great drama. I refer to the last war-dance of the Pottawatomies prior to their departure for their new homes beyond the Missouri. The Illinois tribe were formerly in possession of the State of that name; their power had been destroyed by the Iroquois, and they were finally exterminated by the Pottawatomies and Ottawas.

At the above-mentioned date the entire tribe of the Pottawatomies assembled at Chicago to receive for the last time their annuity from the government; and here their eight hundred warriors resolved to hold their last solemn war-dance. It was a wonderful and terrible spectacle. They assembled at the court-house on the north side of the river.

An immense concourse of citizens and farmers from the surrounding country had convened to witness the scene. With the exception of a strip of

cloth around the loins, the Indians were entirely destitute of clothing; their bodies were covered with brilliant paints; their faces were especially hideous, being marked with curved stripes of red or vermilion, which were edged with wedge-shaped black points, making the entire face to appear full of grinning mouths. Their long, black hair, coarse as a horse's mane, was gathered into scalp-locks and decorated with ribbons and feathers; they were armed with tomahawks and war-clubs, and were accompanied by one of their odious tom-tom bands of music.

The dance took the form of a march or procession through several parts of the city; they proceeded up the north side of the river, stopping at every house to perform some unusual manœuvre; then crossed the bridge to the south side, passing on their way the Sauganash Hotel, then a fashionable boarding-house. The inmates gazed with astonishment at the procession of painted savages.

Fierce Yells.

The morning was exceedingly warm, and the perspiration trickled down their bodies in streams; their eyes were wild and bloodshot; their faces expressed the most ferocious passions—anger, hate, revenge, cruelty; their muscles stood out in hard knots, strained almost to bursting; they brandished their tomahawks with a ferocity and energy born of the most terrible excitement, at the same time uttering blood-curdling yells pitched in a piercingly high key.

The dance consisted of convulsive and spasmodic leaps and lunges, now forward, now backward, now sideways, while the body was contorted into every possible attitude.

Their frantic gesticulations seemed inspired by the actual presence of the foe; and their yells were rendered more appalling by clapping the mouth with the hand, thus breaking up and multiplying their cries. It was indeed a scene fearful to witness, this raging sea of dusky, painted, naked fiends thronging the streets, leaping, dancing, gesticulating, and foaming at the mouth with simulated rage (and possibly not wholly feigned). The spectators, by a little effort of the imagination, might have believed that they were witnessing the escape of fiends from the regions of the condemned. Many of the ladies at the windows were entirely unnerved by the scene, and trembled at the thought of this pretended fury turning to reality. At length this weird performance came to an end, and the tribe passed westward to fulfil its destiny in new lands.

Serious Conflicts.

From the close of the Black Hawk War to the time of the Minnesota massacre in 1861 no great and terrible uprising of the Indians occurred. Until the discovery of gold in California they roamed at will over the vast region between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains, hunting and engaging in the old internecine feuds amongst themselves, but in general little disturbed by the white men. Still, there

were occasional bloody encounters and some few small battles.

During the Mexican War there were some serious conflicts with the Indians. One of the most spirited of these was an attack by a detachment of Colonel Doniphan's men upon a party of Lipan Indians near El Paso. The colonel was marching from Chihuahua to Saltillo on the 13th of May, 1847, and had sent Captain Reid, with thirty men, on to El Paso as an advance guard. About nine o'clock in the morning the captain observed a party of Indians emerging from a gap in the mountains about five miles distant, and advancing toward El Paso. They were sixty strong, and were returning with much booty of prisoners, horses and mules from a neighboring Mexican town which they had attacked.

The Red Skins Routed.

Although they were double the number of his men, the captain determined to attempt the rescue of their prisoners, and immediately charged upon them with his mounted troops. For some time the battle wavered. The superior horsemanship of the Indians served them well. They swayed their bodies to and fro in their saddles, galloped swiftly up and down, and managed to elude the rifle balls of the whites.

The latter, however, finally gained ground; presently the Indians fled, leaving fifteen dead upon the field, and carrying away on their horses as many more, as well as their wounded. Nine Mexican prisoners were set at liberty by the Americans, and

the herd of a thousand horses and mules restored, as far as practicable, to their proper owners.

Another battle of this year (1847) was that of Lieutenant Love with a body of Camanche Indians on the north-eastern frontier of New Mexico. On the 23d of June the lieutenant encountered a line of provision-wagons destined for Santa Fé. The drivers reported that on the previous day the Camanches had driven off seventy of their yoke oxen, and that they (the teamsters) had been obliged to burn the wagons and provisions thus left without the means of conveyance, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy.

On the 26th, Hayden's provision-train, under the protection of a party belonging to Love's troops, was attacked by a large force of Camanches and Mexicans, and one hundred and thirty yoke of oxen were driven off. The Americans pursued and a battle followed, in which our men were defeated, owing in part to the circumstance that they were assailed from the rear by a well-mounted band of the enemy, and also, as stated by an officer, to the unmanageable state of their horses, almost all of which were new to the service.

The Air Thick with Missiles.

During the battle so numerous were the balls, lances and arrows hurled over the heads of the Americans that the air was darkened as if by a flock of birds. These Indians of Arizona and New Mexico (Apaches, Camanches and Arrapahoes) have

ever been like hornets' nests to the settlers in their neighborhood, and have often been subdued by United States troops; yet such is their persistent ferocity and ruffianism that it would seem as if nothing but extermination would make the settlers secure.

Upon the discovery of gold in California crowds of emigrants came across the plains, and the government was under the necessity of making treaties with the various tribes of the great interior, by which they agreed to restrict themselves to certain definite limits, with the privilege of hunting only over the belt reserved for a great highway to the Pacific. In consideration of this grant of a right of way the government agreed to pay the Indians $50,000 per annum for fifteen years. The region assigned to the Cheyennes and Arrapahoes included the greater part of Colorado; the Sioux and the Crows agreed to occupy the land of the Powder River route.

In a few years gold was discovered in Colorado also, and with the influx of settlers it again became necessary to make a treaty with the Indians in order to avoid conflict and bloodshed. By this new contract of February 18, 1861, they consented to confine themselves to a small district upon both sides of the Arkansas River and along the northern boundary of New Mexico. The United States, on their part, pledged themselves to afford them protection, pay an annuity of $30,000 to each tribe for fifteen years, and to provide stock and agricultural implements to such of them as desired to forsake the hunter's life

CHAPTER XV.

The Minnesota Massacre and its Horrors.—A Reign of Terror in the North-west.

PROMINENT in the bloody annals of Indian life during the past three hundred years stands the uprising of the Sioux in Minnesota in the year 1862. Being in one sense but an episode in the War of the Rebellion, it was overshadowed by the vaster events of that struggle; hence it is not so well known as though it had occurred at any other time. It was, however, a tragedy of awful and thrilling interest, not only on account of its extent, the character of its leader and the Thug-like brutality of the Indians concerned in it, but also for the many stories of the white captives, the personal portraits of Indians, and the final catastrophe in the drama—namely, the simultaneous execution, by hanging, of thirty-eight of the Indians.

The tribes engaged in the massacre were almost all of the M'dewakanton, Wahpekuta, Wahpeton and Sisseton tribes of the Sioux or Dakota Indians. They formerly lived in the north-eastern part of Iowa, the south-western half of the State of Minnesota, the western portion of Wisconsin and also in sections of Dakota. By various treaties they had ceded portion after portion of their broad ancestral

INDIAN AMUSEMENTS—CANOE-RACE BETWEEN SIOUX SQUAWS.

domains, until, at the outbreak in 1862, they had been reduced to a strip of land about sixty miles in width lying along the Minnesota River and extending from near Fort Ridgely for one hundred and fifty miles to Lake Traverse. The M'dewakantons and Wahpekutas dwelt below the Yellow Medicine River, in what was known as the "Lower Reservation," and the Wahpetons and Sissetons occupied the part above the river, called the "Upper Reservation." For the superintendence of these wards of the nation (the delivery of their goods, annuities, etc.) two agencies were established—one, fourteen miles above Fort Ridgely and called the "Lower" or "Redwood Agency;" the other, at the mouth of the Yellow Medicine, and called the "Upper" or "Yellow Medicine Agency."

Farmer Indians.

These Sioux lived, some in houses of brick constructed by the government; some in circular wigwams of bark; and others in canvas "tepees." Part of them (about one hundred families) had been induced to become "farmer Indians;" that is, they had their hair cut short, wore the dress of the whites, attended the churches and schools, buried their dead, were married by a clergyman, and elected their chief or president.

They were regarded with jealousy and contempt by the other Indians, for the government agents took pains to discriminate in their favor whenever it was possible. The majority, however, retained their usual customs

—painted and feathered themselves, wore blankets, breech-cloths, leggings and moccasins; kept their hair long and uncombed; married as many wives as they pleased, and placed their dead on scaffolding in the open air, as their fathers had done before them.

With these Indians the highest virtue was to kill men; the greatest hero was he who had the most feathers on his head as tokens of the number of his murders. The fireside talk of young braves was generally of their killing exploits, of their expeditions against their enemies, the Chippewas, and their individual feats of prowess.

Upon the reservation, grouped around the agencies, were churches, schools, warehouses, stores, residences and shops. Near the Yellow Medicine River lived the missionaries, Rev. S. R. Briggs and Dr. William son. On Big Stone Lake, at the upper end of the reservation, were other trading-posts. At Lac qui Parle was the dwelling-house and school of the missionary, Rev. Mr. Huggins, together with a store and blacksmith shop belonging to the government.

The reservation was well adapted to agriculture; a good road ran through it; over the marshes and streams were numerous excellent bridges; here were saw-mills, corn-mills, brick-yards, blacksmith shops and carpenter shops. About three thousand acres were cultivated. At the time of the outbreak large and valuable crops were ready to be gathered, and everything gave indications of prosperity. No one sus-

pected danger, and the agent, Mr. Galbraith, was rejoicing in the bright prospects for the future.

Causes of the Uprising.

What, then, were the causes that led these Indians to rise and murder their white neighbors and fellow-townsmen? They were many and deep-seated, and first may be mentioned the repugnance of race. This instinctive enmity was increased by the extortions of the traders, who also debauched the Indian women and sold to the men the liquors that made wrecks of them.

Another grievance was the prohibition of their wars upon the Chippewas, which seemed to them tyrannical and as if making children of them. Moreover, they sagely remarked that it was illogical, since the whites themselves were engaged in a bloody war with their own brothers in the South. Deprive the Indians of the privilege of warfare and they deem their chief glory departed, and have no means by which to distinguish themselves; in their judgment, they are then no better than squaws.

Their hatred for the traders was further augmented by the knowledge that these were the men who had been instrumental in depriving them of their lands. These traders sold goods to the Indians on credit, knowing well that the government would, sooner or later, buy the land, and expecting to receive their money when it was paid for. Possessing a knowledge of the Indian language, and having in their employ many half-breeds and relatives of the Indians,

they both persuaded them to sell their lands, and, when the treaties were made and their services were required as interpreters, only agreed to act as such and as persuaders of the Indians to the measure, provided the indebtedness of the Indians to them should be paid out of the treaty money.

Further, upon the payment of the annuities (after the execution of the treaties) it was the custom of these traders to arrange with the government for the deduction of their own bills from the amount. This course naturally exasperated the Indians; their honesty was questioned. Call a man a thief, and he may become one.

Fraud and Knavery.

Then claims for depredations on white settlers were also taken from the annuities at Washington; they were frequently spurious or absurdly exaggerated. Moreover, it was an injustice to punish the whole tribe on account of the theft of one man. It often happened that the advantage accrued to the thief, since the value of his stolen property exceeded by far the deduction made in his share of the annuity. Other acts of fraud and knavery were also practised.

In addition to the appropriation of over $400,000 of the cash payment due them under the treaties of 1851 and 1852 (to the traders an old indebtedness), there was a sum of $55,000 that was given to a certain Hugh Tyler for his instrumentality in passing the treaties through the Senate and for "necessary" expenses in gaining the assent of the chiefs. In 1857

they were defrauded out of $12,000 by a trader who induced them to sign certain papers—the same man who at another time secured $4500 for goods which he *said* had been stolen from his warehouse.

At the time of the massacre the Indians had sold nearly all their land and had received but a tithe of its value, their annuities amounting to only fifteen dollars apiece when nothing was deducted. During the winter and spring preceding the massacre they suffered severely from hunger and some died of starvation. The Sissetons of Lake Traverse were obliged to eat their dogs and horses. This distress was in part due to the destruction of the crops by the ravages of the cut-worm.

The dissatisfaction arising from all these causes was greatly enhanced by the failure of the government to make their payment that year (1862) at the usual time (June), and from their inability to obtain credit from the traders in consequence. They were informed that on account of the financial pressure on the government in those war-days it was doubtful if it could make more than a half payment.

Exasperating Stories.

Various foolish tales about the War of the Rebellion were told to them by the half-breeds, as that the "niggers" were about to take Washington, and that they would give the Indians nothing. The impression was given that the North was entirely exhausted and would soon be vanquished, since wherever they went in Minnesota they saw only women, children and old

men; they were told also that even the employés of the government were enlisted.

All these things provoked resentment; moreover, they entertained a childish idea that they would receive help from the English. Old men remembered that in the war of 1812, when they had taken a cannon from the Americans and presented it to the English, the latter had told them that they would keep it, and if they (the Sioux) were ever in danger they should let them know, and they would send it to them with men to work it. The Sioux themselves could muster thirteen hundred warriors armed with double-barrelled shot-guns. They hoped also to enlist other tribes in the uprising, so as to wholly drive out the whites from Minnesota. They boasted that they could camp in the streets of St. Paul, They relied upon assistance from the Winnebagoes, the Chippewas, the Yanktons, the Yanktonais and the Tetawn Sioux.

In July the Indians, to the number of five thousand, belonging to the Upper Agency came down to the government buildings by the Yellow Medicine River and encamped there, saying they feared they would not receive their money. While there they suffered extremely from hunger; they dug up roots and ate them, and the corn which was given them was devoured raw. On the 4th of August they broke into the government store-house, and, with guns cocked and levelled and in the presence of one hundred soldiers, took out provisions. Finally, they were in-

duced by the issue of a large quantity of stores to return to their homes.

A Secret Lodge.

The Indians of the Lower Reservation were even more threatening, because they did not hunt so much and had come more in contact with the whites. About the 1st of July they formed the "Soldiers' Lodge," a secret organization of the tribe, whose object was to make head against the traders and prevent them from getting money from the annuity, or, if that was unsuccessful, to drive them off or kill them. After the establishment of this lodge, when an Indian asked for credit he was met with the reply, "Go to the Soldiers' Lodge and get credit;" to which the Indian would angrily retort: "Yes, if I was your kept squaw I could get all the credit I wanted; but since I am a man, I cannot."

On Sunday, the 17th of August, a slight quarrel between fifteen Indians served as a spark to set the whole powder-train of dark passions in a flame. They were walking over the prairie near Acton when they came upon some hen's eggs in the grass. One proposed eating them; another said that he must not touch them, for they were eggs of a tame fowl and belonged to a white man. The dispute waxed warm; the eggs were dashed to the ground by the man who had proposed to eat them; the other called him a coward, to disprove which assertion the first one drew his bow and shot an ox; the epithet coward was bandied about, and finally they separated into two

parties, saying that they would prove their bravery by killing white men. They awaited an opportunity to carry out this resolve.

Sudden Attack.

Four of them soon came to the house of a Mr. Robinson Jones, who, with his wife and a lady named Clara D. Wilson, were then within. After a quarrel with Jones concerning a gun that one of them had borrowed, but failed to return, they proceeded to the next house — that of Mr. Howard Baker and wife — Mr. and Mrs. Webster being also present. The Indians asked for water, which was given them; then for tobacco, and sat down to smoke.

Presently Jones (who was Baker's father-in-law) and his wife came over, and the quarrel about the gun was renewed. Mrs. Baker asked Mrs. Jones if she had given them any whiskey; she replied, "No; we don't keep whiskey for such black devils as these." The Indians seemed to understand the conversation, and looked black and threatening. After some tricks of the Indians in exchanging guns and shooting at a mark, they suddenly fired upon the whole party while the guns of the men were unloaded.

Baker, Webster and Mrs. Jones were killed almost instantly. Mr. Jones started for the woods, but a second shot stopped him. He was a man of splendid physique, and did not die without a struggle. The Indians at once returned to the house of Jones, shot Miss Wilson, and then fled. Seventy persons attended the inquest, and the greatest consternation

prevailed, owing to their complete uncertainty as to what would occur next. It was felt that there was no security against further depredations.

These events occurred in the Lower or Redwood Agency. As soon as the relatives of the murderers heard what had been done, they resolved to begin the massacre at once, in order to save the assassins from being given up to justice. At an early hour on Monday morning they started for the house of Little Crow, a man prominent among the Indians in intelligence and power. By the time they reached his house they numbered one hundred and fifty men, all mounted, all yelling and frantic to begin the butchery.

The Die Cast.

Crow, who had not yet arisen, was awakened by the noise, and sat up in bed while they questioned him as to what they should do. He was for a moment in the deepest perplexity, and beads of perspiration came out on his forehead. He had been to Washington, and knew well the great power of the whites, and yet he was exceedingly ambitious, and had recently been defeated for the speakership of the tribe through bribery and a suspicion of his sympathy with the whites. He was a powerful orator, and knew that if he yielded now to their wishes his abilities would at once make him leader of his nation. He decided for war. He said: "Trouble with the whites is, sooner or later, inevitable. It may as well take place now as at any other time. I am with you:

let us go to the agency, kill the traders and take their goods."

At once they rode off, sending word to the other bands and breaking up into small squads as they entered the town. The inhabitants were totally unprepared, and their fate was sealed. Agent Galbraith had, only two or three days previously, sent forty-five men from this place to Fort Snelling to enlist them for the Southern war. There was no armed force in the town.

The first shot was fired at Myrick's store. James Lynde, the clerk, was instantly killed. One of the Indians exclaimed before he fired, "Now I will kill the dog who would not give me credit." Two other occupants of the store were shot at the same time. Myrick's son was up stairs, and when he heard the firing concealed himself under a dry-goods box. The Indians feared to go up lest he would shoot them, and to force him to come down they proposed to burn the building. Thereupon, young Myrick clambered out through the scuttle, slipped down the lightning-rod and ran for the Minnesota River; but a shot from a Sioux brought him down mortally wounded.

Death-dealing Miscreants.

As the Indians entered another store a clerk, resolving to attempt an escape, rushed through their midst and succeeded in getting about two hundred yards from the store, when he received two shots. The Indians, coming up, stripped him and piled some logs over him to prevent his escape, saying that they

would return soon and cut him up. While suffering the greatest torture he succeeded in extricating himself and making his escape. When all were butchered that could be met with at the agency, the miscreants scattered themselves over the adjoining country, slaughtering people on their way.

At the ferry Mauley, the heroic ferryman, continued to carry over all who came, and was killed just as he had taken the last man across. He was disembowelled and his hands, feet and head cut off and thrust into the cavity. Among the killed was a fat, good-natured and inoffensive barber, a violinist of ability, and always in demand at entertainments.

The atrocities committed in this war almost surpass belief. Seven hundred people perished, most of them under circumstances of the most heartrending cruelty. Neither age nor sex was regarded; all human instincts seemed to have left the savages; tears and appeals for mercy only provoked laughter. Their great ambition seemed to be to outvie each other in new and most refined forms of devilish torture. Girls of a tender age were tied to the ground and violated successively by an entire gang of ruffians until death from exhaustion ended their sufferings.

A father returned home to find almost his entire family killed. He succeeded in conveying to St Peters one boy who had been left for dead. One who saw him there said: "He was asleep, but occasionally a low, heart-piercing moan escaped his lips. At times he would attempt to turn over: and then, in the agony

occasioned by the movement, would groan most piteously. At length he awoke, his lips quivered with pain, and the meaningless expression of his eyes added new horror to the dreadful sight, until, sickened to my soul, I left the room."

Before noon of the first day of the outbreak the news reached the fort, and Captain Marsh started for the agency with forty-eight men in wagons. He was a brave and daring officer who had recently served in the Civil War, escaping many dangers only to die now by the hands of the red men.

Death of Brave Marsh.

Disregarding the repeated warnings of fugitives, he pressed on to the ferry. The Indians were concealed behind logs on the opposite side. They also sent a force, by a long détour, across the river, and, unknown to Marsh and his men, succeeded in surrounding them. Being told that it was certain death to cross, Marsh reluctantly gave the order to about face. At this moment the Indians, with hideous yells, poured in a storm of lead upon the whites, and half of their number fell at the first volley. Marsh, with nine of his men, succeeded in getting two miles down the river. Perceiving that the Indians were intercepting him, he gave the word to cross the stream, and gallantly led the way himself, holding his revolver over his head in one hand and his sword in the other. Suddenly, in the middle of the current he was seen to be sinking. Two men went to his assistance, but were too late. Being an excellent swimmer, it is

inferred that he was seized with cramp. The nine men reached the fort in safety.

The next movements of the Indians consisted in attacks upon New Ulm and Fort Ridgely. The agent of the reservation, Galbraith, was at St. Peter's when the news reached him. His men spent the night in running bullets, and in the morning assembled the inhabitants. Every one who had a gun enlisted. Judge Flandreau was elected commander. The full number of the Indians was now about four hundred, and these were divided in council and scattered in quest of plunder. Galbraith, with a squad of men, made his way into Fort Ridgely, and Ex-sheriff Boardman, with a party of fifteen mounted men, dashed at full speed into New Ulm just as a division of the enemy had begun an attack upon the outskirts of the town and had killed several.

Four Thousand Hostiles.

The inhabitants, mostly Germans, were in a state of panic and utter helplessness. They were huddled together in the centre of the town, within a barricade of wagons, barrels, etc. When Boardman arrived they sallied forth and lent their assistance in driving off the enemy. Judge Flandreau arrived in the evening with one hundred men, and soon succeeded in getting affairs into military shape.

On Wednesday, at three o'clock, Little Crow (or Crow) made an attack on Fort Ridgely, and on Friday he and his men fell back to the agency. Here he found that the Upper Indians had come to

his assistance, and all, numbering four hundred and fifty, returned to the fort. Concealing themselves near at hand, they sent out twenty warriors, who appeared on the prairie waving their blankets and uttering cries of derision and defiance, in order to entice the defenders out of the fort.

Not succeeding in this, the entire force poured in a shower of lead on the fort. The ravines were fairly alive with Indians, and for five hours they maintained a persistent attack. A determined charge would undoubtedly have resulted in the fall of the fort, as a portion of the squares of which it was composed consisted only of wooden buildings, which the bullets of the enemy pierced in showers.

Among those in the fort were Messrs. Wykoff, Hatch and Ramsey, who had with them $72,000 in coin to make the payment. They had arrived on Monday, the day of the uprising. Had they reached there on Saturday the massacre would probably not have occurred!

A short time previous to the first attack on the fort a man named Henry Balland left it, and was soon so surrounded by the Indians in the woods that he was unable to move in any direction. For several hours he lay concealed in the bushes; many times the Indians approached so near to him as to almost discover him. During the attack a heavy thunderstorm occurred, and about one hundred Indians assembled close to where Balland was lying, holding their guns under their blankets to keep them dry.

At dark he escaped. When about thirty miles distant he met a soldier who informed him that he was going to the fort. Balland warned him that he would never reach it alive; and indeed he did not, being shot down by the brother of Little Crow when he had almost arrived at his destination.

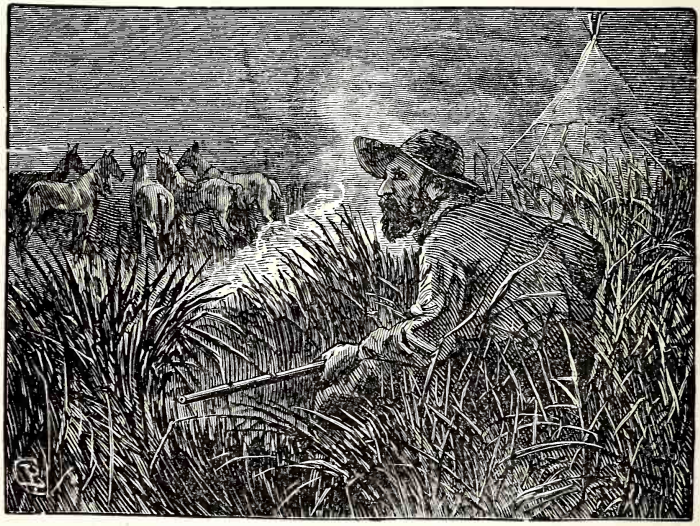
Thrilling Spectacle.

On Saturday, the 23d of August, the Indians made another and far more serious attack upon New Ulm. Judge Flandreau conducted his men to the open prairie about a half mile from the town, the better to receive and repel the charge of the enemy. About ten o'clock the Indians bore down upon the band of two hundred and fifty whites, at first slowly and then with increasing velocity. It was a thrilling and terrible spectacle to this inexperienced militia to see four hundred and fifty mounted savages charging in the bright sunlight over the prairie.

When within about a mile and a half of the whites the Indian force spread out like a fan, increasing the velocity of approach continually. When within double rifle shot they uttered a terrific yell and charged with swift impetuosity. The whites, somewhat disconcerted by the terrific yell, at first fell back, and committed the error of allowing the Indians to gain possession of the outlying houses of the town.

The fight continued for hours with varying fortune, the Indians gradually approaching nearer and nearer to the town behind the burning houses. In the afternoon about sixty Indians made a charge from the

river-side, dashing furiously forward, some on ponies and some on foot. This was the critical point of the action, but several hours' fighting had served to steady the men, and they advanced with a cheer, scattering the Indians in every direction. At dark the enemy withdrew. During the night the besieged dug a series of rifle-pits and otherwise strengthened their



AWAITING THE ATTACK.

defences, but on the following morning the Indians made but a feeble renewal of the attack, and soon retired with a considerable decrease in their number. The loss of the whites was about ten killed and fifty wounded. But for the gallantry of the white men in repelling the charge of the Indians, more lives would have been lost in the end.

After the engagement had ceased on Sunday morning, an Indian who had been firing from a house near the white lines escaped by coolly marching off with a feather bed on his back. His person was completely concealed, and the whites, supposing him to be a citizen, one of them remarked, "What a fool that man is to expose himself in that way!" When the wily Indian was out of rifle-shot he threw aside the bed and danced and shouted derisively.

Revolting Crimes.

Details of individual sufferings attendant upon the first outbreak form a shocking narrative. One of the killed was Mr. Amos Huggins, who was engaged in teaching an Indian school at Lac qui Parle. He was born among the Indians and had passed his life in their midst, befriending them and treating them with self-sacrificing kindness. Yet these were the men who shot him down.

In one place twenty-seven bodies were discovered, bloody, ghastly and mutilated, lying in a heap in an obscure spot. A little child was striving to draw nourishment from its dead mother's breast, and was the only thing that showed signs of life.

Four Indians went to the door of a man named Anderson, shook hands with him and asked for some milk; after drinking it and returning the pan, they raised their guns and shot him dead; they also shot and killed the son, who had gone to the garden to dig potatoes for them.

During those fearful days many persons wandered

over the prairies or through the woods in a state of starvation. Cattle were rotting on the prairies on every side. Tens of thousands of acres, with crops just ready to be harvested, either decayed in the fields or were trodden under foot. Over an area of twenty thousand square miles the fire-brand and the tomahawk reigned supreme.

Settlers Fleeing for their Lives.

In all this region no white person was seen, except the affrighted fugitive hiding by day and fleeing for his life in the darkness of the night. A story is told of a beautiful young lad who had lain down by the side of the road at night, and covered himself with pulled grass to escape detection. As a band of Indians passed that way during the night, one of the horses shied at something in the grass; an Indian dismounted, and, discovering the boy, kicked him and asked him in a gruff voice: "What are you doing here?" The boy, startled out of slumber, raised his face covered with his long, beautiful hair, and stared for a few seconds with a wild, confused look; the next instant the tomahawk crushed into his skull. The head was cut off, but even in death the face retained that first wild, startled look of surprise. Surely the death that fixed it there must have been almost painless; there is at least this consoling thought regarding this pitiable case.

During the time that these frightful scenes were transpiring the anxiety of the people of Minnesota was much increased by the fear that the Chippewas and

Winnebagoes would join the Sioux. This would have meant the total annihilation of the people of the State. The Chippewas could muster four thousand warriors, many of whom were within two days' march of St. Paul. Hole-in-the-Day, their most distinguished chief, advocated war, and secret messages had been passing back and forth between the various reservations in Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan. That the State was saved was probably due to the fact that the uprising took place in a time of war, for there happened to be in the State at this period several thousand men partly armed who had enlisted under the call of the President for volunteers.

Pursuit of the Savages.

Governor Ramsey requested the Hon. H. H. Sibley to take charge of these troops and move up the Minnesota River. He at once accepted, and soon after the expedition had started he found his force, by various additions of mounted and other troops, augmented to about four thousand men. Yet, such was the peculiar nature of Indian warfare, that extreme caution had to be exercised. Colonel Sibley had three grand objects in view: to save the frightened inhabitants along the Minnesota Valley; to take the guilty Indians prisoners or destroy them; and to prevent them from massacring their numerous captives. The task was a heavy and burdensome one, but Colonel Sibley was equal to the occasion.

The story of the march up the Minnesota is full of interest. At St. Peters the greatest excitement and

confusion prevailed. Oxen were killed and cooked in the streets, the grist-mills were given up to the use of the public. The desire of protecting property yielded to that of saving life. The houses and the very stables were full of people.

The report having been spread abroad that New Ulm was wholly surrounded by Indians and in great peril, Colonel Sibley sent to their relief Captain Anderson with forty mounted men and twenty foot-soldiers in wagons. These men were in a most ludicrous state of panic, probably not so much from actual cowardice as from lack of discipline and service. Numerous false alarms were given, but not an Indian was to be seen. At night they camped eight miles from New Ulm. Near them was a deserted farm-house, the owners of which were evidently persons of refinement. There were flowers, pictures and books; the table was set, the half-tasted food upon the plates, and the chairs pushed back as if their occupants had run suddenly for their lives. The men supplied themselves with vegetables from the garden and with oats from a field in which the newly-bound sheaves gave evidence of recent work there. They barricaded themselves with rails, and passed an uneasy and restless night, jaded, drenched with rain and wishing for the dawn.

Terrible Suspense.

Out in the tall wet grass were the pickets, with orders to shoot the first man who approached, and then run. They construed every noise into an ad-

vance of the enemy. One of them whispered to another, who had come out to see that all was in order: "There! don't you hear that signal cry? they will soon attack us." But it proved to be only the low *too-whoo* of an owl. "Be still," said another to the man who was inspecting; "I have heard for some time the tramping of an Indian pony over there, and am only waiting to catch a glimpse of him before I shoot;" and, drawing him to the ground, they waited with guns cocked ready to take aim. It was the picket on the next beat, who was walking to and fro to keep warm. Two or three of these valiant pickets fell asleep and snored so loudly that they could be heard all over the camp.

Finally the day dawned, the bright warm sunlight broke forth, and the party galloped quickly into New Ulm. They had expected to cut their way through the enemy, but none appeared; all was silent as death. Oxen, cows and horses were decaying in the sun, their legs pointed stiffly upward; the headless body of a man was found in the street; there were many new-made graves with boards fixed at the head; the doors of the unburned houses stood open; loopholes and bullet-marks studded the buildings; the silence was suspicious.

Another scene of Knickerbocker valor occurred. "Go up yonder street," thundered the captain to the foot-soldiers. They hesitated. "Forward!" cried the captain; "the first man who falters I will shoot dead." Then, striking up "a wild German war-song,'

they rushed forward; at the same time the horsemen dashed up another street "yelling like demons." But nothing opposed them, says the chronicler, except a few curs that came yelping out. They returned to St. Peters, and found that Colonel Sibley had left for Fort Ridgely.

A Wounded Fugitive.

During Monday night one of the colonel's sentinels, seeing a person approach the camp, called out, "Who goes there?" "A Winnebago," was the reply. The sentinel twice snapped his gun, but without effect. A lucky accident, for it was soon discovered that the supposed Winnebago was a white woman who had mistaken the camp for that of the Sioux. She had travelled seventy miles without tasting food, and carrying her babe upon her back. The savages had shot her through the shoulder, the same shot cutting off her babe's finger. The child cried very much, but whenever there was danger and the mother crouched in the grass, as if by instinct it kept perfectly quiet.

One of the most disastrous battles to the whites which occurred during the Sioux outbreak was that of Birch Coolie, in which a company of about one hundred and fifty men, under Major Joseph R. Brown, had a narrow escape from being cut to pieces. The major had been sent to the Lower Agency by Colonel Sibley for the purpose of burying the dead and obtaining news of the enemy.

"Pouring in a Heavy Fire."

On Wednesday, September 3d, guns were heard

in the direction of the agency; a detachment was at once sent forward with a mountain howitzer and was soon engaged with the enemy. As the main body approached Birch Coolie the Indians came swarming

YOUNG SIOUX SQUAW.

through the woods, and, scattering along the line, waved their blankets with shouts of defiance. Unable to entice the troops into the woods, they took shelter and began pouring in a heavy fire. But their

balls flew too high; skirmishers were thrown out and some skilfully-thrown shells soon put them to flight.

The scene around the tents of Major Brown was a terrible one. Twenty-three men had been killed or mortally wounded, forty-five severely injured, while the remainder had been hit or their clothing perforated with balls. Ninety dead horses, with their bodies riddled, were piled up around the camp. The tents were pierced with bullet-holes. Ditches had been dug and horses and dirt piled beside them for protection. A more unfortunate spot could not have been chosen for a camp. A ravine and an elevation of ground afforded the enemy the protection they needed. But the spot had been selected without reference to the Indians, since it was believed that there were none in the neighborhood. The men, extremely fatigued by their march and the labor attendant upon burying about fifty dead bodies, had fallen asleep with no suspicion of danger. However, pickets were stationed around the camp with orders to give the alarm at once if peril threatened.

Fourteen Days without Food.

About daybreak one of the sentinels thought he perceived something in the grass creeping toward him. He fired at it, and instantly the crack of three hundred guns broke the dead silence of the camp. For more than three hours the Indians kept up an almost incessant volley of shots.

As soon as the first fire was over the men began to dig, their tools being one pick, three spades, a couple

of old axes, knives, bayonets and sticks. When the main body came up they had been thirty-one hours without food or water, engaged in a desperate struggle for existence. Only one horse remained alive in the camp. That the entire band was not completely annihilated was due, undoubtedly, to the coolness and nerve displayed by Major Brown and Captain Anderson.

One strange incident connected with this conflict deserves mention. A woman had been found in the woods by an officer in Major Brown's company on the day previous to the attack. She had been fourteen days without food except a few berries, and was nearly dead from exhaustion and hunger. She was placed in a high wagon in the centre of the camp, where she remained during the engagement, and, although several bullets pierced the sides of the wagon, she escaped unhurt.

Soon after the battle of Birch Coolie the Indians, who had been retreating slowly before Colonel Sibley's force, began to talk of making terms. They recognized the hopelessness of the contest, now that the whole region was aroused and their own men outnumbered by those of the colonel. Indian councils were held and many speeches made, the substance of which was reported subsequently by half-breeds who were present. From the first there had been trouble between the Upper and the Lower Indians for two important reasons: first, the pride of the Upper Indians was hurt because their advice had not been

asked before hostilities began; second, a promised division of booty had not been made by the Lower Indians. Therefore in the councils that now met the Upper Indians stood opposed to Little Crow and the others, and counselled peace. The Lower tribes knew that they were too deeply implicated to make peace desirable for them.

What Little Crow Had to Say.

Upon leaving the battle-ground of Birch Coolie, Colonel Sibley had tied to a stake the following note: "If Little Crow has any proposition to make, let him send a half-breed to me, and he shall be protected in and out of camp.

(*Signed*) "H. H. SIBLEY, *Colonel Commanding Military Expedition.*"

It was found by the Indians, and Little Crow replied in a note as follows:

"YELLOW MEDICINE, September 7, 1862.

"DEAR SIR:

"For what reason we have commenced this war I will tell you. It is on account of Major Galbraith (the agent). We made a treaty with the government, and beg for what we do get, and can't get that till our children are dying with hunger. It is the traders who commenced it. Mr. A. T. Myrick told the Indians that they would eat grass or dirt. Then Mr. Forbes told the Lower Sioux that they were not men. Then Roberts was working with his friends to defraud us of our moneys. If the young braves have

pushed the white men, I have done this myself. So I want you to let Governor Ramsey know this. I have a great many prisoners, women and children. It ain't all our fault. The Winnebagoes were in the engagement, and two of them were killed. I want you to give me an answer by the bearer. All at present.

"Yours truly,

"FRIEND LITTLE his × mark CROW.

"Addressed, 'Governor H. H. Sibley, Esq., Fort Ridgely.'"

Following is Colonel Sibley's reply:

"LITTLE CROW:

"You have murdered many of our people without sufficient cause. Return me the prisoners under a flag of truce, and I will talk to you then like a man.

"H. H. SIBLEY, *Colonel Commanding Military Expedition.*"

Many other letters were sent in by the Upper Indians, exculpating themselves, proposing to secretly bring over the prisoners and offering help in making peace. The time for prompt action had come, and there was haste to get under cover and make terms with the white men.

"Asleep or Crazy?"

One of the most prominent orators and leaders of the Upper Indians, Paul Ma-za-ku-ta-ma-ne, a civilized Indian and deacon of Mr. Riggs' church, was very bold and brave in his speeches at the councils of the

Indians. He was among those who opposed prolonging the war. A few sentences from one of his speeches will serve to show the state of mind of the Upper Indians: "Lower Indians, you are fools. We want nothing to do with you. . . . . You must give up the prisoners or we will fight you. I and a hundred others have made up our minds to wait here for the soldiers. I want to know whether you were asleep or crazy. In fighting the whites you are fighting thunder and lightning. You will all be killed off. You might as well try to bail out the waters of the Mississippi as to whip them. You say you can make a treaty with the British Government. That is impossible. Have you not yet come to your senses? They are also white men, and neighbors and friends to the soldiers. They are ruled by a petticoat, and she has the heart of a squaw. What will she do for men who have committed the murders you have?"

Paul proceeds to call the Lower Indians cowards for killing women and children—tells them to keep back on their own lands and face the troops. During this speech the younger braves became intensely excited, and some cried out, "Kill him! kill him!" But Paul continued in a loud voice:

"Some of you say you will kill me. Bluster away. I am not afraid. I am not a woman, and I shall not die alone. There are three hundred around me whom you will also have to kill before you have finished."

Most of the chiefs supported Little Crow in opposing a treaty; only two agreed with Paul, but one of these was Standing Buffalo, chief of the Upper Sissetons.

A Would-be Suicide.

On the 18th of September, Colonel Sibley again marched northward from Fort Ridgely in search of the enemy. As the last party was crossing the ferry a fugitive German approached the fort from the west. Faint and bewildered with hunger, he at first mistook the scouts who rode up to him for Indians, and at once began cutting at his throat with his knife; but the edge being too dull, his intended suicide was happily frustrated.

On the morning of the 23d of September the Indians joined battle with Colonel Sibley's force at Wood Lake. It was the taunts of the Upper Indians that incited them to fight in the open plain. Little Crow had designed to ambuscade the whites, but the Upper Indians had derided this as giving evidence of cowardice. They were determined to make their rash brethren bear the brunt of the storm they had raised. The result of this battle was the defeat of the Indians, with a loss of fifteen or more killed. When the Upper Indians recognized the fact that defeat was inevitable, they left the field. The Indian dead were all scalped by the soldiers, that they might have trophies with which to confirm their accounts of the battle hereafter.

Reckless Bravery.

The friendly Indian, Other Day, found himself in slight disgrace on the march up by allowing his horse to be carried off by two of the enemy. He was exceedingly brave and much dreaded by the enemy, and was therefore stung by the ridicule thrown upon him by Colonel Sibley, who would not allow him to have another horse, but forced him to walk. Other Day vowed that he would take two horses from the enemy and kill their riders; which he did, and throughout the engagement exhibited the most reckless bravery, often dashing into the midst of the enemy and having many shots fired at him by the whites, who mistook him for a foe. He was dressed entirely in white, his knife in his belt, a knotted handkerchief around his head and his rifle in his hand. "His teeth glistened like finest ivory through his slightly parted lips; his eye was ablaze with fire; his face of bronze radiant with the joy of battle; his exultant utterances came thick and fast in a sort of purr, pitched upon a high key and soft as the dulcet tones of an Italian woman."

On the day after the battle Little Crow, with about two hundred men and their families, took flight. Colonel Sibley then took possession of the Indian camp, which consisted of nearly one hundred tepees furnished with carpets and other stolen furniture. Here he found the captives, nearly two hundred and fifty in number, and he felt amply repaid for all his anxious planning and scheming to save the lives of

these poor captives by seeing their tears of joy and hearing their exclamations of gratitude.

Summary Vengeance.

The wan and haggard faces of these half-naked, half-starved people presented a pitiable sight. They now discarded the Indian dress, which they had been compelled to adopt, for their own. It was thought that if Colonel Sibley had marched to the Indian camp immediately after the battle, the prisoners would all have been slaughtered. But one prisoner, however, was killed during the entire contest. One of the Indians, having adopted a little boy, was in the habit of painting his face. One morning the boy cried because this was not done as usual, and the enraged brute shot him — not fatally, but sufficiently to arouse the tiger instinct in the Indian boys, who beat him to death with clubs and threw him over a cliff.

Many Indians, with their squaws, now came voluntarily into the camp and gave themselves up. All the "braves" were disarmed and placed under guard. Among the captives was the famous mulatto Godfrey, his Indian name being Otakle, or "He who kills many." In the trial that followed he played a remarkable part as witness. He denied having killed any one, and as it was impossible to prove a murder against him, he escaped with imprisonment. When the camp was taken he was found leaning unconcernedly against a wagon-box. He wore moccasins on his feet, and on one side of his head an old plush cap with large

ear-flaps. It is said his voice was one of wonderful sweetness.

On the return march, as the troops passed through New Ulm with the prisoners, they found the returned inhabitants engaged in disinterring and removing the dead to suitable resting-places. When it became known that they were passing, men, women and children rushed out in a state of the utmost fury armed with guns, hoes, pitchforks, stones and bricks, and fell upon the captives wherever they could force a way to them through the guards. The wretches cowered low in the wagons, covering their faces with their blankets. The women were especially violent; one of them beat an Indian so severely as to break his jaw and knock him backward out of the wagon.

Scene at the Trial.

The next and by far the most interesting scene in the drama was the trial of the prisoners by a military commission composed of five officers and a recorder. The captives were arraigned upon written charges, signed by Colonel Sibley or his adjutant-general, and based upon facts furnished by Rev. S. R. Riggs, who, it will be remembered, had lived as a missionary among the Sioux. His information was gained by questioning the half-breeds and others in a separate tent, his intimate acquaintance with the Indian language and manners making him a fit man for the duty; and it has been said of him that upon this occasion he filled the position of a grand jury in his own person. If the circumstances in the case were

not so peculiar, if these Indians had not been more like panthers and rattlesnakes than men, we should feel inclined to censure severely this semi-military, semi-civil prosecution.

Many ludicrous scenes were enacted during the trial. It was impossible to find a man who had killed any one. Most of them admitted having fired, but denied having struck anybody. The reasons given by those who disclaimed having shot at all were most remarkable: those in the prime of life said that their hair was too gray for them to go into battle, and the young men from eighteen to twenty-five asserted that they were too young and timid. Whole platoons were anxious to have the commission believe that during a certain battle they were all writhing in agony with the colic on the top of a large hill. Vast numbers had crept under the same large stone (an imaginary one) on the days of the battles at the fort. Scores of them affirmed that during the uproar and tumult of battle at the fort, Wood Lake, Birch Coolie and New Ulm they were reclining complacently near at hand, roasting and eating corn and beef all day.

A Young Thug.

A certain brave told the commission that at the battle of the fort he had felt so badly at seeing the whites shot at that he had fallen asleep on the spot, and not wakened until the battle was over. A boy stated that he had always attended church, and had never done anything worse in his life than run after a chicken, and he did not catch that. But the evidence proved

that this young Thug had been active in some of the worst massacres.

The report makes mention of one of the tribe with an enormously broad and perfectly flat face who was in a state of continual slumber during the entire trial, with lower jaw dropped and eyes closed, except when the president gave the order, "Wake him up! stir him up!" when his eyelids would slowly unclose "like those of some sleepy bird of prey gorged with carrion," but would shut again before they were fairly open.

One of the most revolting attrocities was that committed by Cut-Nose. At Beaver Creek a party of helpless women and children were to be massacred. As they cowered in the wagons with their shawls over their heads, Cut-Nose leaped into one containing eleven, mostly children, and deliberately butchered them all, cleaving open their heads, one after another, with the dull, crushing blows from his tomahawk. On this occasion others took an infant from its mother's arms and riveted it to the fence by driving a bolt through its body. After holding the mother a while before this dreadful spectacle, they cut off her arms and legs, and left her thus to die.

Thirty-eight Indians Hung.

On Monday, the 26th day of February, 1863, thirty-eight of the prisoners were hanged by order of the President of the United States. The condemned received their sentence with the customary Indian stoicism. Several smoked their pipes complacently during the reading, one or two knocking out the ashes

and refilling them with their favorite kin-ne-kin-nick, which they quietly rubbed out in their hands. Shortly before their execution the Indians made statements to their spiritual adviser, Mr. Riggs, in which many of them frankly confessed their crime. In making their confessions several of them were greatly excited, but were told by the calmer ones (who were in the majority) that they might as well tell the truth, for they were all dead men. Some sent messages to their friends to the effect that they expected to go and live with the Great Spirit, and hoped their friends would join them. On Tuesday evening they engaged in a wild death-song and dance. The authorities, fearing that this might be intended to conceal some attempt to escape, had their chains fastened to the floor.

On Wednesday they were permitted to send for such of their friends or relatives as were confined in the same prison, in order to bid them good-bye and to send messages to their friends. In speaking of their wives and children almost all of them shed tears. Tazoo said: "Tell our friends that we are being removed from this world over the same path they must shortly travel. I expect to go direct to the abode of the Great Spirit, and to be happy when I get there; but we are told that the road is long and the distance great; therefore, as I am slow in all my movements, it will probably take me a long time to reach the end of the journey; and I should not be surprised if some of the young active men we leave

behind us will pass me on the road before I reach the place of my destination."

Eager for the Scaffold.

On the morning of the execution they shook hands with the officers, bidding them good-bye, as if about to start on a long journey. They had freshly painted their faces with vermilion and blue; presently they struck up an exciting death-chant, which was repeated after a few hours. After the process of pinioning them was completed a Catholic priest read the prayer-book to them. The white muslin caps were then put on their heads, but rolled up so as to permit them to see. The wearing of the caps being regarded by them as a deep humiliation, there was now no more singing and but little conversation. They went eagerly to the scaffold, jostling each other to get in advance, and exhibiting their Indian stoicism to the last.

On the scaffold they again sang their death-song, making the most hideous and tumultuous noises. This singing, like the whistling of the boy in the woods, had the effect of keeping up their courage; one was smoking a pipe; one was composedly smoking a cigar; another, a pipe. One of the wretches introduced into his death-song a refrain, the burden of which was that if a body should be found at New Ulm with the head cut off and placed in a certain indelicate part of the body, it was he who did it. At the same time he suited the action to the word, and exposed to the assembled throng an indecent part of

his body. Three slow, distinct drum-beats were now given; instantly the trap fell and thirty-eight lifeless bodies were swinging in the air. During the giving of the signal many of the condemned clasped the hands of their neighbors, and remained thus joined together until the bodies were cut down. They were all buried in one grave, without coffins.

Fomenting War.

Nearly five hundred miles north-west of St. Paul in the Territory of Dakota, is the celebrated Lake Miniwakan, or Devil's Lake. It is sixty-five miles in length, and its waters are as salt as those of the ocean. With the exception of a few trees upon the shore, the entire country is one vast rolling plain dotted with little lakes of salt water. This briny sea is full of fish, is frequented by flocks of ocean birds and has its shores strewn with petrified bones and wood.

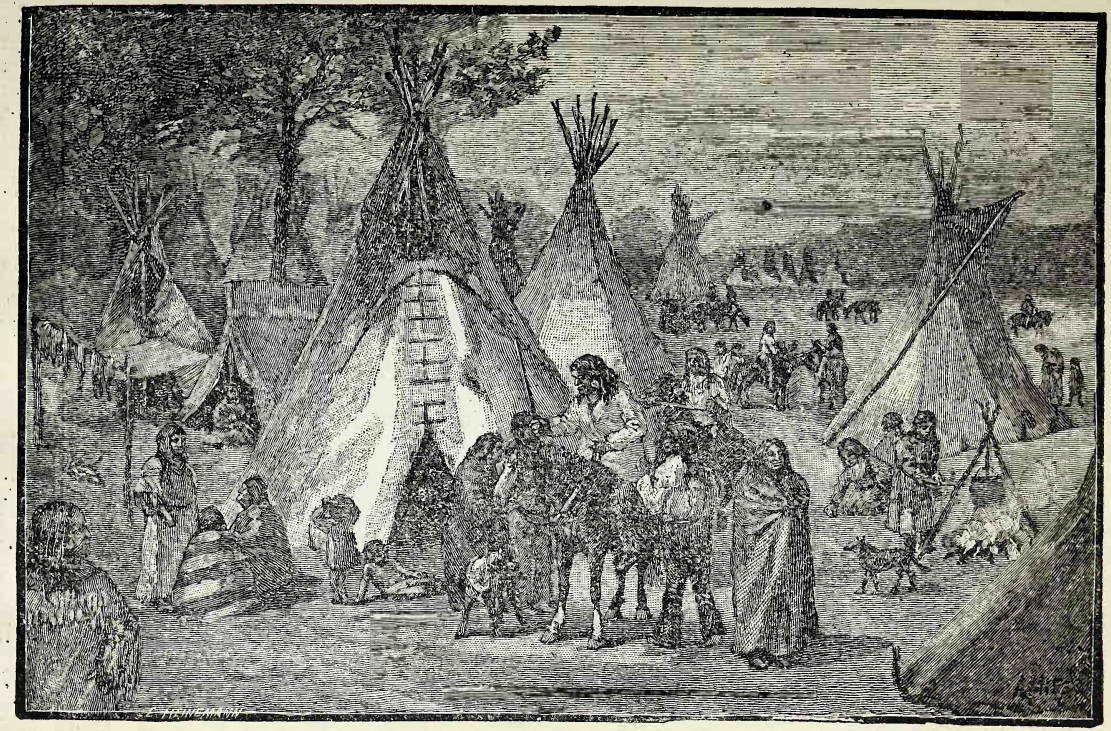
It was to this region that Little Crow and his men retired after their defeat. During the winter he endeavored to enlist other tribes in a war against the whites. He was refused ammunition and land on which to settle by the authorities at Forts St. Joseph and Garry in the British possessions. Early in the spring small bands of the Indians made raids upon the settlements and repeated the scenes of the previous year. A second expedition was organized against them by General Sibley who after the campaign on the Minnesota River had been made brigadier-general. This second force fought and defeated

the Sioux in a number of engagements called the battles of the Missouri River.

Death of Little Crow.

It only remains to narrate the death of Little Crow. On Friday evening, July 3, 1863, as a certain Mr. Lampson and his son Chauncey were traveling along the road six miles north of Hutchinson, they saw two Indians picking berries. Mr. Lampson crept up behind a large poplar tree sheltered with vines, took good aim, fired, and severely wounded the elder Indian, whose identity he was ignorant of. With a yell the wounded man threw up his hands and fell backward to the ground, but presently crept after Lampson, who was retreating to the shelter of some bushes, and fired; at the same time the other Indian and Chauncey also discharged their weapons. Chauncey's ball killed the wounded Indian, whose own bullet only grazed the cheek of the former. A buckshot from the gun of the younger Indian struck the elder Lampson, wounding him in the shoulder, but not seriously.

These Indians were Little Crow (Tah-o-ah-ta-doo-ta) and his son Wa-wi-nap-a. The latter escaped, and was picked up in a half-starved condition, nearly a month afterward, by a party of soldiers near Devil's Lake. As soon as the event became known a detachment of cavalry immediately went to the spot where the body of Little Crow was lying. It was scalped, and the body, after being exhibited for some hours in Hutchinson, was thrown into a pit used as a



INDIAN VILLAGE.

receptacle for the offal of a slaughter-house. At the time of his death Little Crow was between fifty and sixty years of age; his hair was sprinkled with gray; his front teeth were large and double like the back ones; the bones of his right arm had been broken and never set, which prevented the use of his right hand; his left arm was withered.

Thus perished the chief orator and warrior of the Sioux—one who had been forced into the war by the rashness of others, as well as tempted by his great ambition, and who, after once entering on his course, never faltered or turned back, but justified with stern resolve the most cruel and atrocious actions of his tribe. We can say of him that he met the fate which he merited by his merciless conduct in the past. His natural gifts were great, and might have procured for him honor and happiness had be remained indifferent to the voice of ambition.

A Bloody Crime.

In the fall of 1864, a most lamentable and brutal slaughter of Cheyenne and Arrapahoe Indians took place at Fort Lyon, and is known as the Chivington Massacre. The Indians under Black Kettle and other chiefs had come to Fort Lyon and asked for peace. Major E. W. Wynkoop told them that he did not feel authorized to treat with them, but gave them a pledge of military protection until he should see the governor of Colorado at Denver, who was at that time superintendent of Indian affairs in the region.

The governor was of the opinion that it would be

unwise to treat with them until they had been punished for their war against the government. He also stated that the third regiment of Colorado troops had been raised, on his representation at Washington, for the purpose of killing Indians, and Indians they must kill. Wynkoop then ordered the savages to move their villages and their women and children nearer the fort, which they did. In November, Wynkoop was removed, and Major Anthony of the First Colorado Cavalry ordered to take command of the fort. The Indians, in number about five hundred men, women and children, were assured by him of their safety.

About this time Colonel Chivington marched from Denver to Fort Lyon with the Third Colorado and a battalion of the First Colorado Cavalry. On the morning of the 29th of November he surrounded the Indian camp and slaughtered, without mercy, the entire band of men, women and children. The most hideous cruelties, multilations and scalpings have made memorable this terrible crime. No mercy was shown and no quarter given. The result was a war which cost the government thirty millions of dollars and the border settlements untold misery.

CHAPTER XVII.

General Sully's War with the Sioux on the Missouri River.—Colonel Brown's Exciting Campains on the Republican River.—Other Sioux Matters.

The death of Little Crow was by no means contemporaneous with the close of the Sioux War. There were many battles with these desperate men for several years, and their horrible outrages on the settlers in Minnesota and elsewhere were continually occurring.

The sanguinary engagements between the Sioux tribes of the Upper Missouri and the forces of General Sully were rich in picturesque and thrilling adventures. The writer of the following paragraphs, Mr. W. R. Balch, took part in this expedition, and is therefore able to speak from personal knowledge as to the chief events and to give many interesting details which the dry official reports do not furnish. The following is Mr. Balch's graphic narrative:

"The troops consisted of the Second Nebraska Cavalry, Colonel Furnas commanding; two companies of the Seventh Iowa Cavalry; a battalion of the Sixth Iowa Cavalry, Major House commanding; and two companies of infantry with the train to serve as guard to the supplies. We moved up the Mis-

INDIANS MEETING EARLY IMMIGRANTS.

souri and established a supply depot at Fort Sully, nearly opposite old Fort Pierre.

"Early in the month of August, 1863, we marched in search of the Indians. The weather being intensely hot, we made but slow progress, advancing in the cool of the day and resting during the afternoon. We had reached Cannon-Ball River and were proceeding toward Painted Wood River, when the scouts discovered and brought in an old Indian named 'Keg,' who had been inhumanly abandoned by his tribe and left to die by the side of a small stream.

"His statement was to the effect that he had frozen his feet during the past severe winter, and, the hot weather having so inflamed his sores as to render traveling impossible, the rest had stolen his ponies and blankets, and then abandoned him to his fate. General Sully furnished him food and clothing after having his wounds cared for; which kindness so touched the old Indian that he did not hesitate to give all the information he possessed relative to the movements of his tribe. He said they had gone to the lakes, some hundred miles away, to hunt buffaloes, and would remain there a long time in order to secure sufficient meat to last them during the fall and winter.

Men Flying Across the Prairie.

"Upon receiving this intelligence General Sully gave the order to advance, and took old 'Keg' along as guide. Scouts were out daily in seach of the Indians and fresh trails, and skeletons of recently killed buffa-

loes gave evidence that the enemy was not far distant.

" One evening while passing among a series of beautiful little lakes, which ' Keg ' informed us were in the hunting-grounds of the tribe, we came upon some buffaloes which had evidently been killed but a few hours before, and Major House was at once sent out to scout for the Indians. After he had left, nearly all those remaining in the camp, myself included, sought rest in the tent and soon fell asleep, being extremely fatigued from marching nearly all the previous night in order to avoid the heat of the sun.

" About three o'clock in the afternoon, I was awakened by a great tumult, and upon going out of my tent saw men rushing westward over the prairie. Instantly inquiring the cause, I learned that Major House had discovered the Indians encamped not far off on a ridge, and that a great battle was about to begin. Not stopping to dress, I buckled on my revolvers, mounted my pony, placed myself at the head of my squad of men and galloped off for the battle-field, eleven miles distant, arriving just as the sun was setting. The Indians were drawn up on a ridge, with their women, children and ponies ensconsed behind them in a hollow. General Sully was on the ground directing the movements of the troops as they came up. The Indians were now surrounded, and driven back on a spur of ground that jutted out into a deep ravine. They were evidently appalled at the sight of our great numbers.

"At this moment an orderly was seen to gallop up to Major House and deliver a message from General Sully. As we at once suspected and afterward learned, it was an order to hold the Indians in check, and defer an attack until he had concluded a council which he was then holding with some of the chiefs. A murmur of disappointment ran along the lines, and Captain Bayne of the Second Nebraska Cavalry, resolving to take advantage of the moment ere he had as yet received positive orders, stepped out before the men, and said: 'Boys, we have come a long way to fight the Indians, and now that we have got them I am in favor of whaling them. Shall we advance?'—'Yes, yes,' was the cry all along the lines.

Shot by a Little Dutchman.

"Bayne called out, 'Each man pick his Indian.' Every soldier at once levelled his gun. An Indian now advanced, wrapped in a garrison flag, and crying out, 'How, how!' moving his hand up and down as if in greeting. As yet not a shot had been fired. The Indians stood perfectly still wrapped in their blankets, their guns concealed under them, and only the top of a bow visible here and there.

"When the Indian who was advancing was close to our line, a little Dutchman on the left fired and killed him. He gathered the flag about him for a winding-sheet as he fell. More shots were fired and the action became general. About one hundred and twenty-five of the savages had gone up on the hill where General Sully was holding a consultation. When the battle

commenced, these began to retreat, but the general ordered his body-guard, consisting of two companies of cavalry, to take them prisoners, which was accordingly done.

A Hard Battle.

"The Indians fought with desperate bravery, which was still more apparent as the darkness came on. They charged upon us with their ponies, yelling vehemently and endeavoring to force their way through our lines. The soldiers resisted obstinately with clubbed muskets, and Indians, white men and ponies rolled on the ground together in that desperate hand-to-hand struggle. The battle raged and surged amid a darkness, lighted only by the thick flashes of the guns. Many Indians cut their way through and escaped. We lost a little ground after dark, and bivouacked where we were, hearing all night the cries of our wounded, but with no suspicion of the treatment they were receiving at the hands of the enemy.

"In the morning we discovered that during the night the squaws had come down from the hill, and attacking our wounded with long-handled tomahawks, had beat out their brains and then cut out their tongues with butcher-knives.

"Lieutenant Levitt was one of the victims of these furies. He had been wounded early in the action, and his horse having fallen on his leg, he was unable to escape when the men fell back. Lying close to his dead horse and partly hidden by his saddle, he hoped to escape notice. But a squaw who came up

to rifle the saddle-bags discovered and struck at him with her tomahawk. He made a thrust at her with his sabre, but could not reach her. After repeated efforts to kill him, she, by her cries, brought a half dozen other squaws around her, and all united in their attacks upon him, making feints and motions and then suddenly striking him.

Courageous Fighter.

"For a long time the lieutenant kept them at bay by holding his left arm over his head and thrusting at them with his sabre. But nearly every finger of his left hand was broken, and the flesh on his left arm so gashed and bruised that it was laid bare to the bone from the wrist to the shoulder, while the tendons were severed at the elbow. At last, making a desperate thrust, he severely wounded a squaw, who thereupon gave vent to such a distressing cry of anguish that her companions carried her off and the lieutenant was left unmolested, but so exhausted from loss of blood that he fainted as soon as they were gone. The next day he was found and brought to camp but died after a day of intense suffering.

"The Indians had all fled before morning. We pursued them, and found nearly every buffalo-wallow filled with their dead and wounded, the former numbering two hundred and twenty-five. We held one hundred and twenty-five prisoners, in addition to seven hundred head of Indian stock killed, wounded or captured. Our own loss amounted to fifty-eight men in killed and wounded. The miscreants returned once

and made a feeble attack, which was soon repulsed. They had hoped to surprise us and liberate the prisoners, but not a man escaped. We were unwilling to part with the trophies of our victory.

Pathetic Cries.

"General Sully ordered the Indian camp to be destroyed; it was a very large one, and occupied some time. Tepees were pulled down and heaped together on the lodge-poles, and on top of these were thrown bales of robes, meat and wood. The entire mass was then set on fire, and watched until consumed.

"A most pathetic scene was witnessed while the camp was burning. The Indian dogs that had been left to guard the tents wandered around howling most piteously. Little shafts were strapped to their sides, and on these were tied domestic articles, and often Indian babies.

"During the night many of these animals became frightened, and hid among the rocks and ravines, so that the mothers who fled at night were obliged to leave without their babies. The dogs, true to their trust, would allow no one to come near them, but fled over the hills when any one approached. They would soon return, however, and, sitting on the hilltop, cry plaintively as they gazed at the burning town. The little babies, however, did not utter a sound, although the dogs trundled them over ditches and rocks, jolting them most vigorously. The soldiers deemed it advisable to shoot these dogs, and sometimes killed a baby by mistake, which was more merciful than would

at first appear, since it saved them a death by starvation on the prairie.

"General Sully now determined to follow up the Indians and inflict further chastisement. Lieutenant Bayne was detached with sixty men to scout. On the first day he saw before him two Indians making their way on foot to the hills; one of them seemed to be wounded, and was leaning on the shoulder of the other. When the lieutenant called out, 'There are two of them; let us go for them; gallop, march!' the savages, who had been walking slowly, quickened their gait into a march. The guide, an old and experienced frontiersman said to Bayne, 'Look out, lieutenant! they are a decoy; look how the lame one mends his pace!'—'Silence,' said Bayne, 'I command here, not you.' The guide said not a word, but reined up his horse, allowed the column to pass him, and then, putting spurs to his horse, flew to the camp.

"We Are Lost!"

"Lieutenant Bayne followed the two Indians up the cañon, and when within pistol-shot of them they suddenly disappeared. Immediately the hills swarmed with Indians. 'They are in our rear,' called out the men; and, looking back, Bayne saw three or four hundred of them blocking up the way by which he had come. 'Look! look!' shouted Sergeant Bain; and looking up the cañon, the lieutenant saw two solid lines of savages marching down upon him from that direction. 'We are lost!' cried Bayne utterly paralyzed and unerved at the thought of what he had done.

'Fours, right-about wheel!' shouted Sergeant Bain. 'Now, ones and fours, cut right and left; and twos and threes, go ahead; steady column! forward! gallop! march!'

"Away went the column, and dashing upon the savages, rode or cut down all who opposed them. Fast and furious fell the sabre-strokes; and the enemy appalled at the terrific onset, parted and allowed the column to pass through to the plain. Lieutenant Bayne at one time fought with the most desperate valor in order to allow some troopers, who had fallen behind, to come up. Althought many horses were wounded, yet, strange to say, but one man was killed.

A Brave Act.

"As the column was flying over the plain with the Indians in full pursuit, the horse of brave Sergeant Bain was seen suddenly to stagger and drop on his knees. The sergeant turned aside, allowed the column to pass by, and then shouted to some troopers to stop and take him up behind on one of their horses; but the demoralized horsemen paid no attention to his request. Mounting again, he rode on, hoping to overtake the column; but observing that his horse was each moment growing more feeble, and that, in consequence, he was fast losing ground, he resolved to turn aside from the trail and ride across the prairie, so that, by drawing after him as many Indians as possible, he might increase the chances of escape for his brother-soldiers.

"We saw this gallant man dashing across the prairie,

followed by a hooting rabble of the savages. Suddenly his horse stopped and fell dead on the ground. Taking shelter behind it, he levelled his Enfield rifle and shot one of the Indians dead; quickly reloading, he despatched another; then drawing his revolver, he killed eight more. They drew him, weak and bleeding, from behind his horse and scalped him, but, on account of his bravery" abstained from multilating his body. Sergeant Bain was of the Second Nebraska Cavalry, and had been 'broken' by General Sully He was reduced to the ranks as a private on account of his ferocious cruelty in leaping into a buffalo-wallow and tomahawking twenty-seven wounded and dying Indians, in revenge for the squaws cutting out the tongues of our wounded. But after his gallant conduct on this occasion the dead man was reappointed to his position as sergeant, and then buried.

Colonel Brown's Expedition.

"In 1864, the Indians under the famous chief of the Sioux, Spotted Tail, had become very violent in their outrages upon the settlers, and an expedition was organized against them under the command of Colonel Brown. The rendezvous was near North Platte on the Platte River. The force consisted of the First Nebraska, the Twelfth Missouri, a detachment of the Second United States, and the Seventh Iowa Cavalry. The snow was quite deep on the plains, and it was considered a favorable opportunity to attack the Indians who were encamped on the Republican River, and

would be encumbered with their villages, women and children. We had many Indians in our force, among them a large number of Pawnee scouts.

"Early in January the expedition started, marching southward toward the Republican River. After establishing a depot of supplies on the river, the scouting began. One day Lieutenant James Murie, who had marched out to Short-Nose Creek with a party of scouts, was attacked by a large body of Sioux, and six of his men were wounded. It was a source of regret to Colonel Brown that the Indians had seen the scouts, for he feared they would be frightened away before an assault could be made. And so it proved, for when the force reached Solomon's Fork, not one was to be seen.

"While we were encamped at the depot of supplies, Colonel Brown offered a purse of five hundred dollars to any scout who would discover an Indian village and lead the command to it. The prize was a tempting one, but few had the courage to attempt to win it. There were two sharp, shrewd men, however, who came forward—Sergeant Hiles of the First Nebraska and Sergeant Rolla of the Seventh Iowa.

A Riderless Horse.

"On the day following the departure of Hiles and Rolla a guide, named Nelson, and myself obtained permission to scout. We took several days' supplies on a mule and set out on our ponies, travelling by

night, and by day hiding in the brush and keeping a sharp lookout for the enemy. One morning, while lighting a fire to cook breakfast by, I heard several shots fired, apparently four or five miles distant. Feeling sure that the guns were those of the main force, which was to pass in that direction on its way to the Solomon, I proposed that we should go to meet them, which was at once acceded to. After riding up the stream about five miles and finding no trail, I expressed surprise at the long distance at which a rifle-shot could be heard, but was informed by Nelson that it was no unusual thing for the report to be heard from ten to twenty miles along the bottom-land of a creek.

"After proceeding about five miles farther, we saw in the distance a frightened riderless horse approaching us at great speed. It proved to be the one on which Sergeant Hiles had started out—a superb animal named Selim; and, as it was without saddle we at once concluded that Hiles was killed by the Indians, while his horse had escaped from their hands.

"Fearing the savages would soon be upon us, we retreated down the creek and camped for the night among the bluffs. At 9 o'clock I arose to watch, and soon after midnight, the moon rising bright and clear, I awoke Nelson and proposed that we should saddle up and cross over to Cedar Creek.

"Presently we came upon a very recent Indian trail, and, realizing our imminent danger, we struck out on a forced march, only stopping a few hours at a time to

rest the ponies. On the fifth day we reached the camp, and there learned that it was Sergeant Rolla and not Sergeant Hiles who had been killed. The latter related his adventures, and I will give the recital in his own words.

Hiles' Thrilling Story.

"He said: 'Rolla and I traveled several days, and finally pulled up on Prairie Dog Creek. We had seen no Indians and were becoming careless, believing that there were none. One morning just about daybreak, while Rolla and I were warming ourselves by a freshly-made fire, we were attacked by about forty Indians. Rolla, pierced through the heart, died instantly. How I escaped, I know not, for the balls whistled around me, knocking up the fire and even piercing my clothing, yet I was not so much as scratched.

"'Running to my horse which was saddled and tied near by, I flung myself upon his back and dashed across the prairie. The Indians followed, whooping and yelling like devils; but although their ponies were fleet, they could not overtake my swift-footed Selim. Getting well in advance of them, and congratulating myself upon my narrow escape from a terrible death, I might soon have passed entirely beyond their reach had not Selim suddenly fallen headlong into a ravine which was filled with drifted snow. In vain I tried to extricate him; the more he struggled the deeper he sank. Knowing that the Indians would soon reach us, I cut the saddle-girths with my knife, that the horse might be more free in his movements; then bidding

him lie still, I took my pistols and burrowed into the snow beside him.

"'After digging down a little way I struck off into the drift and worked my way along it toward the valley. I had not tunnelled far before I heard the savages approaching. Pushing up my head, I cut a small hole in the crust of the snow to enable me to peep out. As they came up they began to yell, and Selim, making a great bound, leaped upon the solid earth at the edge of the ravine. Dragging himself out of the drift, he galloped furiously across the prairie. Oh how I wished I was then on his back! for I knew the noble fellow would soon bear me out of reach of all danger.

"'The Indians separated, part of them going after the horse and part searching for me. They examined almost every foot of ground in the ravine, punching the snow all around me, and once passing within a few feet of my hiding-place. The perspiration stood on my forehead, and I expected every moment o be dragged out and scalped. But, resolving to sell my life as dearly as possible, I grasped mv pistols and remained quiet. After a prolonged search my foes gave up the task, but I did not dare to venture forth, knowing well that the place was being watched. On the second night I crawled out, so benumbed as hardly to be able to walk. Fortunately, the first day out I shot an antelope, which furnished me raw meat, and in two days and a half I reached the camp.'

Wolves Attack the Snow-Hut.

"While we lay in camp on Medicine Creek, Colonel Brown sent for me and ordered me to look up and map the country in the capacity of topographical engineer. I one day found myself bewildered in the neighborhood of a certain creek and unable to guess the direction of the army. Presently I met two friendly Indians who were likewise seeking the command. Darkness coming on and the air growing bitterly cold, we decided to camp for the night. We dug out the snow (which in the bottom was three feet deep) and piled it high up around us, then kindled a blazing fire. Opening a passage for a short distance through the snow, we cleared another place, where we corralled our horses and provided them with armfuls of small cottonwood limbs to eat. We made our beds of small dry twigs, piled more logs on the blazing fire, cut, spitted and roasted some elk-meat, and made ourselves quite comfortable, while without the north wind and the coyotes were howling in wild and dismal emulation. To preserve our elk-meat from howling wild animals, we cut off the limb of a tree near by and hung our food upon the stump out of reach even of wolves and coyotes. We had to contend with both Indians and wild beasts.

"About midnight I was awakened by the snapping and snarling of wolves, and on opening my eyes I could see, by the light of the low-burning fire, the red, glaring eyes of a dozen of them looking down over the wall of our warm snow-cellar. Reaching my gun,

I sat up to warm my feet and watch these unwelcome visitors. It was a poor night for peaceful slumber.

An Ominous Howl.

"After a while I heard a long wild howl from the woods, and knew by the 'whirr-ree, whirr-ree,' that it came from the throat of the dreaded buffalo wolf, or Kosh-e-nee of the prairies. For a time all was quiet and I was beginning to doze, when suddenly I was startled by the jump of a great gray wolf, which scattered the coals over me and then leaped up over the opposite snow-bank. Standing up and looking out into the darkness, I could see scores of sombre shadows moving about and a cluster gathered under our elk-meat.

"I wakened the Indians and told them that we were surrounded by a pack of gray wolves. Our only fear was lest they should attack the horses, who were pawing and snorting in terror; however upon speaking to them they became quiet. We grasped our guns and awaited developments. Presently, a huge gray wolf gathered himself up, and made a spring for the elk-meat; but, barely missing it, fell headlong into the fire, where we instantly killed him with two shots. Removing him from the coals, we proceeded to despatch eight more as they successively jumped for the meat. After several discharges from my double-barrelled shot-gun, we succeeded in driving them off. Throwing out the carcasses, we made a bright fire, well knowing that the light would protect us from

further molestation. Two of us then slept while the other watched.

"In the morning we set out, and on the third day of our wanderings determined to return to the Medicine and follow up the trial of the command from that point. On reaching it we found the force still there, having deferred their march on account of cold and foggy weather.

Dangers of the Overland Route.

"During this campaign of Colonel Brown's I was sent with thirty men from Camp Cottonwood to Gilman's Ranche, fifteen miles eastward on the Platte, with orders to remain, protect the ranche and furnish guards to Holliday's overland stage-coaches. In former days Gilman's had been the great trading-place of the Sioux, who brought in their furs here loaded on ponies. From the Republican to this spot there were two or three trails, and these were still often frequented by the Sioux, though now for purposes of war and not for trade. The overland stage-coaches offered great temptation to the brutal Sioux; for if they succeeded in capturing one they obtained money, horses and scalps, and often white women, as the reward of their enterprise.

"Troops were placed in small squads at every station, about ten miles apart, and between which points they rode on the tops of all the coaches as a guard —a decidedly uneviable position this, offering one's self as a target for the Indians who lurked in ravines and in the tall prairie grass. Although the first fire

of the savages almost invariably killed one or more horses and knocked a soldier or two from the coach, yet the men performed their duty unflinchingly.

Startling Discovery.

"One evening, I buckled on my revolvers and started out in search of my pony, that had strayed away. As the dusk deepened, to my alarm I found myself about four miles from the station, and was about to take a short cut for home, when I saw on the crest of the ravine in which I was dark objects moving on all fours toward the road, and which, in the uncertain light, looked like ponies. Thinking mine might be of the number, I ran up the bank, but had not proceeded far when the sound of low voices startled me. Peering into the grass, I could descern five or six Indians, who mistook me for one of their own, and I was quite willing that they should do so. Walking carelessly on until the top of the hill was almost reached, I suddenly came upon a dozen more of the red skins. One of them in a gruff voice ordered me down, and I crept along with them through the grass, though at a respectful distance.

"When we took up our position in the long grass by the wayside to await the arrival of the coach, I found myself in a peculiar and anomalous situation. Suppose I should be shot by the coach-guards. Imagine my position if it were published in the newspapers that I had deserted my post and joined the Sioux for the purpose of robbing a United States mail-coach. I became very nervous as my imagination led me to

think I heard the rumbling of wheels. The coach did not appear, however, and the Indians, getting impatient, moved off down the road. I made a feint of following them, but when their backs were turned, dropped flat on my face and kept perfectly still, and thus escaped attracting their notice.

Death to Travellers.

"As soon as they were out of sight I started for the ranche, but left it at once, accompanied by soldiers and citizens, to meet the coach. Our object was defeated, however, as we did not reach it until after the Indians had made their attack and succeeded in killing one horse and one passenger, besides wounding two others. They had at length been beaten off, carrying with them two of their number dead or seriously wounded.

"Among the soldiers stationed at Gilman's Ranche were a number of Omaha and Winnebago Indians who belonged to my company. They were but partially civilized, and would persist in frequently returning to their barbarous tribal practices. One evening, being in a jovial mood, they obtained leave to have a dance, and thereupon began a scalp-dance round a telegraph-pole in front of the house. One of them pounded vigorously upon a piece of leather stretched over an empty keg, while the rest timed their guttural chant to the music of this rude drum and the rattling of pebbles in some oyster-cans which they shook over their heads. They made the night hideous with their songs until about twelve o'clock, when, being weary of

such a din, I asked them to finish by giving us some Sioux war-songs, which they did.

"These, like all Indian songs and dances, terminate in a kind of wild yell or whoop, and when they had uttered this we were much surprised to hear the cry answered back at no great distance on the prairie. Springer, a half-breed, assured me that it was not an echo, but the cry of other Indians. He was right, for on going to a back window of the ranche I could see by the light of the rising moon three Indians sitting on their ponies not far off and listening.

A Clever Capture.

"Finding that they were our deadly enemies, the Ogallala Sioux, I called excitedly to Springer, telling him to kindle a fire and have the Indians strike up the death-song and scalp-dance of the Sioux in order to entrap the Ogallalas. The ruse succeeded. They came quite near and asked Springer what the singing was for. The half-breed, being part-Sioux, spoke their language perfectly, and answered that they were dancing the scalps of four white soldiers.

"'How did you kill them?' asked one of the Ogallalas.

"'You see,' said Springer, 'we were coming down from the Niobrara and going over to the Republican to see Spotted Tail and our friends the Ogallalas, when some soldiers fired on us here, and, seeing there were but four of them, we attacked and killed them. They are now lying dead inside; come, get down and help dance their scalps.' This two of them

did, leaving the other to hold the ponies. When the dance was over Springer said: 'Come, let us bring out the scalps;' and turning to the two Indians, he asked them if they would look at the bodies inside.

"About half of the Indians had already gone into the ranche under pretence of bringing out the scalps, so the two did not hesitate to enter with Springer. As soon as they were inside the door was closed and two burly Omahas placed themselves against it. A light was struck by kindling some dry grass on the hearth, and when the blaze flamed out the Sioux saw themselves surrounded by Omahas and a dozen revolvers levelled at their heads. The yell of rage and despair which they raised was heard by the one outside, and he escaped with the ponies, though a dozen shots were fired at him.

"The other two, bound and fettered, were laid in a corner till morning; at which time I was awakened by a terrible yelling, and looking out saw my Indians dancing round the telegraph-pole, near which they had a large fire kindled. Springer came in and stated that they were intensely eager to have the prisoners. I refused saying it was my duty to take them to Colonel Brown. Upon this the Indians became frenzied, rushed into the ranche and carried off the prisoners to an island on the Platte, where, after building a fire, they tortured them to death in the usual horrid manner. I was sick at heart, but knowing that it was but the treatment which we ourselves would have received

at their hands had the positions been reversed, I concluded to let the matter be hushed up as an affair between Indians alone.

The Ranche at Night.

"In the year 1865, being still on duty at Fort Cottonwood as adjutant of my regiment, the First Nebraska Volunteer Cavalry, I was once detailed with thirty Indian soldiers to garrison Jack Morrow's ranche, twelve miles west of the fort, on the south side of the Platte River. It was feared that it would be burned by the hostile Sioux, and was deemed too valuable a property to be sacrificed. It consisted of a three-story building, with outbuildings adjacent, and a fine large stable, the whole being surrounded with a vast stockade of cedar palisades. The owner was absent in the East, and the place was thus left without a protector.

"We arrived at the ranche late at night, and my usually noisy Indians were all asleep in the huge ox-wagons which had been provided for their transportation. I found the front of the buildings lighted up by fires, and, thinking the occupants might be savages, I halted the teams, quietly awakened the Indians and told them not to emerge or give any sign unless I should give the signal by yelling. Holding my pony's nose with my hand to prevent him from making a noise, I peeped through a hole in the stockade and saw a curious but familiar scene. Grouped around three small fires sat some ten or twelve tanned and weatherbeaten men, whose hair hung to

their shoulders, and each one of whom wore a slouched hat, a pair of revolvers and a good, stout knife. All were intent upon a supper of coffee, slapjacks and fried bacon.

"'Hallo!' I shouted, 'have you got supper enough for one more?'—'Yes,' was the answer, 'if you are white or red; but if black, no.' To this was added an invitation to show myself; while riding into the stockade I overheard such remarks as, 'An army cuss,' 'One of those little stuck-up officers,' etc.

"Feigning not to hear them, I dismounted and inquired who they were. They stated that they were wood-haulers, and would like to know who I was and where I was going so late at night. Enlightening them as to whom they were addressing, I further informed them that my destination was reached; but their reply was to the effect that they guessed it was rather 'mixed' about staying there if I had any stock along, as the stables were all full, and the ranche too, for that matter.

Encounter with Roughs.

"I told them that two teams of mine were outside, and that it was my intention to put the mules and my pony in the stable, and if there was not room enough, some of their stock must be turned out. To this they replied that they were permanently occupying that ranche since Jack Morrow had gone East, probably never to return; that they were stronger in numbers than myself and my two drivers; and that if I did not move they would make me.

"Receiving no reply from me, the leader of the roughs said, 'Well, what are you going to do about it?' Repeating my intention, I rode out to the stables, near which stood my teams, and ordered the drivers to unhitch, and, if they could not find enough vacant stalls, to turn out the mules and put our animals in. Several of the teamsters having followed me close to the stable-door, one of them said I 'might save' myself 'the trouble of unhitching them mules,' for I 'was not agoin' to put them in that stable,' and the first man who attempted it would be 'fixed.'

"I said we had better not have trouble about it. 'You go to h—ll!' was the reply. I answered, 'I'll see about that;' and calling, 'Turn out! turn out!' in the Indian language, my men jumped from the canvas-covered wagons, yelling like demons and brandishing their carbines and revolvers in a threatening manner. Never were men so filled with consternation as these rough teamsters. Feeling sure that we were Sioux, they started to run, but I detained them and explained. There was found to be sufficient room in the stables without the necessity of removing any of their mules. Finding doors and windows destroyed and the place otherwise injured by them, I gave them the privilege of remaining only until morning, at which time they must leave.

Surprised by the Foe.

"While the troops lay at Camp Cottonwood the scurvy broke out among the men, causing great suffering. When they were convalescent the doctor or-

dered a fruit diet, and a plum-grove about four miles distant (the wild fruit of which was deemed very wholesome) afforded the patients a fine opportunity to obey instructions. One morning Captain Mitchell, of the Seventh Iowa Cavalry, procured an ambulance, and taking with him a driver named Anderson, an orderly named Cramer and seven hospital patients, started for the plum-grove.

"As they were returning they fell in with two soldiers, named Bentz and Wise, who had been sent out by the quartermaster to look for some stray mules. Both being well armed, they felt secure in lingering behind the ambulance to gather a few plums; while eating they were suddenly fired upon by about a dozen Indians.

"At the first shot Bentz had his belt cut away and lost his revolver, and as they turned to fly he received a ball in his side, wounding him seriously. Riding down the cañon in the hope of overtaking Captain Mitchell and the ambulance, they discovered a party of the redskins ahead of them, evidently with the intention of cutting them off. Wise gave Bentz one of his revolvers, and told him to ride hard; but the wounded man was so feeble and dizzy as to be scarcely able to keep his saddle. He was mounted on an old mule, while Wise rode a superb horse belonging to Lieutenant Cutler, and which he had taken out to exercise.

"He was finally compelled to abandon his companion; turning his head while rushing with lightning

speed down the ravine, he saw the Indians knock Bentz from his mule. Wise escaped to a settler's cabin, where he remained to relate his adventures, instead of hastening to camp with the news. For this he was afterward severely reprimanded, but offered the plea that, seeing the wagon intercepted by the Indians, and thinking the fate of all was surely sealed, he hesitated to carry such bad news to the camp.

Anderson Sells His Life Dearly.

"Let us now see how it fared with the party in the wagon or ambulance. Only two of the men, Mitchell and Anderson, had arms. The savages tried to arrest their progress, but they dashed up the deep sides of the cañon, and were soon flying over the prairie at the rate of ten miles an hour. The Indians, however, circled round and again began to close in upon them, swinging themselves behind the necks of their ponies and throwing balls and fire-arrows into the wagon. Two of the sick soldiers were already hit, and Captain Mitchell, finding it impossible to defend them while the wagon was in motion (the jolting destroying his aim) ordered Anderson to drive to the top of a hill near at hand, and they would fight it out with the rascals. But Cramer took the lines and urged on the horses.

"Mitchell ordered Anderson to seize the reins, and in attempting to do so both were thrown from the wagon. Mitchell alighted near a deep gully; rolling himself into it, he looked out and saw Anderson crawling into a bunch of bushes. The wagon had just

crossed the crest of a small hill, and was therefore concealed from the view of the Indians when the two men fell out. They remained secure until, unfortunately, just as they were starting out about seventy-five Indians approached very near to the spot where Mitchell was concealed.

"The chief walked up almost to within arm's length of the captain, who now perceived by his spotted dress and his lack of one eye that it was no other than the celebrated chief Spotted Tail. Captain Mitchell now resolved to sacrifice his life in order to kill this great enemy of his country. He was just preparing to use his two revolvers when a commotion arose and the Indians all broke for cover. They had discovered Anderson, as he was attempting to crawl along into the sage-brush. After firing upon him and receiving no response, one of them approached nearer, when suddenly a small puff of white smoke rose out of the bushes, a loud report rang through the air, and the Indian fell dead. Nine savages were killed by Anderson before they succeeded in capturing him.

"At one time Mitchell was on the point of opening fire, when he heard his brave companion call three or four times in a quick, excited manner. 'My arm is broken; keep quiet; can't work the Spencer any more.' He reluctantly obeyed. After Anderson was scalped his barbarous captors gashed him with their knives, drove a stake into one of his eyes, and, withdrawing it, filled the cavity with powder and blew his head to

pieces. Spotted Tail was so enraged at the loss of his nine warriors, that he kicked Anderson's body insultingly. Presently the other Indians returned with the scalps of all who had been in the ambulance, except that of Cramer, whom they had killed."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Fetterman Massacre.—War with the Sioux in Wyoming Territory.

Let us now pass rapidly in review the circumstances attending that sad tragedy of the year 1866, the Fetterman Massacre.

That region in the great West now called Wyoming, and which is watered by the fertile basins of the yellowstone, Big Horn and Tongue rivers, and partly girt in by the Big Horn and Panther Mountains, is called, in the language of the Crow Indians, Absaraka, which means the "Home of the Crows."

It is a region unsurpassed in its game resources, its wild fruits, its grasses and cereals, while its scenery of snow-crowned mountains, piney forests, luxuriant valleys and crystal streams is such as to make it beloved by all who have ever made it their home. The Crows loved their land, and fought desperately, but in vain, against the Sioux, the Cheyennes, the Arrapahoes, Blackfeet and Gros Ventres, who disputed with them the possession of their beautiful hunting-grounds. The Sioux and their allies finally succeeded in establishing themselves in the choice valleys of the Lower Big Horn and Tongue Rivers, and were found in undisputed possession in 1866, when the United

States Government sent in an invading expedition of whites for the purpose of opening a new route from Fort Laramie to Montana, via Bridger's Ferry

CROW CHIEF ON THE WAR PATH.

and the head-waters of the Tongue and Big Horn rivers.

This expedition was under the command of Colonel

Henry B. Carrington; his force consisted of the second battalion of the Eighteenth U. S. Infantry, numbering about two hundred and twenty men. The work of these men was to consist in removing Fort Reno forty miles west, and in building two additional forts, the first on or near the Big Horn River, and the second on or near the Upper Yellowstone.

A Desolate Region.

Fort Kearney, Nebraska, was the rendezvous of the expedition. The force marched from Fort Leavenworth to Fort Kearney in the winter of 1865, when the mercury was often twelve degrees below zero, and two feet of snow had to be shovelled away before a tent could be pitched, the prairie winds striking a chill through the thickest garment and the drifting snows often hindering an advance. Absaraka was a *terra incognita* at that time. The forts were to be located far away from civilization in the heart of the wilderness; all necessary tools and implements, such as mowing-machines, shingle and brick machines, doors, sashes, glass, nails and locks, were taken and given to the blacksmiths, wheelwrights, painters, carpenters and house-buiders selected out of the force. The Interior Department furnished maps; Professors Silliman and Dana of Yale College supplied scientific works; transit and levelling instruments were provided, and every preparation made for subjugating the new country.

The expedition reached Fort Laramie in June, 1866, at a time when the great council with the Indians was

being held. The expectation that this conference with the savages would settle all difficulties was destined to disappointment. The Indians construed the ad-

INDIAN FAMILY.

vance of Colonel Carrington into determination to seize their land in advance of a treaty. As one of them explained it, "Great Father sends us presents

and wants new road, but white chief goes with soldiers to steal road before Indian say yes or no!"

For a time everything promised well; the Indians seemed friendly, and were engaged in trading at the stores or lounging around the fort in apparent contentment. In the stores of the traders they swarmed like bees—squaws, pappooses and warriors mingling with teamsters, half-breeds, emigrants and speculators in happy confusion; here, cups of rice, sugar or coffee were being emptied into the looped-up blanket or skirt of a squaw; yonder a fierce warrior smiled seraphically as he sucked his long sticks of peppermint candy; there were flashings of red shawls and gorgeous calicoes, transfers of knives, tobacco, beads and nails; munching of cheese and crackers; and over

INDIAN CHILD IN CRADLE.

all there hung a dense cloud of tobacco smoke serving as a sweet narcotic to the strong nerves of the strange throng.

But beneath all this there was a fixed and determined current of opposition to the entrance of the whites upon their territory. The Man-Afraid-of-his-Horses and Red Cloud made no secret of their disapprobation, and kept aloof from those who favored a treaty It was eventually found that the number of Sioux Indians who considered themselves bound by the treaty and remained at peace was about two thousand. It was the Sioux who subsequently caused most of the trouble at Fort Phil Kearney. The tribes who went to war with them were the Minneconjoux, a portion of the Ogallala and Brule bands, the Northern Cheyennes and the Arrapahoes, with a few Sans Arcs.

Gathering for a Powwow.

It was the middle of July when the expedition of Colonel Carrington, having marched from Fort Laramie, reached the foot of the Big Horn Mountains near the sources of the Powder and Tongue rivers, and began to build Fort Philip Kearney, the chosen site being between the forks of the Piney Creek. On July 16th, about forty Cheyenne Indians appeared for the purpose of holding a friendly conference. The names of some of the chiefs were "Black Horse," "Red Arm," "Little Moon," "Pretty Bear," "The Rabbit-that-Jumps," and "The Wolf-that-Lies-Down."

They were received with ceremonious state and

pomp; bivouacked on the level ground in front of the camp, and were escorted to the council-tents with stirring music from the band. One very tall warrior with richly-wrought moccasins and fancy breech-cloth, who could boast no other covering for his person except a large fancy umbrella, presented a most ludicrous appearance as he galloped up on his pony in this condition.

There were several ladies, officers wives, in the expedition, one of whom, the lamented Mrs. Carrington, has written an entertaining account of her experiences. She states that the front of the council-tent was open, and the ladies, by parting the folds of the headquarters tent near at hand, had a dress circle view of the whole proceedings. While the red sandstone pipe passed around, and during the *how-hows* and speeches, in front of them all, sat, with his elbows on his knees and chin buried in his hands, the noted James Bridger, the veteran frontiersman, who had joined the expedition, and whose forty-four years of life on the borders had made him familiar with all the wiles as well as the virtues of the Indians.

Fabulous Diamond.

He had long lived among the Crows as a favorite chief, and he well knew, as he sat there keenly and warily watching these Sioux, that they would have given a great price for his scalp. Among the many stories told by and of Bridger is one which credits him with having seen a diamond in the Rocky Mountains by the light of which he traveled thirty miles

one stormy night! His sagacity, knowledge of woodcraft and intimate acquaintance with the Indian character, all made him an invaluable adjunct to the expedition.

The result of this consultation was satisfactory to the Cheyennes; but, alas! the command was soon to realize that the Sioux and their allies were bitterly implacable During the time from July 26th to December 21st, in which Colonel Fetterman, with his command of eighty men and officers, was overpowered and massacred, the hostile Indians had killed ninety-one enlisted men, five officers and fifty-eight citizens, wounded twenty citizens, and driven away between seven and eight hundred head of stock. In this same interval of time they had appeared in front of Fort Phil Kearney, making warlike demonstrations and committing unfriendly acts, upon fifty-one different occasions, and had attacked almost every person and train that attempted to pass over the Montana road.

Massacre of Fetterman.

The narration of the massacre of Colonel Fetterman and his men is fraught with thrilling interest. On the morning of the 21st of December, the wood-train was attacked about two miles from the fort, and compelled to corral and defend itself. Almost immediately a few Indian pickets appeared on one or two of the surrounding heights, and a party of about twenty near the Big Piney, where the Montana road crosses the same within howitzer range of the fort. Shells were thrown among the Indians, and they fled.

Colonel Carrington now sent out eighty men (fifty infantry and twenty-six cavalry) under command of Colonel Fetterman. The orders (twice and distinctly given) were as follows: "Support the wood-train; relieve it and report to me. Do not engage or follow Indians at its expense; under no circumstances pursue over Lodge Trial Ridge."

Rapid Firing Heard.

Colonel Fetterman moved out rapidly to the right of the wood-road, and at about fifteen minutes before twelve o'clock had reached the crest of Lodge Trail Ridge. Soon after the men disappeared over the ridge in flat disregard of orders, and for reasons that will now never be known, for not a man returned. Firing began at once, and, continuing with great rapidity, was plainly audible at the fort. Assistant- Surgeon Hines, having been ordered to join Fetterman, found Indians on a part of Lodge Trail Ridge not visible from the fort, and was thus prevented from reaching the force there struggling to preserve its existence. As soon as the firing became rapid Colonel Carrington ordered Captain Ten Eyck, with about seventy-six men (all they had for duty in the fort) and two wagons for ammunition, to join Colonel Fetterman immediately.

As soon as the captain had reached a summit commanding a view of the battle-field, he reported that the Peno Valley was full of Indians—that he could see nothing of Colonel Fetterman's party, and asked that a howitzer be sent him. This request was not complied

with. The Indians, who at first beckoned to him to come down, now began to retreat; and Captain Ten Eyck, advancing to a point where they had been standing in a circle, found the dead naked bodies of Colonel Fetterman, Captain Brown and about sixty-five of the soldiers of their command.

At this place there were no indications of a severe struggle. All the bodies lay in a space not exceeding thirty-five feet in diameter. There were some few cartridges, but no empty shells lying around. A few American horses lay dead a short distance off, all with their heads turned toward the fort. About a mile farther on were found the dead bodies of Lieutenant Grummond, three citizens and four or five of the old, long-tried and experienced soldiers. A great number of empty cartridge shells were on the ground at this place, and more than fifty were found about one of the dead citizens who used a Henry rifle. Within a hundred yards in front of this position were ten Indian ponies, dead, and also sixty-five pools of dark and clotted blood. But at no other point were the Indian ponies or pools of blood observed.

Details of the Slaughter.

The natural inference, therefore, is that the savages were massed to resist Colonel Fetterman's advance along Peno Creek on both sides of the road; that the colonel formed his advanced lines on the summit of the hill overlooking the creek and valley, with a reserve near where the dead bodies lay; that the Indians, in force of from fifteen to eighteen hundred warriors,

attacked him vigorously in this position, and were successfully resisted by him for half an hour or more; that the command seized with panic at finding themselves short of ammunition and at the great numerical superiority of the Indians, attempted to retreat toward the fort; that the mountaineers and old soldiers, who had learned that a movement from Indians in an engagement was equivalent to certain death, remained in their first position, and were killed there; that immediately upon the commencement of the retreat the enemy charged upon and surrounded the party, who could not now be formed by their officers, and were immediately put to death.

Death Preferred to Capture.

Only six men of the whole command lost their lives by balls, and two of these, Lieutenant-Colonel Fetterman and Captain Brown, no doubt inflicted this death upon themselves or each other, both being shot through the left temple, the powder being burnt into the skin and flesh about the wound. Both officers had often been heard to assert that they would not be taken alive by the Indians.

The United States Senate committee, appointed to investigate the Fetterman massacre, reported that they found no living officer deserving of censure, but that the fault was traced to the government itself in not sending reinforcements of men and ammunition to these new forts in Wyoming, where all was war, instead of permitting them to remain at such places as Fort Laramie, where all was peace.

Prepared for the Worst.

Sad indeed were the holidays that December in Fort Phil Kearney. The dead were buried in mournful silence and with loving care. From the night of the fatal 21st began the unprecendentedly cold weather, sometimes falling as low as forty-one degrees below zero. It became necessary to change the guards half-hourly, to keep them from freezing. The costumes of the garrison resembled those of Siberia or Lapland. A settled gloom pervaded the entire fort. The charades, tableaus, Shakespearian readings, the usual evening levee at the colonel's house—all these pleasant diversions, to which the soldiers had been looking forward, were now not thought of. Lights burned in all the quarters; each man knew his place and the distribution of the loopholes; the gunners slep near their weapons; all were on the alert, ready for the enemy should he appear flushed with his recent victory. The constant and drifting snow-storms soon lifted their crests above the stockade, and when a trench was dug outside the next snow or wind would fill it.

A few days after New Year orders were received to remove headquarters to Fort Caspar. Although nearly buried in snow-drifts and almost perishing from the unparalleled cold, the party finally reached their destination in safety.

Relics of the Conflict.

"Passing now to the year 1867, I return," says Mr. Balch, "to personal narratives of wars and adventures

with the Sioux, those inveterate enemies of the entire human race, themselves excepted. It chanced that in this year military duty called me to the Powder River country of the Rocky Mountains—the very region, in fact, of the Fort Phil Kearney massacre. Our route lay up the Platte River to Julesburg, thence to old Fort Laramie. We marched to Fort Fetterman, and then to Reno, where I met the command of General Sweitzer, and reported to that officer, who ordered me to Fort Phil Kearney.

"One day, as I was returning with a cavalry company from a ride taken in the interests of an endangered train, which was making its way to the fort, I visited the massacre ground with Major Gordon, who pointed out to me where the hardest fighting had taken place. The spot was still covered with the debris of the battle —skeletons of horses and mules, human bones, pieces of skulls, knapsacks, torn uniforms and broken guns. The major also showed me the spot where Fetterman made his last stand, and where eighty-six soldiers lay dead in one pile.

No Surrender.

"Another object of interest was the rock behind which Jim Wheatley, the guide, and Captain Brown had taken shelter, and in front of which fifteen Indians lay dead This massacre was unparalleled in the history of savage warfare. The conflict was desperate in the extreme, each soldier fighting until his ammunition gave out, and then defending himself with rocks and the butt of his gun. One boy was seen

to knock two Indians down with his bugle before he was run through with an Indian lance. The stones and rocks were still stained with blood and covered with hair where the savages had beat out the brains of the soldiers with their war-clubs. I picked up an old flint-lock Indian gun which bore the brand, 'London, 1777.' The history of that veteran weapon would certainly be curious could it be written. How many battles and skirmishes had it lent its services to? Where had it travelled, and how many wild animals, Indians and white men had it slain?

A Hasty March.

"On the 5th of November a runner came hastily into the fort to announce that Lieutenant Shirly, who had been sent out with a detachment of men, had been attacked by two hundred Indians, and a severe battle fought. At one o'clock at night we left the fort with two companies of cavalry, Colonel Green commanding. Arriving at the scene of action about daylight next morning, we found wagons overturned and sacks of flour, sugar, rice and bacon scattered over the ground. There were also boxes of crackers, packages of stationery, pipes, tobacco, books, scabbards, swords and broken guns. As the enemy had left, we busied ourselves in looking after the wounded. Lieutenant Shirly was suffering severely from the effects of a ball which had passed through his instep and flattened against the sole of the boot. He stated that the principal object of attack by the Indians was the howitzer, they having killed or wounded every

man around it in their efforts to capture it. Gathering up the stores as well as we could, we took the wounded men and returned to the fort.

"On the 29th of November the pickets on the hill overlooking the fort signalled 'Indians,' and in a few moments afterward reported that they were attacking the ox-train three miles distant. I at once saddled up some horses and with a party proceeded to their relief. On our approach the Indians, ten in number, fled. After a pursuit of seven miles we succeeded in killing four of them.

Wonderful Coolness.

"It was wonderful to see the coolness and agility of these savages. When one of their number was wounded or killed, the rest would stop, lash him to a pony and then dash forward again. One Indian was tied by the neck to the bow of his saddle and by one leg to the cantle (or back part of the saddle), the other leg dragging on the ground.

"Early in December a messenger came to the fort and reported that a train belonging to Mr. McPherson had been attacked and corralled about forty miles out on the Phil Kearney road. The same night Mr. McPherson's herder came in and confirmed the report, stating that the men had been fighting since Sunday morning, and when he left one had been killed and seven wounded. I was ordered out to their relief with a cavalry company and one mounted howitzer.

"Toward morning we were challenged with 'Who

goes there?' and upon answering, 'Relief from the fort,' cheer after cheer burst from the throats of the besieged men. They were wild with joy, and many sat down and cried like children when they realized that deliverance was at hand. More than than two hundred Indians had surrounded them, and had left only when they learned of our approach. So closely had they watched that it was impossible to get word to the fort, one man having lost his life in attempting to steal through the Indian lines. The herder had escaped at great risk and by crawling among the rocks on his hands and knees for over a mile, had saved his life.

Horrors of the Battle-field.

"The battle-field bore evidence of a desperate conflict, arrows, guns, blankets and dead oxen and ponies lying thick over the ground. White human bones were all that remained of bodies that had been dragged out on the prairie and eaten by the wolves. Not a particle of flesh remained; even the skulls were broken in and the brains sucked out by the ravenous beasts.

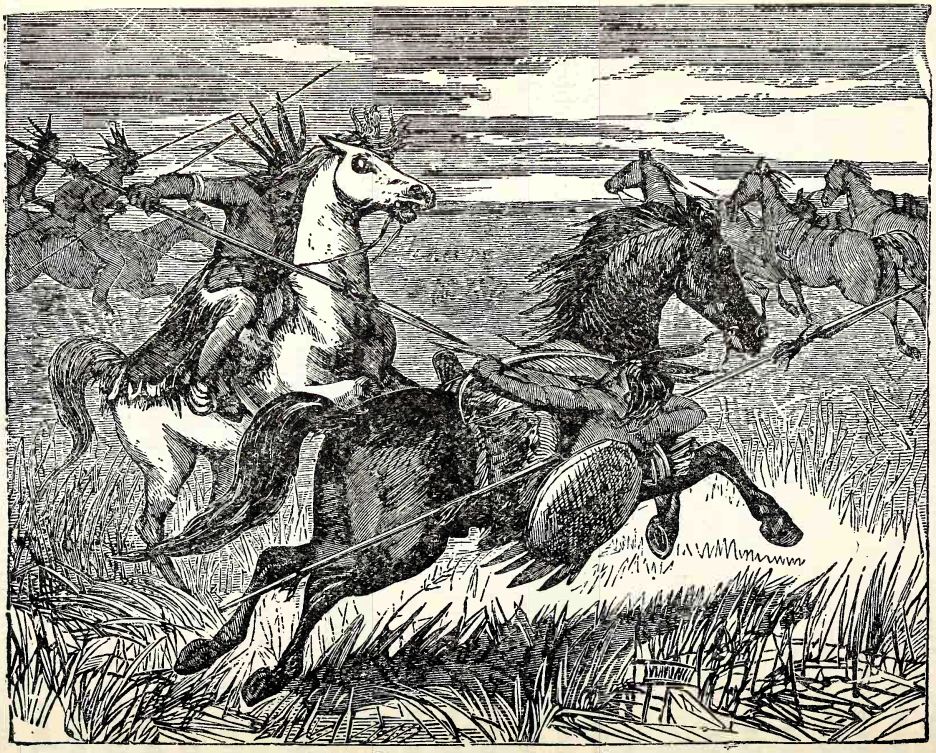
"On the 2d of January the Indians appeared around the fort, and Dr. H. W. Matthews, one of the Peace Commissioners on the part of the United States Government, assembled them for the purpose of consultation. Many speeches were made by Sioux and Cheyenne chiefs; they demanded the withdrawal of the troops, the giving up of the road and a present of quantities of powder and bullets. The replies of

the commissioner were evasive, and the council broke up without having arrived at any satisfactory conclusion. When asked why Red Cloud did not attend, a chief answered, 'He has sent us as the Great Father has sent you; when the Great Father comes, Red Cloud will be here.' This was to signify that the haughty chieftain would only condescend to treat through his agents unless the President were present in person.

Eager for Powder and Bullets.

"After the meeting I went down to the Arrapahoe camp to trade for some buffalo robes, and finally succeeded in getting a fine bridal robe, but for which I was obliged to pay the enormous price of ninety-eight dollars. I presented this to General Smith, and next morning went into the Sioux camp to purchase another, but could not induce them to part with one for money, although they would sell anything they had for powder and bullets, offering four dollars for a single charge and forty dollars for four ounces.

"On the 8th day of April the Sioux, mounted on fleet horses, appeared in large numbers on the bluffs north of the fort, and rode furiously around the hill-tops, yelling and brandishing their weapons in a hostile manner. Many of them carried scalp-poles and were dressed in feathers and war-paint. For several days at different times they manœuvred round the fort, reconnoitring, demanding food, etc., and we had no doubt that mischief was brewing. Their suspicious actions forced us to this conclusion.



SIOUX WARRIORS ON HORSEBACK

"All remained quiet, however, until the 10th of June, when, about five o'clock in the evening, the pickets signalled that a train was approaching. Lieutenant McCaulley, of the Twenty-seventh Infantry, and myself rode out to meet it. We had gone across a small knoll to the south of the pickets, and passed out of sight of them but a short distance, when suddenly we saw ten Indians riding down upon us. Calling out to McCaulley that they were hostile, and that we must ride for the fort as speedily as possible, we turned our horses, and had arrived within sight of our destination when we observed about twenty savages passing directly between us and the place we were aiming to reach, evidently with the intention of cutting us off. As we were riding at the foot of a steep hill at the time, I told McCaulley that we must climb to the top and defend ourselves until help could reach us. Dismounting and dragging our horses after us, we clambered up, and had gone about halfway when several Indians reached the foot of the bluff and fired upon us. This was a declaration of war.

"We took up our position on the very crest of the hill, and the Indians now began to surround us, climbing up in our direction. Sheltering the horses behind the crest on the side where there were no savages, I told McCaulley to hold them while I fought the enemy. Covering a big fellow with my revolver, I was about to fire when he turned and ran down the hill. I now brought the weapons to bear upon other

parts of the line, but the cowardly rascals ran whenever I took aim at them.

Timely Arrival of Cavalry.

"We were in full sight of the fort and looked anxiously for help, but as yet could see no one coming to our assistance. I now examined my revolvers, and, to my horror, discovered but *two* charges in the barrel and no ammunition with me. Suddenly McCaulley called to me to look out, and, turning, I saw an Indian crawling on the ground within twenty feet of the horses. As McCaulley spoke the savage fired an arrow, which barely missed the lieutenant and buried itself deep in the shoulder of his horse. The poor animal reared and plunged with pain, but his master clung to him while I took aim at the Indian, who now sprang to his feet and ran down the hill, leaping twenty feet at a jump.

"Observing that I did not fire, the enemy grew bolder and approached nearer; but at length I took aim and killed one of them, which caused them to retreat to a distance of about eighty yards and open fire upon us. We let the wounded horse go, and, to our delight, many of the Indians ran after him; a dozen still remained, however. At this juncture a shout of joy burst from the lips of McCaulley, and upon looking around I saw the gates swing open and the cavalry come streaming out.

The Savages Put to Flight.

"The savages had seen it too, and were preparing to charge. I informed McCaulley that if we could

hold our position a few moments longer we should be saved. We let the other horse go, and I fired from McCaulley's revolver seven shots in succession, and with such effect as to make the Indians take rapid flight. The shouts of the approaching troops could now be distinctly heard. The savages, mounting their ponies, took flight, but were pursued, and it is thought some of them must have been killed or wounded; how many, owing to the darkness, it was impossible to say.

"During the fight one Indian, armed with a rifle, had taken shelter behind a rock on the ridge opposite us (and which commanded our position), and had amused himself for more than an hour by firing at us. One of the balls ripped open my jacket, another cut Lieutenant McCaulley's sleeve. I also received an arrow through my collar; one struck the vizor of my new uniform cap, completely ruining it. Not only was my horse lost, but it had on, when captured, a fifty-dollar saddle and a Mexican hair-bridle for which I had paid one hundred and twenty-five dollars but a few days previously."

CHAPTER XIX.

Wars with the Cheyennes and Arrapahoes in 1868-69.—General Forsyth's Fight on the Arickaree.—Campaigns of General Carr.

We now leave for a time the ferocious Sioux and turn our attention to the Cheyennes and Arrapahoes. The wild Sioux and the Cheyennes have the finest *physique*, and are the most independent, high-spirited and warlike of all the American Indians. The Cheyennes are at present a small tribe, numbering about two thousand, and live partly in Indian Territory and partly in the region of the Red Cloud Agency in Wyoming, the site of their ancestral home. Catlin says of them that they are fine athletes, that there is scarcely a man who is less than six feet high, and that in his day they were the richest in horses of any tribe on the continent, because they lived in the country where wild horses grazed in vast numbers. Their principal chief at the time of which we are speaking was "Black Kettle," or Moke-to-ve-to.

The Arrapahoes, sometimes called "Dirty-Noses" from their sign, which consists in taking the nose between the thumb and forefinger, formerly lived between the south fork of the Platte and the Arkansas rivers. They hunt with the Cheyennes, and are, like them, partly in Indian Territory and partly at

Red Cloud Agency. They are a thievish, fierce and treacherous set, and are distinguished from the Sioux or Dacotahs by superior gauntness of person and boldness of look. There are also minor points of difference in the moccasins, arrow-marks and weapons. At the time of which we speak they numbered about fifteen hundred, their head chief being Little Raven, or Oh-nas-tie, who is described as being almost an ideal Indian—manly in form, humane and trustworthy in face. In several instances he prevented outbreaks of his people against the whites, and in 1860 was the recipient of a medal from President Buchanan. Other leaders of the Arrapahoes were Yellow Bear and Bird Chief.

The Expedition Starts.

In the autumn of 1868 what were called the Dog Soldier Indians of the Cheyenne tribe were making trouble in the region of the Republican and Solomon rivers, and General Phil. Sheridan selected General George A. Forsyth to go out on an expedition against them. At the time there was a paucity of troops at Fort Hays, and General Forsyth recruited a small force of tough and experienced frontiersmen (hunters, guides and scouts), who could move rapidly from place to place, since they would be unencumbered with luggage. Thirty of them were taken from Fort Harker and twenty from Fort Hays. On the 29th of August the expedition started, Lieutenant F. H. Beecher of the Third Infantry, nephew of Henry W. Beecher, being second in command; Dr. John

Mowers, surgeon; and Sharpe Grover, who was chief guide.

Passing by Fort Wallace and the town of Sheridan, where the Indians had been committing depredations, the party went into camp late in the afternoon of September 18th, at a point on the Arickaree where the water was only eight or nine feet wide and but two or three inches deep. Early the following morning the command was startled by the cry of "Indians!" It proved to be a half dozen of the savages, who were endeavoring to stampede the horses by hideous yelling and the firing of their guns, and so far succeeded that several horses and the four pack-mules broke their fastenings and ran away.

Surrounded by the Enemy.

A moment afterward nearly a thousand Indians came galloping down upon the party and completely surrounded them. By order of General Forsyth, the men retreated to a small island, tied their horses in a circle to the bushes, and then, throwing themselves upon the ground, began the defence. As soon as possible they threw up a small breastwork. A steady firing was maintained, and General Forsyth was twice seriously wounded; the surgeon, Dr. Mowers, was badly injured in the head, and soon died; two of the scouts were killed, and before nine o'clock all of the horses had been shot.

Soon afterward about three hundred of the mounted Dog Soldiers, led by old Roman-Nose, charged upon the gallant little band, pouring in upon them

volley after volley. It was a brilliant charge, but it was repulsed. The men, reserving their fire until the most favorable moment, sent the lead in among the enemy, and the chiefs Roman-Nose and Medicine-Man were killed, falling from their horses when within a rod of the whites. The besieged then set up a shout of triumph, and soon the warriors fell back. In this charge several were wounded, among whom was Lieutenant Beecher, fatally.

In Direful Straits.

About two o'clock in the afternoon the Indians again made an attack, and were again repulsed with a heavy loss. With the approach of darkness hostilities ceased. The assaulted forces had, out of fifty men, but twenty-eight who were fit for action. The supplies were exhausted, the surgeon dead and the medical stores captured, so that the wounded could not be properly cared for; they were one hundred and ten miles from the nearest post, and were surrounded by the savages.

But they did not despair while they had plenty of ammunition on hand, an abundance of water to be had for the digging, and their horses and mules for meat. During the night two of the scouts stole through the Indian lines and started for Fort Wallace to obtain relief. One of these, named Stillwell, was in every respect brave and experienced, though only nineteen or twenty years old. The men now threw up their breastworks higher and heaped the horses upon them. They dug down to water, and

also stored away in the sand a quantity of horse and mule-meat to keep it fresh as long as possible.

Relief Comes.

The following day the Indians renewed hostilities, but did little damage, as the scouts were well fortified behind their parapets. During the third night two more men escaped through the Indian lines, bearing another despatch to Fort Wallace. On the next day only a sufficient number of Indians remained to guard the scouts. By the sixth day some of the wounds of the injured men began to present evidences of gangrene through lack of proper treatment; the mule- and horse-meat had become totally unfit for use, and General Forsyth told the men that any who desired to encounter the risk and leave might do so, but all declared that they would remain, and, if necessary, die together.

But relief was at hand. The first two scouts had succeeded in reaching Fort Wallace, and on the morning of the 25th, Colonel Carpenter arrived with a cavalry force and supplies, and the wounded and half-starved men were saved. There was great rejoicing over this timely relief.

General Sheridan desired to retaliate upon the Indians for their deeds at the battle of the Arickaree, and on the 5th of October the Fifth Cavalry, under the command of Major-General E. A. Carr, set out on its march for the Beaver Creek country with a train of seventy-five six-mule wagons, ambulances and pack-mules, besides a number of scouts.

among whom was the well-known W. F. Cody, or "Buffalo Bill."

One morning, just before daybreak, as they lay encamped near the south fork of the Solomon, shots

THE FAMOUS SCOUT, BUFFALO BILL.

were heard and pickets came galloping in with the tidings that Indians were at hand. The companies at once fell into line and considerable excitement prevailed, as many of the men had never been in the Indian country before. The picket who had

given the alarm was an Irishman, and he maintained stoutly that an Indian had knocked him on the head with a club.

"But you must be mistaken," said Colonel Royal.

"Upon me sowl, colonel, I'm not," said Pat; "as shure ez me name's Pat Maloney, one of thim rid divils hit me on the head wid a club, so he did."

The Blow Explained.

When morning came the mystery was explained. A number of elk-tracks were discovered, and it was these no doubt that had frightened the Irishman, who had knocked his head against a limb as he ran, and had mistaken it for a blow from a club.

At the south fork of Beaver Creek a large force of the enemy was discovered on some bluffs. Firing soon began, and the Indians, continually increasing in numbers and slowly retreating before the fire of the whites, gave evidence that they were fighting only to afford their women and children an opportunity to get away. At dark, as some of the officers were taking supper in the open air, one of the savages appeared on the bluff above the camp and fired a shot which made a hole through one of the plates. Major Brown observed that it was a crack shot, which was not a bad pun. The retreating Indian village was closely pursued for several days, the trail being easily followed, since they were continually dropping lodge-poles, buffalo robes and other heavy articles. General Carr, after having caused them sufficient alarm, concluded that it was useless to pur-

sue them farther, as they would now probably leave the region and pass north of the Union Pacific Railroad; which, in truth, they did.

An Order from General Sheridan.

General Carr soon received orders from General Sheridan to make a winter campaign in the region of the Canadian River, fitting out the expedition at Fort Lyon on the Arkansas River. General Penrose had left Fort Lyon in the latter part of November (three weeks before General Carr arrived), taking with him only such supplies as could be conveyed on pack-mules, and there was now great apprehension as to his safety. Accordingly, General Carr was instructed to follow up his trail. On the third day the force was stopped in Freeze-out Cañon by a terrific snow-storm and obliged to go into camp.

General Carr sent for his trusty scout, Cody, and requested him to push on with some of the others with the view of gaining traces of Penrose. After proceeding some twenty-four miles, they came upon an old camp of Penrose; here the scouts built a fire and cooked some venison which they had shot. Cody then returned to the camp with the news; he found a light still burning in the tent of the general, who gave him a welcome and ordered for him a hot supper. In the morning the force set out again, and continued to follow the trail for several days.

Dreadful Suffering.

At length, by the aid of some negro deserters from Penrose's camp, whom they found in a nearly

starved condition, the half-famished soldiers were discovered encamped on the Polladora. The men had been on quarter rations for two weeks. Over two hundred of their horses had died of fatigue and starvation. General Penrose, having heard that Carr would not be able to reach him, had sent back a company of the Seventh Cavalry to Fort Lyon for supplies, but they had not been heard from.

In March, 1869, General Carr returned to Fort Lyon, where the troops were ordered to rest and recruit for one month preparatory to being transferred to the department of the Platte. During these four weeks the command suffered greatly from the depredations of horse-thieves, who, by their cunning and agility, defied all efforts to capture them or learn their identity. At length recourse was had (as on many both previous and subsequent occasions) to the keen-scented Cody, or "Buffalo Bill," who in his autobiography gives an entertaining account of the exciting adventures which he and his companions had in securing these desperate characters. Cody's coadjutors in this undertaking were Green, Jack Farley and another scout in charge of their pack-mule.

Capture of a Thief.

The track of the thieves was easily followed into a timbered region; but here, after collecting a number of animals at a certain place in the woods, they had shrewdly broken up their trail by leading their stock out one by one in different directions. But by making a complete circle around the woods the

INDIANS SCALPING THEIR VICTIMS.

scouts discovered the place of exit—*i. e.* some sand-hills—where they found the tracks of eight horses and four mules. They now tracked them to Denver, which they reached on a Saturday, when an auction sale of horses was being held. Cody took a room overlooking the corral, and there awaited the hour of sale; at which time a man, whom he recognized as one of their old army mule-packers, rode in mounted on Lieutenant Forbush's racing mule and leading another army mule. As the other thief failed to appear, Cody rightly judged that he was guarding the rest of the stock at some point outside of the city.

Bold Attempt to Escape.

When the mule of Lieutenant Forbush was put up at auction, Cody appeared upon the scene, and was at once recognized by the thief, who made an effort to escape. But the scout, seizing him by the shoulder, said: "I guess, my friend, you'll have to go with me; if you make any resistance I'll shoot you on the spot." Cody then disarmed him, showed the auctioneer his commission as a United States detective, and forbade the sale.

Farley and Green now came forward, and the three scouts took the prisoner and the mules three miles down the Platte River, where, with an open disregard of formality, they informed the culprit that they were now about to hang him to a limb unless he confessed the whereabouts of his "pal." The man was constrained to tell, and they at once proceeded to the

spot indicated. Approaching the house, they saw the stolen stock grazing outside. As one of the packers, named Bill Bevins, appeared at the door, Cody covered him with his rifle before he could draw his revolver, and ordered him to throw up his hands. In short, the men were conducted to Denver and lodged in jail for a few days until the arrival of their scout with the pack-mule, when, with each prisoner tied to a mule, they all set out for Fort Lyon,

The first night (which was a cold and stormy one in April) they camped in a sheltered nook on Cherry Creek; as the prisoners appeared docile, they were not tied. All slept in a row with their feet to the fire, the prisoners in the centre. About three o'clock in the morning, Jack Farley, who was on guard and sitting on the foot of the bed, was kicked over into the midst of the fire by Williams (one of the theives), and immediately Bevins, grasping his shoes, jumped over the fire and fled. Cody, as soon as he could collect his senses, knocked down Williams with his revolver, fired at Bevins, and then, in company with Green, started in pursuit of the fugitive, who, unfortunately for him, had dropped one of his shoes.

Notwithstanding this fact, he accomplished the unheard-of feat of running eighteen miles through a prickly-pear wood with one foot bare and the ground covered with snow. At one time he almost succeeded in escaping across the Platte, but was at length captured. His foot was in a pitiable condition. Cody loaned him his knife to dig the prickly-pear briers

from it, and allowed him to ride his horse back to the camp.

The next night they camped in an empty cabin on the banks of the Arkansas River. They had a roaring fire, which lighted up the interior with its ruddy glow, while without the storm raged in a night of the thickest darkness. Bevins' foot was now swollen so enormously as to be useless. About ten o'clock Williams asked permission to step to the door a moment.

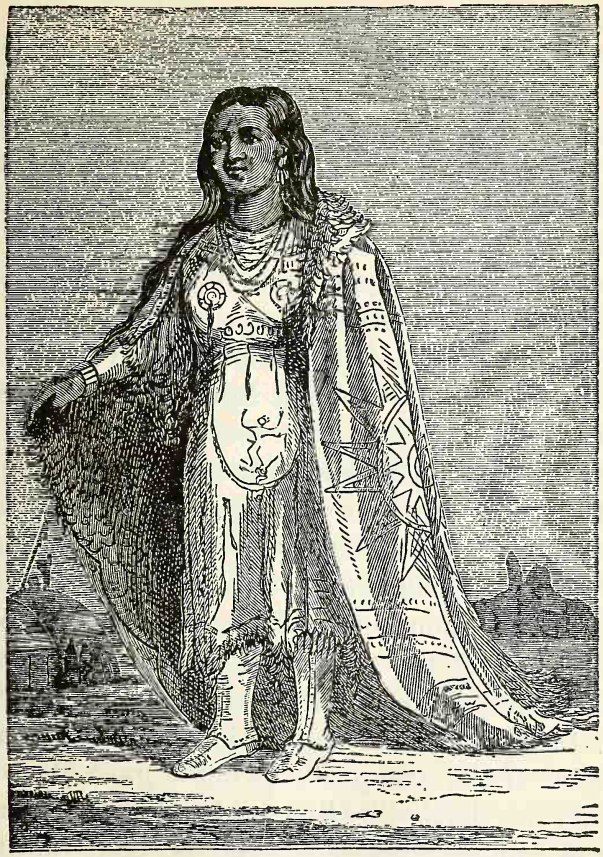
A Stage-coach Robber.

The pack-mule scout, who was on guard, had his revolver in his hand and allowed him to do so, but before he could raise the weapon Williams had jumped sideways out of the door and was gone. That was the last that was seen of him. Bevins was put in prison, but escaped and led the life of a stage-coach robber until he was finally lodged in the Nebraska State prison.

During the spring and summer of 1869, General Carr, in command of the Fifth Cavalry, carried on operations against the Cheyennes and Sioux in the department of the Platte. Shortly after reaching Fort McPherson, Nebraska, the troops were reinforced by three companies of the famous Pawnee Scouts, Major Frank North commander, and while at this place the regiment was reviewed by General Augur, as were also the mounted Pawnee Scouts, who presented a most amusing spectacle.

They had been furnished with regular cavalry

uniforms, and on parade some wore heavy overcoats; others had on their large black hats with all the para-



PSHAN-SHAW, A PAWNEE SQUAW.

phernalia of brass ornaments; some, having no panta loons, wore only a breech-cloth; others had the seat of the pantaloons cut out, leaving only leggings;

finally, there were those who wore brass spurs, but had neither boots nor moccasins. The commands were given to them in the Pawnee language by their commander, Major North, who was as familiar with the dialect as the natives themselves.

"Prepare for Action."

After leaving camp and proceeding up the Republican River, the command met with traces of the Sioux, and had a skirmish with them on the Black-Tail Deer Fork. As the force followed up the trail the print of a woman's shoe was continually appearing, whence it was correctly inferred that the Indians had with them some white captive. The Indian village was at length discovered at Summit Springs, near the South Platte River.

General Carr immediately gave the order to tighten saddles and prepare for action. All was now excitement and hot haste. The general decided to make a détour to the north, and, by thus avoiding the Indian scouts, come upon their village by surprise. When within a mile of the settlement he halted and issued the command that when the charge should be sounded the entire force should engage in the attack. Coming in sight of the camp, the general gave the order, "Sound the charge!" But the bugler was in such a state of intense excitement that he had utterly forgotten the notes and stood helplessly fumbling at the trumpet. Quartermaster Hays, seeing his predicament and at once divining the cause, seized the bugle and himself sounded the charge in clear and resonant

notes; then throwing the bugle away, he drew his pistols and was one of the first to dash into the village.

A Squaw's Bloody Deed.

The Indians fled, and the men rushed pell-mell, shooting at everything they saw. The general had given orders to keep a sharp lookout for white captives. They soon found two white women, one of whom had just been murdered and the other wounded. Both were Swedes. "Tall Bull's" wife had killed Mrs. Alderdice with a hatchet as soon as she saw the troops approaching, and supposed that she had also slain Mrs. Weichel. These poor women had been treated in the usual shocking and inhuman manner by the Indian men. Mrs. Alderdice was given proper burial, and about one thousand dollars in gold and silver, found in the Indian camp, and which had evidently been stolen from the Swedish settlers whom they had murdered, were given to Mrs. Weichel.

On taking account of their booty the soldiers found on their hands two hundred lodges, eight hundred horses and mules, and one hundred and twenty squaws and pappooses. They had killed about one hundred and forty of the enemy. The tepees and all the camp equipage, including several tons of dried buffalo-meat, were collected into piles and burned.

In the mean time the Sioux had returned, and a severe battle took place, the savages attacking on every side. Cody (or "Bison William," as he sometimes

jocularly called himself) was on the skirmish-line, and noticed an Indian riding a large bay horse as fleet as the wind. He soon discovered that it was no other than Tall Bull, the chief. Up and down in front of the Indian line he rode excitedly, exhorting his men to brave action, telling them that they had lost their all and must soon fight to the death. Cody observed that as he passed along the skirmish-line he went near to the head of a certain ravine, and so determined to try and shoot him from that place, in order to gain possession of his horse, with which he was fascinated.

Cody Kills Tall Bull.

He succeeded in knocking the chief from his saddle, and the horse ran into the camp of the whites, where he was caught by Sergeant McGrath. "Bison William" afterward discovered that he had captured the fleetest horse in the State of Nebraska, as was proved by repeated trial. When it was taken to the place where the prisoners were assembled, one of the squaws began to cry in a pitiful and hysterical manner. Cody learned that she was the wife of Tall Bull, the same who had murdered Mrs. Alderdice and wounded the other white woman, and he now knew that the Indian whom he had just slain was Tall Bull. He informed the distressed squaw that her husband had "passed in his chips," and that he would call the horse Tall Bull, in honor of him. A book might well be written on the bravery of horses.

All the Sioux were now put to flight beyond the

North Platte and into the region of the Niobrara River; the pursuit was abandoned and the force returned to Fort McPherson.

While scouting among the sand-hills of the Niobrara region the Pawnee Indians brought into camp one night some very large bones, one of which was pronounced by a surgeon to be the thigh-bone of a human being. They were undoubtedly those of some animal of the extinct species whose remains have been found in such great numbers by Prof. O. C. Marsh and others in these regions. The account of them which was given by the Pawnees may be cited here as one out of hundreds of similar legends that are told by all tribes of Indians.

Their story is to the effect that the bones belonged to a race of giants who once inhabited the region, and who were about three times the size of men of the present time. They were so swift and strong that they could run by the side of a buffalo, take it up under one arm, tear off a leg and eat it as they ran. These giants denied the existence of a Great Spirit, and laughed at the thunder and lightning, saying that they were greater than either. This displeased the Great Spirit, who sent a flood which rose above the highest mountain-tops and drowned all these extraordinary creatures. After the subsidence of the waters the Great Spirit concluded that he had made a mistake in creating men so great in stature, and therefore formed another race of smaller size, who became the ancestors of men now living.

CHAPTER XX.

Battle of the Washita.—Custer's War with the Cheyennes, Arrapahoes, Kiowas and Camanches, 1868-69.

In order to complete our survey of the campaigns of General Carr, we have been obliged to anticipate the chronological order a little, and we now return in order to follow the movements of General George A. Custer in his fight on the Washita and in his other minor operations against the Indians in the year 1868-69. We now meet, for the first time in this narrative, Kiowa and Camanche Indians, and it will be proper to give the reader some facts concerning their character and habits.

The range of the Kiowas and Camanches extends over a large part of Western Texas, the south-eastern portion of New Mexico and over Northern Mexico. In 1867 the two tribes numbered about twenty-eight hundred. Catlin describes the Kiowas as being a much finer race than the Camanches or Pawnees. They are tall and erect, with an easy and dignified gait; their long hair is frequently allowed to grow so that it trails on the ground. They have, says Catlin, a fine Roman outline of head. They are said to be

the most treacherous, cruel and greedy of all the Indians of the Plains. Their influence over the Camanches is said to be almost unlimited. The principal chiefs are "Lone Wolf" and "Satanta."

The Camanches are rather low in stature and often corpulent in person. Their sign is made by waving the hand or forefinger so as to imitate the forward crawling motion of a snake. They are nomadic in habit, and may be called the Bedouins of America. Fierce and untamable, they plunder alike Indians, Mexicans and whites. They pitch their lodges in regular streets and squares, but are ready to flee over the boundless prairies and deserts at a moment's notice wherever there is most promise of buffaloes or plunder. They numbered, in 1876, about two thousand.

Expert Horsemen.

When on their feet they are exceedingly clumsy and awkward, and seem almost as much out of their element as a monkey on the ground; but the moment they mount their horses they change as if by enchantment; even their faces seem to grow handsome, and they fly away with the grace and dexterity of a bird, justly winning their right to being called the most expert and fearless riders in the world. Each has his favorite war-horse, and, like the Arab, regards it with the greatest affection.

Their women also are daring riders and hunters, and are successful too in lassoing antelopes and shooting buffaloes. The Camanches are bow-legged,

wear the hair short and tattoo their bodies. In battle they dash down upon their enemies with wild yells, and, concealing the entire body—with the exception of one leg—behind their horses, they shoot their bullets and arrows either over or under the animal's neck with surprising skill, accuracy and rapidity.

When the Camanches determine on making war, and find on mustering their forces that they have not sufficient horses, they send a messenger to a friendly tribe to say that on a certain day they will come to "smoke" a certain number of horses, and expect the animals to be ready for them. This is a challenge which is never refused, involving as it does the honor of the tribe.

Singular Custom.

On the appointed day the young warriors who have no horses go to the friendly village stripped and painted as if for war, and seat themselves in a circle, all facing inward. They light their pipes and smoke in silence, the people of the village forming a large circle around them, leaving a wide space between themselves and their visitors.

Presently in the distance there appears an equal number of young warriors on horseback, dashing along at full gallop and in "Indian file," according to their custom. They gallop round the ring, and the foremost rider, selecting one of the seated young men, stoops from his saddle as he passes, and delivers a terrible blow at his naked shoulders with his cruel whip. Each of his followers does the same, and they

COMANCHES "SMOKING HORSES

gallop round and round the smokers, at each circuit repeating the blow until the shoulders of the men are covered with blood. It is incumbent upon the sufferers to smoke on in perfect calmness, and not to give the slightest intimation that they are aware of the blows which are inflicted on them. When the requisite number of circuits have been made, the leader springs from his horse and places the bridle and whip in the hands of the young man whom he has selected, saying at the same time, "You are a beggar; I present you with a horse; but you will always carry my mark on your back." The rest follow his example.

Believing stealing to be the highest virtue, the Camanches manifest the greatest adroitness and cunning in practising their thefts. Like all barbarians, they imagine their tribe to be the most powerful on the earth; and when the government supplies them with blankets, sugar or money, they attribute the gifts to fear on the part of the whites and a desire to propitiate them.

An Adroit Chief.

Their principal chief, at the time the events here recorded took place, was "Satanta" or "White Bear." In artful diplomacy, audacious and ferocious cruelty, Satanta was without a rival. If a white man did him a benefit, he never forgot it; if an injury, it lived fresh in his memory until his vengeance was sated. A gentleman who visited him in 1864 says: "He puts on a good deal of style; spreads a carpet for his

guests to sit on, and has painted fire-boards, twenty inches wide and three feet long, ornamented with bright brass tacks driven round the edges, and which are used for tables. He has a brass French horn, which he blew vigorously when the meals were ready."

Against these and other Indians, General Sheridan had determined to make a winter campaign. This new and Napoleonic piece of tactics was a shrewd one. The savages heretofore had had all the advantages in their favor by fighting their battles in the summer season, when the rich verdure of the valleys served as food for their ponies, and the herds of buffaloes roaming the prairies supplied their own sustenance and enabled them to move to any point they wished. In winter, on the contrary, through difficulty of obtaining provender, many of their ponies died of starvation. Moreover, they would be taken by surprise, as it was their settled belief that it was impossible for the whites to wage war in winter.

General Custer on the March.

Thirteen Osage Indians, a semi-civilized tribe, were engaged as scouts for the Seventh Cavalry, and the expedition started from Fort Dodge on November 12th, 1868. The trains moved in four parallel columns, guarded by the soldiers disposed in various positions. The infantry, little used to marching, would, after proceeding a few miles in the early part of the day, creep into the covered wagons. During the afternoon there would be but slight evidence to

the eye that infantry formed any portion of the expedition, save here and there the butt of a musket or the point of a bayonet peeping out from under the canvas of the wagon-covers.

After reaching Camp Supply a number of the best teams and wagons were selected and loaded with sufficient provisions to last the command for thirty days; the cavalry, consisting of eight or nine hundred men, were then ready to march, accompanied by a detachment of scouts (among whom was California Joe) and the Osage Indians, headed by Little Beaver and Hard Rope. The order to advance soon came from department headquarters in the form of a brief letter of instructions, the purport of which was that General Custer should march his command in search of the winter hiding-place of the enemy, and punish them for the depredations which they had committed.

A Severe Storm.

At daylight on the morning of November 23d the troops were ready to move, although the snow which was still falling already covered the ground to the depth of a foot. Before they had proceeded many miles even the Indian guides were forced to confess that they could not find their way nor recognize the country until the storm had ceased. But Custer took out his pocket-compass and pushed on to Wolf Creek, the camping-place agreed upon. The march was continued during the two following days through a good buffalo country and with a clear sky overhead.

Thus far, they had met no Indians: the storm had made them hug their lodges, and abandon for the present active operations.

The last wagon of the Seventh Cavalry had crossed the ford of the Canadian River and was parked on the plains to the south, when a courier from Major Elliot (who had been sent on to scout) dashed in with the news that the fresh trail of a war-path had been discovered. It was at once inferred that this was the last war-party of the season driven home by the storm. General Custer's perseverance, therefore, in pressing on through the blinding snow was to be rewarded. He was as yet undetected in the very heart of the Indian country. Had it been a little earlier in the season the savages would probably have surprised him, and not he them.

Guarding against the Enemy.

General Custer gave the force twenty minutes to get ready; then leaving eighty men with the poorest animals as a guard for the wagons, they started, taking with them only such supplies as they could carry on their horses. The first object was to form a junction with Major Elliot's party, and this was effected at nine o'clock at night. An hour was given for supper and for feeding the horses; ten o'clock found the men in their saddles. They marched four abreast in a long file, the line being headed by two of the Osage scouts on foot, who were to follow the trail and lead the regiment. The panther creeping upon its prey could not have advanced more stealthily

than did these Indians as they seemed to glide rather than walk over the snow-clad surface.

In order to prevent the force from coming upon the enemy without warning, the scouts moved three or four hundred yards in advance of the rest. Then came the remainder of the Osage guides, the white scouts and the general, the body of the cavalry following at a distance of a quarter or a half mile. This was so ordered on account of the crust on the snow, on which the treading of so many horses' feet at once produced a sound that could be heard a long distance. No one was permitted to strike a match or to utter a word above a whisper.

"We Smell Fire."

At length, after miles of this silent marching, the two guides in the van halted and waited for Custer to come up. "What is the matter?" said the general. One of them replied, "We don't know; we smell fire." This proved to be a remarkable instance of the keen and animal-like scent of the Indian. None of the officers could detect the least trace of a fire, and told the guides they must be mistaken; but a short distance farther on the discovery of a handful of smoking embers proved that they had been correct.

An almost breathless excitement prevailed. It was well known that none but hostile Indians could have built the fire, and Custer now called for a few volunteers to approach and see whether there were any savages sleeping around it. All of the Osages and a few of the scouts dismounted, and grasping their

rifles, with fingers on the triggers, stealthily advanced. The place was deserted, but from the signs and number of pony-tracks in the snow, the Osages were convinced that the fire was built by Indian boys, who had herded their ponies here, and the inference was drawn that the Indian camp was somewhere near at hand.

The Foe Near.

Again they advanced, now with even more caution than before. Presently, one of the two Osages, who, as usual, had been peering warily over the crest of a hill before the command should cross it, crouched low and returned to General Custer, saying in a low voice, "Heap Injuns down there." Dismounting and giving his horse's reins to the other guide, the general went with the Osage to reconnoitre. He could distinctly see a large number of animals of some kind about half a mile distant, but could perceive no signs of human beings, and asked his guide how he knew there were men there. He replied, "Me heard dog bark." The general soon heard the sound himself, and, in addition, the far, faint cry of an infant.

Hastily returning to the officers, who dismounted and collected around him, he told them what he had heard and asked that they would accompany him and observe for themselves, suggesting the removal of their sabres first, that the clanking might not attract attention. They acquiesced, and returned after midnight to form a scheme for making the attack. The

general plan was to employ the hours between then and daylight in completely surrounding the village. The force was divided into four nearly equal divisions. Two of these, consisting of two hundred men each, started at once on their long détour; one of the others was to leave an hour before daybreak.

General Custer and the scouts were to lead the fourth, which was to move from the place where they had first discovered the village. The cold, which was already intense, of course increased toward morning, as the earth continued to part with its heat by radiation. The night passed slowly and painfully to those who were obliged to wait. No fires could be kindled, nor were the men permitted to walk back and forth or stamp their feet. Some, wrapped in their overcoats, stretched themselves at full length upon the crusted snow or beside their horses and fell asleep; others sat in groups and talked in low tones of the coming battle.

The Guides Alarmed.

General Custer slept for an hour, and then rising walked about among the groups of men. In one place he found the Osage guides sitting in a circle beneath a tree, wide awake and evidently making no attempt to sleep. After the battle they told him the nature of their talk that night. They said that they mistrusted the ability of the whites to successfully attack a village located in heavy timber, with the natural banks of the stream as breastworks. They thought it probable that, finding themselves outnum-

bered, the whites would come to parley and, to save themselves, give up their Osage guides. They therefore concluded to secure their safety by remaining close to the standard-bearer during the action, knowing that the flag would not be exposed to danger or taken into the thick of the battle. From this position they could watch the fate of the engagement, and be ready to slip away in case it resulted disastrously to the whites.

California Joe delivered his opinion as follows: "One thing's sartain: ef them Injuns don't har anything uv us till we open on 'em at daylight, they'll be the most powerful 'stonished red skins that's been in these parts lately—they will, sure. An' ef we git the bulge on 'em and keep puttin' it to 'em sort o' lively like, we'll sweep the platter—thar won't be nary trick left for 'em. As the deal stands now, we hold the keerds and are holdin' over 'em; they've got to straddle our blind or throw up their hands. Howsomever, thar's a mighty sight in the draw."

Approach of Morning.

The officers watched anxiously for signs of the dawn. At one time they were all filled with the utmost astonishment at seeing what they supposed to be a far-off, slowly-rising signal rocket, large, lustrous and wondrously beautiful. In strange perplexity they supposed that they were discovered, and that this signal was made by the Indians to others of their number. They were not long mystified, however, for it proved to be nothing less than the morning star,

which now shone clear and bright above the mists of the, horizon through which it had been struggling.

At length the day broke and they began their march. The noise made by the tramp of the horses would probably have led to their discovery, had not the Indians imagined that it was caused by their own ponies. General Custer was of course entirely uninformed as to whether the other detachments had reached their positions, but his own command had now arrived at the level of the valley of the Washita, and through the trees could be discovered, here and there, the white lodges, with occasionally a thin thread of blue smoke curling lazily upward from the smouldering fires within.

Crack of a Rifle.

Immediately following General Custer came the band, mounted and in readiness to play as soon as the sign should be given. Their first piece was to be "Garry Owen."

As Custer turned in his saddle for the purpose of giving the signal to the band, a single rifle-shot rang out sharp and clear on the other side of the village, giving the glad intelligence that the other detachments were ready at their posts. Instantly the band struck up, and from all sides the eight hundred rushed in upon the silent village. The Indians were surprised, but, seizing their weapons, some sprang behind the nearest trees, others leaped into the Washita, which was nearly waist-deep, and used the bank as a rifle-

SNOW-SHOE DANCE OF THE APACHE.

pit. Mingled with the cheers of the soldiers were heard the defiant war-whoops of the savages, who fought with desperate valor.

Some of the savages ran in the direction from which Major Elliot's party had attacked, and met with a warm reception from him; some escaped, however, to carry the news to others. A large number of the men were now ordered to dismount and fight the Indians on foot, taking advantage of trees and such other means of cover as they could find. Slowly and steadily they drove the enemy from behind their places of shelter.

One party of troopers discovered a squaw trying to escape with a little white boy captive; perceiving that she was seen, she quickly cast her eyes in all directions, and, finding that escape was cut off on all sides, drew a huge butcher-knife from beneath her blanket and plunged it into the nearly naked body of the child. The next moment she fell, shot by a bullet from the carbine of a soldier. Both squaw and boy died before the soldiers could reach them.

Hard Fighting.

The obstinacy with which the warriors fought may be seen from the fact that in one sheltered place were found seventeen dead bodies of those who had only been overcome by being picked off, one by one, by sharp-shooters. In a deep ravine on the outskirts of the village thirty-eight others were met with. The squaws and children had, for the most part, remained in the tents, though it was difficult to persuade them

that they were not to be killed. Finally, they were induced to assemble in some large lodges in the centre of the village. The herds of ponies, frightened by the firing, rushed into the village and were corralled.

Presently, when the firing had almost ceased, General Custer was struck with astonishment at seeing large and continually increasing numbers of savages collecting on a little knoll not far away in the direction which had been taken by those who escaped. They were in full war-paint, mounted, gayly costumed and with pennants floating from their lances. Whence they came was a puzzling question which for a time could not be solved. But at length one of the squaws gave the startling intelligence, through the interpreter, Romeo, that, located in succession along the stream below and in the heavy timber, were the winter lodges of all the tribes of the southern plains who were then at war with the whites, including the Arrapahoes, Kiowas, Camanches and a portion of the Apaches, as well as such Cheyennes as did not belong to the village they had attacked.

Furious Charges Repulsed.

Upon obtaining this startling information the general instantly collected the men and held them in readiness to repel the attack which was inevitable. Fortunately, Major Bell, the quartermaster, who had been endeavoring to reach them with a fresh supply of ammunition, now succeeded in getting through the Indian lines with his small escort. That they had not

been cut to pieces was probably due to the fact that the attention of the savages was so drawn to what was transpiring in front of them that they had failed to notice any of the proceedings in their rear.

Fresh ammunition being now issued, the fight in a short time became general. The line of battle was circular, the village forming the centre. At first the enemy fought cautiously, but when, by order, some two hundred soldiers collected, and, burning all the lodges, captured their property, they became enraged and attacked furiously, repeatedly charging in well-mounted parties and endeavoring to break the line.

Return to the Camp.

About three o'clock in the afternoon General Custer began to feel disturbed about his wagon-train of supplies, which he felt sure was then due. If it should be attacked and destroyed, his situation would prove serious indeed. He therefore determined to make a feint of advancing upon the other villages, as if for the purpose of demolishing them as he had the one he now occupied. He felt confident that this would occasion alarm, and cause them to fly with their wives, children, ponies and such articles as could be carried. He would then turn and take up his march for Camp Supply.

The result was as he had anticipated. About an hour before sunset he placed his prisoners in the centre of his command and marched directly for the Indian villages: the occupants fled, leaving only a

few to watch him. At ten o'clock at night he rapidly retraced his steps, taking, on the return road, the direction in which he would meet his wagon-train; at two o'clock he went into bivouac on the Washita, and on the following day met the supplies. A courier was despatched to General Sheridan with news of the victory; in due season the army reached Camp Supply in safety.

There are, however, one or two circumstances in connection with this battle still to be referred to. After the capture of the Cheyenne village, General Custer found himself encumbered with about eight hundred and seventy-five unmanageable Indian ponies, and at a loss to know what disposition to make of them. They could neither be led nor driven; and had this been possible, it would not have been feasible, since their presence would have served as a continual incitement for the savages to attack and harass them. Under the circumstances the general decided that the only course open to him was to have them shot; the order was reluctantly given and as reluctantly obeyed.

General Custer Offered a Squaw in Marriage.

Before setting out on the return march, and prior to the killing of the ponies, General Custer, through the interpreter, Romeo, assembled the squaws before him. He told them of his purposed march, assured them of kind treatment, and directed them to select from the herd of ponies a certain number to carry them on the way. The squaws signified their ap-

proval, and a general handshaking took place with the general.

One of the middle-aged squaws, named Mahwissa, a sister of Black Kettle (whose camp it was they had attacked), made a speech to Custer, in which she informed him how wicked Black Kettle was, and that only last night they had returned from a war-party with white scalps and plunder, and had become so drunk that they were surprised in the morning by his troops. She reminded the general that it was his duty to protect the helpless, and ended by offering him a girl in marriage, actually going through the ceremony of placing the girl's hand in his and invoking the blessing of the Great Spirit upon the union before Custer realized her intention.

Upon learning her wishes, however, he declined the honor. He asked Romeo what had been her object in this proceeding, and he replied:

"Well, I'll tell ye: ef you'd 'a married that squaw, then she'd 'a told ye that all the rest of 'em were her kinfolks, and as a nateral sort o' thing you'd 'a been expected to kind o' provide and take keer o' your wife's relations. That's jist as I tell it to you, fur don't I know? Didn't I marry a young Cheyenne squaw and give her old father two of my best ponies for her? and it was not a week till every 'tarnal Injun in the village, old and young, came to my lodge, and my squaw tried to make me b'lieve they were all relations of hern, and that I ought to give 'em some grub; but I didn't do nuthin' of the sort."

"Well, how did you get out of it, Romeo?"—"Get out of it? Why, I got out of it by jist takin' my ponies and traps, and the first good chance I lit out; that's how I got out. I was satisfied to marry one or two of 'em, but when it come to marryin' an intire tribe, 'scuse me."

Grand Military Review.

When the command arrived at headquarters, General Sheridan was so much pleased at the success of the expedition that he honored it with a review which constituted a kind of triumphal procession, after the style of the old Romans.

First rode the Osage guides and trailers, dressed and painted in the Indian manner, chanting their war-songs, whooping and firing their guns.

Next came the scouts riding abreast, with California Joe bringing up the right, and unable, even on this ceremonious occasion, to forego his beloved pipe. In the rear of the scouts rode the Indian captives, mounted on their ponies and clad, many of them, in brilliant red blankets. Then followed the troops, formed in columns of platoons and preceded by the band playing "Garry Owen."

General Sheridan afterward said of the review "The appearance of the troops, with the bright rays of the sun reflected from their burnished arms and equipments as they advanced in beautiful order and precision down the slope; the band playing, and the blue of the soldiers' uniforms slightly relieved by the gaudy colors of the Indians, both captives and

Osages; the strangely fantastic part played by the Osage guides, their shouts, chanting their war-songs and firing their guns in air,—all combined to render the scene one of the most beautiful and highly interesting I remember ever having witnessed."

A Costly Campaign.

Thus closed the first part of the campaign of the Washita on the 2d of December, 1868. The united winter camp of the Cheyennes under Black Kettle, the Arrapahoes under Little Raven, and the Kiowas and Camanches under Satanta and Satanka, had been attacked and destroyed; one hundred Indian warriors had been left dead on the ground; eight hundred and seventy-five ponies and a large number of prisoners captured; and the winter stores of the Indians destroyed. Among the whites killed were Major Elliot, Captain Hamilton and nineteen soldiers; of the wounded were Major Barnitz and thirteen soldiers.

Among the Indians slain were the following great chiefs: the Cheyennes lost Black Kettle, chief of the band; Little Rock, second chief; Buffalo Tongue, Tall White Man, Tall Owl, Poor Black Elk, Big Horse, White Beaver, Bear Tail, Running Water, Wolf Ear, The-Man-that-Hears-the-Wolf and Medicine Walker; the Sioux lost Heap Timber and Tall Hat; the Arrapahoes, Lame Man.

But the battle of the Washita was not the end of General Sheridan's operations against the Indians that winter. On December 7th, only five days after

the return of the Seventh Cavalry, that regiment started for the Washita again, with supplies in the wagons for thirty days. General Sheridan acccompanied the expedition, and with them was the Nineteenth Kansas Volunteer Cavalry, a force recently raised especially for the Indian service. In all, the command numbered about fifteen hundred men.

The Indians Flying.

They reached their old battle-ground without meeting any Indians. California Joe remarked of the renewed campaign: "I'd just like to see the streaked faces of Satanta, Medicine Arrow, Lone Wolf and a few others o' em when they ketch the first glimpse of the outfit. They'll think we're comin' to spend an evenin' with 'em, sure, and hev' brought our knittin' with us. One look'll satisfy 'em.

On the battle-ground were found the horribly-mutilated remains of Major Elliot and his party. They were separated from the rest during a charge, and cut to pieces by the enemy. All the lodges in all the villages, six or eight in number, were found deserted. Thousands of lodge-poles had been abandoned, and the vast numbers of axes, coffee-mills, camp-kettles and cooking utensils, all testified to the haste with which the Indians had fled.

Chiefs Made Prisoners.

On the 17th scouts brought a note from General Hazen, commanding at Fort Cobb, the purport of which was that the Indians on his side of the point now reached by Custer had been friendly accom-

panying the messenger was a large body of Kio was under Lone Wolf and Satanta. An interview was had with these under a flag of truce, the chiefs agreeing to ride with the army to Fort Cobb. Every assurance was given General Custer that the villages to which these chiefs belonged would at once move to Fort Cobb and encamp, thus separating themselves from the hostile tribes; but under one pretext or another the chiefs, one by one, began to drop out of the ranks. At length, Custer, who had from the first regarded them suspiciously, secretly instructed his officers to take Lone Wolf and Satanta prisoners, which they did by presenting their revolvers at them and informing them of the fact.

After reaching the fort the savages procrastinated and evaded, until at length General Sheridan brought matters to a crisis, in a very soldierly manner, by announcing that if the Kiowas were not under the guns of Fort Cobb by sunset on the following day, both of the captive chiefs would be hung at that hour and troops sent after the promised warriors. The threat had the desired effect, and the refractory Indians were soon at the fort. This was a threat which they were well able to understand.

Sheridan's Decisive Measures.

The Kiowas had now been reduced to submission. It remained only to subdue the Arrapahoes and the Cheyennes, who were still defiant, notwithstanding their great loss at the Washita. Briefly, it may be stated that General Custer succeeded, by careful negotiation,

in locating the Arrapahoes under the guns of the fort on their reservation, and succeeded in bringing them to peaceful terms.

With the Cheyennes, who were at a greater distance, he had more trouble, but he continued marching until he overtook them. They had two hundred and sixty lodges, among which were nearly all those of the Dog Soldiers, the most ferocious and bloodthirsty of the Indians of the Plains. The general avoided a commencement of hostilities for the reason that he greatly desired to preserve the lives of two white female captives (Mrs. Morgan and Mrs. White) held by the savages. He succeeded in gaining possession of four of the principal men of their band, two of whom were Big Head and Dull Knife, noted chiefs of the Dog Soldiers. These he held as prisoners, and through them had the two women delivered up unharmed. He made it distinctly understood, however, that he would not exchange prisoners, but would hang the chiefs if the women were not forthcoming.

Neither would he agree to a ransom, as this pernicious custom is but placing a premium on prisoners and inciting the Indians to renewals of their hostile expeditions. However, they promptly appeared with the captives upon seeing the ropes in readiness for carrying out the threat. Custer now returned with his three savages as hostages (the fourth having been sent as a runner to Little Robe), after having exacted a promise from the Cheyennes that they would return

to their reservation and abandon the war-path; which they faithfully adhered to.

The Troubles Ended.

General Custer's brilliant campaigns against the Indians closed with the subjugation of the Cheyennes in March, 1869. The backbone of the rebellion amongst the Camanches had been broken as early as Christmas Day, 1868, through the seizure of one of their villages of sixty lodges by Colonel Evans. Other troops succeeded in capturing Satanta and Lone Wolf, and the troubles with the Indians were over for a time.

There was one event connected with this war against the Cheyennes and Arrapahoes that excited a great deal of criticism from the press and the people. I refer to what is known as the Piegan Massacre, which occurred in Montana on the 23d of January, 1870. The fabulous stories concerning the discovery of mineral wealth in Montana which spread throughout the country in 1865 had attracted a great number of whites into that Territory, and the rights of the Indians were wholly disregarded. The result was conflicts and depredations of all kinds. In 1869, the settlers having been much injured by the murders and assaults of a small band of Piegan Indians, the authorities determined to punish them, and, after considerable discussion and consultation as to the extent and character of the chastisement, General Sheridan sent word to Colonel Baker, who was then moving against them, to "strike them hard."

On the morning of the 23d of January, 1870, Colonel Baker came upon a village of these Piegans on the Marais River. They were ruled by the chiefs Red Horn and Bear Chief, and had not been implicated in the atrocities of the rest of their tribe. But the colonel deemed it advisable to regard the instructions of Sheridan, and accordingly attacked them, killing one hundred and seventy-three (fifty-three of whom were women and children), and capturing one hundred women and children, besides over three hundred horses. The village tents and other property were burned, and the squaws were turned adrift when it was learned that the village had been suffering severely from the presence of small-pox.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Modoc War in 1873.—Murder of General Canby and Others.—Dastardly Deeds.

In 1864 a treaty was made by the provisions of which a tract of land of about seven hundred and sixty-eight thousand acres in Southern Oregon was set apart for the use of the Modoc Indians. A part of the tribe settled there, but Captain Jack's band preferred to remain at their old homes near Clear Lake. Late in 1869, however, they were, after much difficulty, persuaded to follow the others. In the early part of the year 1870 trouble had arisen between the Modocs and Klamaths, and they were separated, the former being removed to another part of the reservation. Disturbances were soon renewed which resulted in the departure of the Modocs

Mr. A. B. Meacham, Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Oregon, recommended in his report for 1871 that a separate reservation be established for them; but this suggestion was not acted upon. They were restive and menacing, but an agreement was made with them to the effect that if they refrained from thefts and disturbances they should not be molested until definite action in their case had been

taken by the Indian Bureau. But they disregarded the compact and continued their maraudings.

In April, 1872, Commissioner Walker wrote to Mr. T. B. Odeneal (Mr. Meacham's successor) directing him to remove the Modocs to the Klamath reservation. Mr. Odeneal replied that he did not believe the movement practicable at that season of the year without using the military for that purpose, and even then success would be doubtful with the small force in hand. He asked for a postponement until September, which was granted. But when the time arrived the Modocs refused to go.

The Modocs Fight and Run.

Hereupon, Captain Jackson, with thirty men, took the field against them. He reached their camp November 29th and demanded a surrender, which they refused; they opened an attack, which lasted for two hours, and then made their escape. While retreating that day they murdered eleven citizens. Their camp was surrounded by General Wheaton, and on January 17th, 1873, he fought a severe battle with them.

His force consisted of two hundred and fifty regulars, two companies of Oregon volunteers, twenty-five riflemen of California under Captain Fairchild and a few Klamath Indians, making in all about four hundred men. The battle took place near the eastern shore of Tule Lake. On Thursday, Captain Bernard moved around the north end of the lake to the east side, and to the east of Captain Jack's position. He

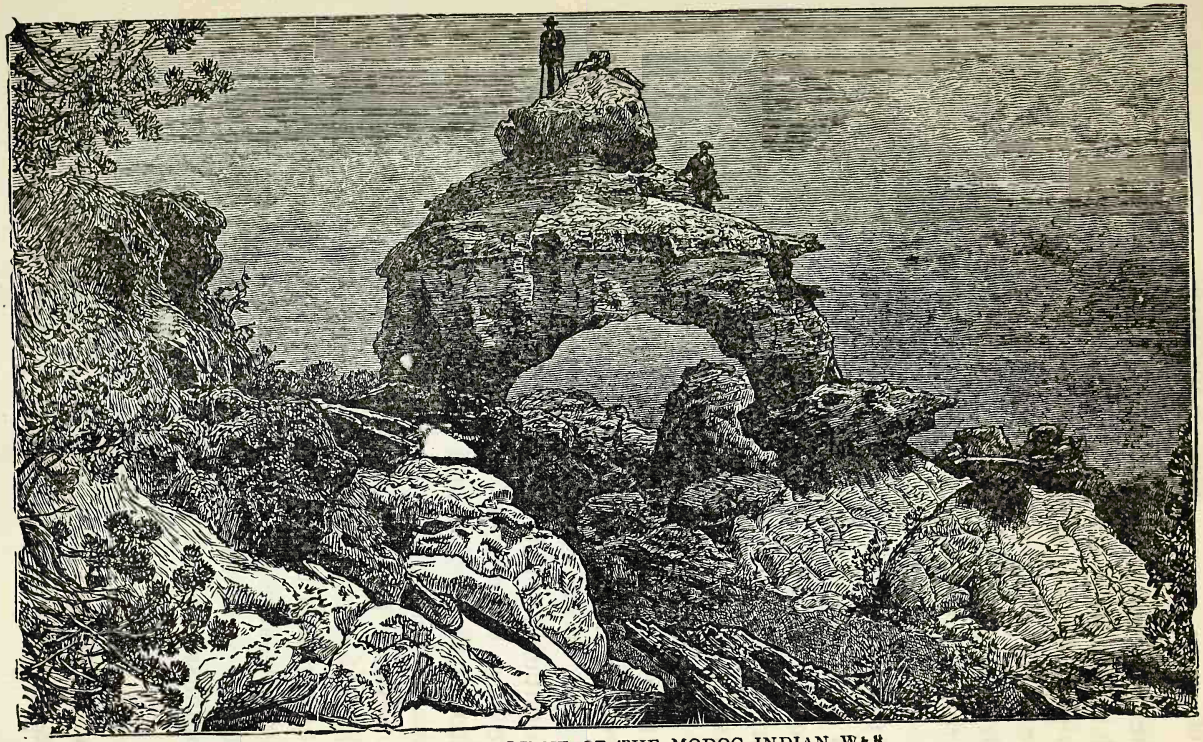
was to advance against Captain Jack from the east, while General Wheaton proceeded from the south-east with his forces under cover of the fire of the howitzers. On Thursday night the land was enveloped in such a dense fog that they were unable to see forty yards in advance of them. The two forces were about twelve miles apart, but in order to communicate with each other it was necessary to go a much greater distance.

Exploits of Captain Jack.

On Friday morning, Captain Bernard opened battle against Captain Jack, who had about two hundred warriors concealed among the rocks along a line two miles in length. General Wheaton heard the firing, and had no alternative but to move to the assistance of Captain Bernard without the aid of the howitzers.

The troops fought an unseen enemy from eight o'clock in the morning until dark under a terrific fire, during which scarcely one Indian was seen. The loss to the troops was forty killed and wounded; that to the Modocs was unknown. The soldiers were finally obliged to retreat to their camps. Bernard's forces bore the brunt of this battle and suffered terribly. All the cavalry fought on foot. The movement was called a forced reconnoissance.

All attempts to dislodge the Indians from their fastnesses in the lava-beds proved unavailing, and peace commissioners were appointed, who, on March 3, 1873, reported that the Indians had agreed to surrender and remove to a more southern climate. On



SCENE OF THE MODOC INDIAN WAR.

the following day, however, they had evidently changed their minds, for they emphatically refused to go. On the 16th of March a new peace commission was organized, and composed of General Canby, Dr. Thomas, Mr. Meacham, Judge Roxborough of Yreka, California, and Mr. Dyer of Oregon.

Peace Commissioners Assassinated.

On the 22d of March, General Canby telegraphed to General Sherman as follows: "I think that a system of gradual compulsion, with an exhibition of the force that can be used against them if the commission should again fail, will satisfy them of the hopelessness of any further resistance, and give the peace party sufficient strength to control the whole band. Time is becoming of the greatest importance, as the melting of the snow will soon enable them to live in the mountains. This will greatly increase the difficulties we have to contend with, as they will then break up into small parties, and can more readily make their escape from their present position."

Several parleys were held with the Modocs, at which they conducted themselves in the most insolent manner, and their brutality culminated in the shocking massacre (April 11th) of Major-General E. R. S. Canby and the Rev. E. Thomas, D. D., peace commissioners.

For several days previous to the massacre the peace commissioners and General Canby endeavored to obtain an interview with Captain Jack and the leading chiefs of the Modoc band, the object being

to give the Indians, if necessary, a reservation in the neighborhood of Yreka.

The Combatants in Council.

On the afternoon of the 10th of April, 1873, five Indians and four squaws came into General Canby's camp, and received from these delegates for peace presents of clothing and provisions; a message had been forwarded requesting an interview that morning at a point about a mile distant from the picket-line. Later in the day, Bogus Charley came in and delivered up his gun to the picket, saying that he did not intend to go back any more. The picket conducted him to the tent of General Canby, where he left his gun, and then proceeded to pass the night with Frank Riddle, the interpreter. On the morning of the 11th, Boston Charley came to report that Captain Jack and five other Indians would meet the commission outside the lines. Bogus Charley and Boston Charley then mounted a horse and started for the lava beds, the Modoc stronghold.

About an hour afterward General Canby, Mr. Dyer, Dr. Thomas and Mr. Meacham, with Frank Riddle and his squaw for interpreters, started for the appointed rendezous, closely watched by the signal officer, Lieutenant Adams, from the station on the hill overlooking the camp. The commission met Captain Jack, John Schonchin, Black Jim, Schack Nasty Jim, Ellen's Man and Hooker Jim. The Indians carried no guns, but each had a pistol at his belt; which circumstance, however, occasioned no surprise, as in previous interviews they had carried their guns.

All sat down in a kind of broken circle, General Canby, Mr. Meacham and Dr. Thomas together, faced by Captain Jack and Schonchin. Mr. Dyer stood by Jack, holding his horse, with Hooker Jim and Schack Nasty Jim at his left.

Murder of General Canby.

Mr. Meacham opened the conference, giving a lengthy history of what they desired to do for them, after which General Canby and Dr. Thomas expressed their views at length. Captain Jack next spoke, and with apparent sincerity, asking for Hot Creek and Cottonwood, the places now occupied by Fairchild and Dorris for a reservation. Mr. Meacham told Jack that it was not possible to grant his request, as these places were already taken.

Schonchin asked Mr. Meacham to say no more, and at the same moment Captain Jack, walking behind the others, exclaimed: "All ready!" drew his pistol and snapped a cap at General Canby. Again taking aim, he fired, and the general fell dead, shot under the eye.

This was the signal for a general massacre; in the space of a half minute about a dozen shots were fired. Mr. Meacham received the bullet of Schonchin in his head and shoulder; while trying to draw his derringer two Indians ran up and knocked him down. Dr. Thomas was killed almost instantly by two pistol-shots in the head. Riddle escaped without being fired at, but his squaw remained and was knocked to the ground. Mr. Dyer was pursued by Hooker Jim,

who fired two shots after him and then, as Dyer turned and drew his derringer, retreated.

The Country Shocked by the Massacre.

The troops immediately beat to arms and a general advance ensued. Colonel Miller and Major Throckmorton's two batteries led the skirmish-line, and after about five minutes' march over the broken rocks reached the scene of the massacre. In the distance three of the murderers were seen running around the edge of the lake on their way to the lava beds. The body of Rev. Dr. Thomas was found stripped to the waist, and with life extinct from pistol-shot wounds in the head. The body of General Canby, the hero of many a fight, and deeply beloved by his men, was found entirely destitute of clothing and with two wounds in the head from a pistol. The troops on that day were powerless to effect anything in the way of retaliation, as the Indians were intrenched in their strongholds. It was afterward discovered that the Modocs had attacked Colonel Mason's camp on the east side of Tule Lake, probably intending to distract attention from the peace commissioners.

The news of the massacre created the greatest excitement and gloom throughout the country; the general opinion was that it had been brought about by the endeavor to force the Indians on to a reservation where it was almost impossible for them to live.

CHAPTER XXII.

Troubles with the Apaches, Kiowas and Camanches in 1874-75.—Atrocities committed upon White Settlers.

DURING the year 1874 sixty persons were murdered at different times in Texas by raider Indians from the Fort Sill reservation, where they were fed by the government and treated as friends. In addition to these atrocities, they also ran off with a large number of horses and mules belonging to settlers on the frontier and to freighters.

In July the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, in turning over the savages to the military, directed that "friendly Indians, not participating in late outrages, coming into agencies will be protected. All professing to be loyal must enter immediately and be enrolled, and each one capable of bearing arms must answer to daily roll-call. No additional Indians must be received amongst them without permission." The result of this announcement was the enrollment of one hundred and seventy-three Kiowas, present at the time of the receipt of the commissioner's despatch, and who, the agent was positive, had not been at war; one hundred and eight Apaches, likewise present; and eighty-three Camanches, either there at the time

or arriving by August 3d, the day appointed by Lieutenant-Colonel Davidson as the last upon which the enrollment could take place.

Some time after August 3d the following Camanche chiefs asked permission to come in: Big Red Food, Tobermanca, Assanonica, Little Crow and Black Duck. Word was sent to Assanonica that he would be admitted on condition of yielding up his arms. The rest were forbidden to come, since it was well known that they had been engaged in the Adobe Wall fight, as well as other massacres. Big Red Food, however, defied the prohibition, and drawing near to the Wichita agency with his band, formed a point around which the disaffected began to gather.

The Kiowas Open Fire.

On the 21st of August, Lieutenant-Colonel Davidson received word from the officer commanding at the agency that trouble was anticipated there. He at once marched with four companies of cavalry, and immediately upon his arrival effected the arrest of Red Food, chief of the Nocanees, and told him that he and his band must submit. He appeared to consent, but presently escaped from his guard.

At the same time the troops were fired upon from the rear by Kiowas, many of whom had just been enrolled at Fort Sill as friendly. The troops were much perplexed in the endeavor to distinguish the amicable from the hostile Indians; but by the aid of interpreters this was accomplished; the inimical band was scattered and its lodges and property were

destroyed. It had undoubtedly been their design to implicate those of their band who were disposed to peace, but their purpose was entirely frustrated, and the affiliated tribes belonging to the agency were settled in their allegiance more firmly than ever.

In April, 1875, the following brilliant event occurred at the north fork of Sappa Creek. On the morning of the 19th of April, Lieutenant Austin Henely of Fort Wallace, Kansas, started to find the trail of a party of Indians reported to be at Punished Woman's Fork. With him were forty men of Company H, Sixth Cavalry, Lieutenant C. C. Hewitt, Surgeon F. H. Atkins, and Mr. Homer Wheeler, post-trader of Fort Wallace, as guide. He also had fifteen days' rations, ten days' forage and two six-mule teams.

On the Trail.

On the second day he directed that his wagons, with a guard under the command of Sergeant Kitchin, should proceed directly to Hackberry Creek, while he scouted Twin Butte and Hackberry to find a trail. About noon Corporal Morris, commanding the advance, discovered traces of twelve lodges. Lieutenant Henely at once collected his wagons, abandoned one of them, as well as half his forage, rations and camp equipage, notified the commanding officer at Fort Wallace of the fact, in order that they might be recovered, and started on the trail at the rate of nearly five miles an hour, reaching Smoky Hill River that night. A heavy rain during the night rendered it difficult to follow the tracks the next day. At the

Kansas Pacific Railroad the trail was scattered and lost.

After considerable deliberation it was decided to take a north-east course to the North Beaver, and follow it to its source, upon the supposition that the Indians would collect there and pass down for the purpose of hunting. Shortly after daylight a party of hunters was met, who informed Lieutenant Henely that the Indians he was in search of were on the north fork of Sappa Creek, and had robbed their camp during their absence the day before. Three of the hunters volunteered to guide the party to the Indian encampment.

In the gray dawn of the morning the squad arrived at the creek, about three-quarters of a mile above the camp, being attracted to the spot by the sight of a number of ponies grazing. Presently Mr. Wheeler came back, galloping with furious speed, swinging his hat and shouting in a loud voice. As the force came up with him the Indian camp was displayed to view.

Plan of Attack.

The plan for the attack had been arranged as follows: Sergeant Kitchin was detailed to kill the herders, round up the herd as near as possible to the main command and take charge of it with half of his men. Corporal Sharples, with five men, was left with the wagon and instructed to keep as near as possible to Lieutenant Henely; the rest of the command were to attack the savages.

The north fork of Sappa Creek at this point is very crooked, is bordered by high and precipitous bluffs, and flows sluggishly through a marshy bottom, making it extremely difficult to cross. As the men charged down the sides ten or twelve of the Indians ran rapidly up the bluff to a small herd of ponies; others escaped down the creek to another herd; while the remainder, the last to be awakened, probably seeing that flight was impossible, prepared for a desperate defence. By this time the men had reached the creek, which looked alarmingly deep and marshy. Lieutenant Henely, realizing that no time was to be lost in searching for a crossing, plunged in with his horse, followed by Mr. Wheeler. By extraordinary efforts their horses struggled through. A corporal who followed became mired; but at length, by strenuous endeavors, all succeeded in crossing just as a number of dusky figures with long rifles confronted them, their heads appearing over a bank made by the creek in high water.

This bank, with the portion of the creek and bluffs in the immediate vicinity, possessed the rather remarkable feature of a large number of curious holes or pits, for what purpose constructed did not appear. Some of the Indians took refuge in these hollows; others lined the bank, with their rifles resting on the crest. Lieutenant Henely rapidly formed his men in line and signalled to the savages to surrender, as did likewise Mr. Wheeler. One, who appeared to be a chief, made some rapid gesticulations which seemed

to be motions for a parley; but it was soon obvious that they were meant for Indians in the rear.

The Battle-ground.

The lieutenant now ordered his men to dismount and fight on foot, and as they did so the enemy fired, but in so excited a manner that no one was hurt. The troops, posted around in a skirmish-line, were commanded to fire. If the reader will imagine the dress-circle of a theatre lowered to within about five feet of the pit, the men to be deployed about the edge, and the Indians down among the orchestra-chairs, they will have some idea of the relative positions of the parties. The most exposed portion was near the centre of the arc Here Sergeant Theodore Papier and Private Robert Theims, Company H, Sixth Cavalry, were instantly killed while fighting with great valor.

After some twenty minutes of firing the Indians ceased to return the attack, and the lieutenant prepared to draw off his men in pursuit of those who had fled. Scarcely had they mounted when two savages ran up to the two bodies in the endeavor to gain possession of them; but three or four men charged them at a gallop and rendered their efforts useless. At this moment an Indian, gaudily dressed, jumped from a hole and, with peculiar sidelong leaps, attempted to escape, but was shot down. Lieutenant Henely then posted his men at the ends of the crest and resumed the attack, the savages returning it from their pits, but without doing any damage.

The firing having ceased, it was inferred that all were killed, and the command moved in the direction of the ponies, driving off the Indian guard and bringing in a herd of the animals. As they returned a solitary shot was fired from the holes, piercing the horse of one of the officers entirely through the body. Lieutenant Henely then determined to make a certain termination, and ordered the men to advance on all sides, keeping up a steady fire. The only response was a few shots from the pits, which did no damage

Nineteen dead warriors were counted, in addition to eight squaws and children accidentally killed. From the war-bonnets and rich ornaments, two were judged to be chiefs, and one whose bonnet was surmounted by two horns was thought to be a medicine-man.

The Indian camp was burned and the captured stock, amounting to one hundred and thirty-four animals, driven off. On the return march to Fort Wallace the command was overtaken by a terrible snow-storm and forced to encamp under a bank. It was impossible to herd the captured stock, the entire attention of the men being required to save themselves and their horses from freezing to death. Having no tents and but one blanket each, the men passed a night of intense suffering. Some of them were frozen; others, who had dug holes in the bank for shelter, had to be extricated in the morning by their comrades. On the following day the men disbanded into small squads to search for the captured stock, and succeeded in recapturing about one hundred head.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Wars with Sitting-Bull in 1876, 1877, 1878, 1879, and 1880.—The Custer Massacre.—Shocking Barbarities.

It was in 1874 that gold was discovered in the Black Hills, and the excitement that prevailed at that time, as well as the rush that was made for the region by miners and speculators, is fresh in the recollection of all. As at an earlier date in Wyoming (or Absaraka), so now at the Black Hills—the whites ran athwart the fierce and implacable Sioux, whose great chief was Sitting-Bull, and who were rendered furious by the sending of troops, under General Custer, into this region for the purpose of learning if gold was there, as had been reported. In 1876 it became necessary to take measures against them.

A triple expedition was determined upon. Three columns were to march from opposite directions, and all strike for the headquarters of the Sioux, which were near the sources of the Yellowstone. As these plans had been formed, so were they carried into effect. On May 29th, General Crook started north from Fort Fetterman with forty-seven officers and one thousand men, together with wagons, pack-mules and scouts. General Terry left Fort Lincoln on his

westward march, May 17th, with six hundred cavalry and four hundred infantry; at the mouth of Powder River he was met by steamboats. Colonel John Gibbon marched eastward from Fort Ellis with four hundred and fifty men, cavalry and infantry.

On his way north, General Crook attacked and destroyed, during a five hours' engagement, the village of Crazy Horse on Powder River, which contained one hundred and fifty lodges.

Pushing Forward.

At the mouth of the Rosebud River the three columns met, and the three leaders decided upon their plan of action, all circumstances indicating that the Indians were between the Little Big Horn and the Rosebud rivers. Colonel Gibbon's command went to the Big Horn by steamer, with orders to ascend as far as the Little Big Horn. Custer was to move up the Rosebud, and then bear to the left and south in order to prevent the Indians from slipping by to the mountains. General Terry was to approach from the north. He states in his report that they had calculated it would take Gibbon's column until the 26th to reach the mouth of the Little Big Horn, and that the wide sweep which Custer was ordered to make by him (General Terry) would require so much time that Gibbon would be able to co-operate with him in attacking any Indians that might be found on the stream.

Custer expected to advance thirty miles a day, and calculations were based upon that rate of progress.

SITTING-BULL IN HIS WAR-DRESS.

General Terry, in conversing with Custer about his strength, suggested that perhaps he (Terry) had better take Gibbon's cavalry and accompany him. Custer replied that he felt sufficiently strong, and that he believed a homogeneous body of men could accomplish as much as twice their number not animated by a common spirit. He also declined General Terry's offer of the battery of Gatling guns, saying that it might embarrass him.

The Sioux in Camp.

General Custer's command first discovered the Indian village in the valley of the Little Big Horn; it was an immense collection of lodges, and, as it soon appeared, there were very nearly four thousand Indians collected here. It was the largest assemblage of Indian huts ever seen in the West. As they looked down from the bluffs the whole expanse was a scene of commotion. Mounted bands were riding rapidly along, and columns of dust rose in every direction, the savages alternately appearing and vanishing as they dashed about on their swift ponies.

Custer's regiment approached the river in three columns. Major Reno crossed at a ford, and started down on one side of the stream, and Custer, with five companies, moved down the other bank in order to cross three miles below, while Captain Benteen was coming slowly on, two miles in the rear. Culpably and inexcusably tardy was his advance, and far was he from regarding the command which Custer, through Adjutant Cook, thus concisely de-

livered: "Benteen, come on; big village; be quick; bring packs." Had he and Reno done their duty, it is quite probable that the Indians could have been kept in check until the arrival of General Terry, and the massacre would have been avoided.

The Sioux Wild War-cry.

When attacked, Reno seems to have become completely bewildered and demoralized. In this his first battle the Sioux dashing on, crouching over the necks of their nimble little ponies and uttering their blood-curdling yells of "Hi! yip-yip-yip-yip-yip-hi-yah!" all tended to deprive him of his presence of mind, as was shown by his repeated change of policy, mounting and dismounting four times in as many minutes, and finally charging in columns, which, as a consequence, soon became a disorderly mass of fugitives.

He next had his men moved back against a piece of timber, but as the Indians continued to gather around them in constantly increasing numbers, a rush was at length made for a narrow ford in the river in order to gain a hill or bluff on the other side. Now each man was for himself. At the ford there was a wild scramble up the hill, men and horses crowding upon each other and the Indians firing upon them continuously.

Many were the soldiers who fell in the stream or, fatally wounded, rolled down from the steep hill. The horse of Lieutenant Hodgson was shot, and both fell down the bank together. Extricating himself and seizing the stirrup of a horseman who was

ascending, he had almost succeeded in reaching the top when he was struck by a fatal bullet and rolled down the hill into the water.

Arrival of Terry's Force.

On gaining the summit the men dug such rifle-pits as they could with their knives and canteens. Here they were besieged until General Terry's approach, the next day, put the enemy to flight. Their fight was desperate and many were wounded. Sad was the sight of their sufferings for water, until the men rushed to the river with their camp-kettles and canteens, and, returning, refreshed them with the sparkling beverage.

But it is time to turn our attention to the gallant Custer. Let us now get as accurate a picture as we can of that last heroic fight of his little band. It is, however, impossible ever to learn all the details of this event, since *every man* of Custer's five companies was killed, with the exception of Curly, the Upsaroka scout. Our knowledge is derived from the reports of this man, of Kill Eagle (an Indian who was in the camp of Sitting-Bull, and who afterward came in and surrendered), and of Ridgely, a white prisoner, who was also in Sitting-Bull's camp and witnessed the battle.

Custer's Brave Fight.

Curly's testimony was taken by the officers of Terry's staff through an interpreter. He said that, in company with two other Crows, he went into action with Custer, who kept down the north bank

of the river for four miles, and then attempted to dash across, but was met by vast swarms of Indians, who rushed over the stream and drove him back. The general then retreated to some high ground behind him, and seized the ravines in his immediate vicinity. The Indians completely surrounded him pouring in a terrible fire on all sides. They repeatedly charged on foot in vast masses, but were as often driven back.

Self-Sacrificing Heroism.

The battle began at two o'clock, and continued until the sun went down behind the hills. The men fought desperately; after the ammunition in their belts was exhausted they obtained fresh supplies from their saddle-bags and continued to defend themselves. Curly stated that the big chief (Custer) lived until nearly all his men were killed or wounded. He proceeded to say that when he saw Custer hopelessly surrounded he watched his opportunity, washed the paint from his face, let down his hair like a Sioux, put on a Sioux blanket and worked his way up a ravine. When the savages charged he mingled with them, and was not known from one of their own number. Seeing one of the mounted warriors fall, Curly ran to him, got upon his pony and galloped down as if going toward the white men, but instead passed up a ravine and made his escape.

He also mentioned one little incident which adds new lustre to the aureole of glory that already encircles the brow of Custer. He said that when it became

evident that the party was to be entirely cut to pieces, he approached the general and begged that he would permit him to show a way of escape, which his powerful thoroughbred horse could easily have aided him to accomplish. Custer dropped his head upon his breast for a moment in thought. It was a short lull in the battle while the Indians were gathering for a new attack. He looked silently at Curly for an instant, then motioned him away with his hand, and went back to die with his men.

The bullets flew thick and fast around them; one by one officers and men dropped where they stood. At last Custer received a shot in his left side and sat down, his pistol in his hand; another shot struck him and he fell over. The last officer killed was one who rode a white horse, probably Adjutant Cook. Then the handful of men broke and fled, the Upsaroka scout with them. He said that as he rode off he saw, when nearly a mile from the battle-field, a dozen or more of the soldiers fighting in a ravine and surrounded by Indians. He also saw one well-mounted cavalry soldier who had escaped, but was shot through both hips, and must have been either killed or starved to death in the "bad lands."

Terrible Slaughter.

But all of Custer's men did not die immediately around him. In his retreat from the river he must have thrown across the line of withdrawal, first the company of Calhoun, and next that of Keogh, for all the men of these companies were found dead in the

order of battle, lying in an irregular line where they had been posted, like the heroes of Thermopylæ.

This battle occurred on Sunday, June 25th, 1876. At eleven o'clock on Monday, Colonel Gibbon's approaching column saw a dense smoke up the Little Horn, fifteen miles distant, and scouts reported a heavy battle unfavorable to Custer. Toward evening the colonel sent out two scouts with messages to Custer, but they were driven in by the Sioux. Indians in large numbers were seen around him on the bluffs. He encamped that night in a square, the soldiers sleeping on their arms.

On the following morning the command marched up the river and entered the valley where the battles had been fought; they soon reached a great Indian village, now abandoned and with all heavier domestic articles strewn over the ground. Here were wounded Indian ponies writhing and struggling on the ground; there the bodies of horses branded Seventh Cavalry; a bodiless head of a soldier was found; next was seen a pair of drawers deeply stained with blood and marked "Lieutenant Sturgis, Seventh Cavalry."

The Brave are Fallen.

On every side were encountered the dead bodies of horses and soldiers, dreadfully mangled and already in stages of decomposition. Farther on they came upon the scene of Custer's last conflict. He lay (the only one who was not mutilated) on a little knoll where he had made his last stand. His face was calm and a smile rested there. Around him were

seven of his officers, among whom were his two brothers, Boston and Thomas, and his brother-in-law, Lieutenant Calhoun. Almost at his feet lay his hand some young nephew, Autie Reed, only nineteen years of age. He had but recently left school, and, being of a consumptive tendency, had been permitted to join the command, partly with a view to benefit his health. Near at hand was found the body of Kellogg, the *New York Herald's* correspondent. In short, of the two hundred and forty men who but yesterday rode down that valley in all the pride and flush of manhood, not one remained alive.

The prisoner, Ridgely, shall be allowed to tell us the rest of the sad story. He said that after the massacre of Custer's men the Indians returned to the village delirious with joy and in possession of six prisoners, whom they tied to stakes and proceeded to burn to death, the Indian boys meanwhile firing red-hot arrows into their flesh. They were kept burning for more than an hour, but, as Ridgely was not allowed to speak with them, it is impossible now to tell who they were. One was noticeable for his small size and his gray hair and whiskers.

Sitting-Bull Exultant.

Sitting-Bull was heard to remark exultantly that he had killed many soldiers and one damned general, but he did not know who he was. At night the squaws, armed with knives and clubs, went to the battle-field and robbed and mutilated the dead. The braves were frenzied with delight, and many were

intoxicated on the whiskey which they had stolen from the whites. Ridgely and two companions, taking advantage of the drowsiness and negligence of the squaws who were guarding the prisoners, made their escape.

It is ungracious to attempt to place the blame of this sad event upon any single individual. But after a careful review of the facts it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that there were some to be censured, and that the responsibility for the disaster must be divided. Custer was undoubtedly too rash and intrepid. On the other hand, if Reno had fought with the veteran courage of Custer and his men, and if Benteen had obeyed Custer's orders to hurry forward, it is certain that the day would have been disastrous to the Indians.

Hostilities Renewed.

As soon as possible after the massacre General Sheridan concentrated his forces. Generals Crook and Terry were reinforced under Lieutenant-Colonel Carr, Lieutenant Otis and Colonel Miles. so that by the 5th of August the united force of the two generals numbered about four thousand men. They effected a junction on the Rosebud, August 10th, but found that the Indians had left. The autumn was spent in hard and fruitless marches over the rough country east of the Rocky Mountains.

Meanwhile, at the agencies the disarming of the Indians went on, and army officers performed the duties of agents at Red Cloud and Spotted Tail

stations. Many of the savages who came in for food and shelter were those who had been at war in the region of the Yellowstone.

On the 21st of October, Colonel Miles overtook Sitting-Bull and held a two days' consultation with him, which was ended by a renewal of hostilities. He pursued the savages for forty-two miles across the Yellowstone, and they soon sued for peace, giving as hostages Red Skirt, White Bull, Black Eagle, Sun Rise and Foolish Thunder. On November 21st, Colonel Mackenzie destroyed a Cheyenne camp on the west fork of the Powder River. On the 17th of December, Bull Eagle, Tall Bull, Red Cloth and another chief approached the Tongue River cantonment with a white flag, but were unfortunately shot by some of their old enemies, the Crow Indians. But for this the surrender of at least one thousand fighting men would have been secured.

The campaign of 1877 was almost continuous with that of the preceding year. Colonel Miles attacked Crazy Horse in the valley of Tongue River, but after a week's skirmishing, owing to the weak and disabled condition of his horses and mules, he was forced to permit his escape.

In April the Sioux began to come in to the agencies in large numbers. Spotted Tail went forth with two hundred and fifty of his principal men for the purpose of urging the people to return to the agencies and abandon warfare, and so far succeeded as to bring back eleven hundred. This virtually put an

end to the Sioux war, there being but few minor engagements after this.

Attempt to Kill Colonel Miles.

On May 5th, Colonel Miles engaged in a contest with Lame Deer on a branch of the Rosebud; he captured four hundred and fifty ponies and destroyed much property, but came very near losing his life while holding a conference with Iron Star, who, after shaking hands with him, picked up his gun and fired; but the shot killed a soldier who stood behind the colonel.

On the 6th of May, Crazy Horse surrendered with twelve hundred Indians and two thousand ponies. During the summer Colonel Miles escorted two pack trains to the mouth of Tongue River, and during a march of three hundred miles over the country so hostile in 1876 he encountered no enemy whatever.

On July 25th, General Sherman wrote in one of his official reports: "With this post (Fort Custer, at the forks of the Big Horn and Little Big Horn) and that at the mouth of the old Tongue River occupied with strong, enterprising garrisons, these Sioux Indians can never regain this country, and they will be forced to remain at their agencies or take refuge in the British possessions. At this moment there are no Indians here or hereabouts; I have seen or heard of none. The country west of this is good and will rapidly fill up with emigrants, and in the next four years will build up a community as strong and capable of self-defence as Colorado."

On the 20th of August, Captain W. R. Balch, in command of the Second Cavalry, arrived at the mouth of Clear Creek, which is a branch of Powder River. Here he found signs of a recent camp. He pursued, but the Indians fled over mountains and through ravines and gullies, abandoning almost all their camp property and domestic utensils.

Sitting-Bull Escapes to Canada.

On the 17th of October, at Fort Walsh in the British possessions, a conference was had with Sitting-Bull by General A. H. Terry and Hon. A. J. Lawrence. He refused to make any treaty of peace, and said he designed to live under the rule of the white queen-mother.

On the 15th of May, 1877, General Sheridan telegraphed to General Sherman that the northern Cheyennes, then at Camp Robinson, desired to go to the Indian Territory, and advised that their request be granted.

On the 17th, the Indian Bureau approved the measure, and in a few days the Cheyennes were on their way south under escort of Lieutenant Lawton. They travelled quietly and mournfully, for they had been forced from their old home by circumstances, and their departure was not from choice. The men were mostly mounted, while many of the squaws walked, carrying their pappooses on their backs and leading the ponies that hauled the travois.

On the 5th of August they arrived at Fort Reno, and were given over to the agent of the southern Cheyennes and Arrapahoes; this, apparently, was a mistake, for they had never assimilated with their southern relatives, and did not like to do so now. They were heard to say that they had come to see how they liked it in the Indian Territory, and if not pleased they would return home. They numbered in all nine hundred and seventy-two.

In 1878 the agent reported that about one-half of the northern Cheyennes refused to affiliate with those of the south, encamped by themselves and in every respect acted like a different tribe. He further stated that they manifested no desire to engage in farming, but always showed an intense longing to go north, where they said they would settle down in quietness. Among the dissatisfied were Dull Knife's band, who were relatives of the Ogallalla or Red-Cloud Sioux, hence were the more eager to return to their friends.

Bold Attempt to Escape.

On the night of September 9, 1878, the entire band, numbering three hundred and twenty, left their quarters and started north. The alarm was given at Fort Reno, but they were not overtaken until they had gone one hundred and twenty miles. After a further march of about five hundred miles, fighting all the way, they surrendered.

They were imprisoned at Fort Robinson for more than two months, at the end of which time the War

and Interior Departments decided that they must go south again to answer for the murders and other atrocities which had attended their northward flight. Against this they protested emphatically, declaring that they would rather die than be carried back. It is said that in order to reduce them to submission they were deprived of fire and food for five days. This course only tended to render them more desperate. One night, at eleven o'clock, all the warriors, at a given signal from Dull Knife, leaped through the unbarred windows of their prison-house, followed by the women and children.

Indians Hunted like Wild Beasts.

Within one hundred feet of their place of confinement were several companies of United States troops. As the savages crossed the yard by the barracks they fired at the guards from revolvers which they had concealed, wounding four of them. The troops pursued, and succeeded in killing more than forty of them. Soon one hundred and fifty cavalrymen started in the chase, and the sharp bang of their carbines could be heard as they followed the Indians to the bluffs about three miles distant. The hunt was continued for about two weeks. On the 16th of January, Captain Weasels set out with four companies of cavalry; on the 22d he closed the campaign. On that day he attacked the remnant of the band as they were intrenched in a ravine about fifty miles from Fort Robinson.

The Indians fired what little ammunition they had,

and then, drawing their hunting-knives, rushed with desperation upon their foe, but the troops killed them all at a volley, twenty-four bodies being found in the ravine. The best that can be said of this whole transaction is that there was much blundering and mismanagement on the part of the governmental authorities in regard to the nature, customs and wants of these Indians.

And such blundering and mismanagement, which can be considered as little less than crimes, stand recorded against the Government of the United States in its treatment of the Indians. There is some excuse for savages — none for a powerful, enlightened, and professedly christianized nation.

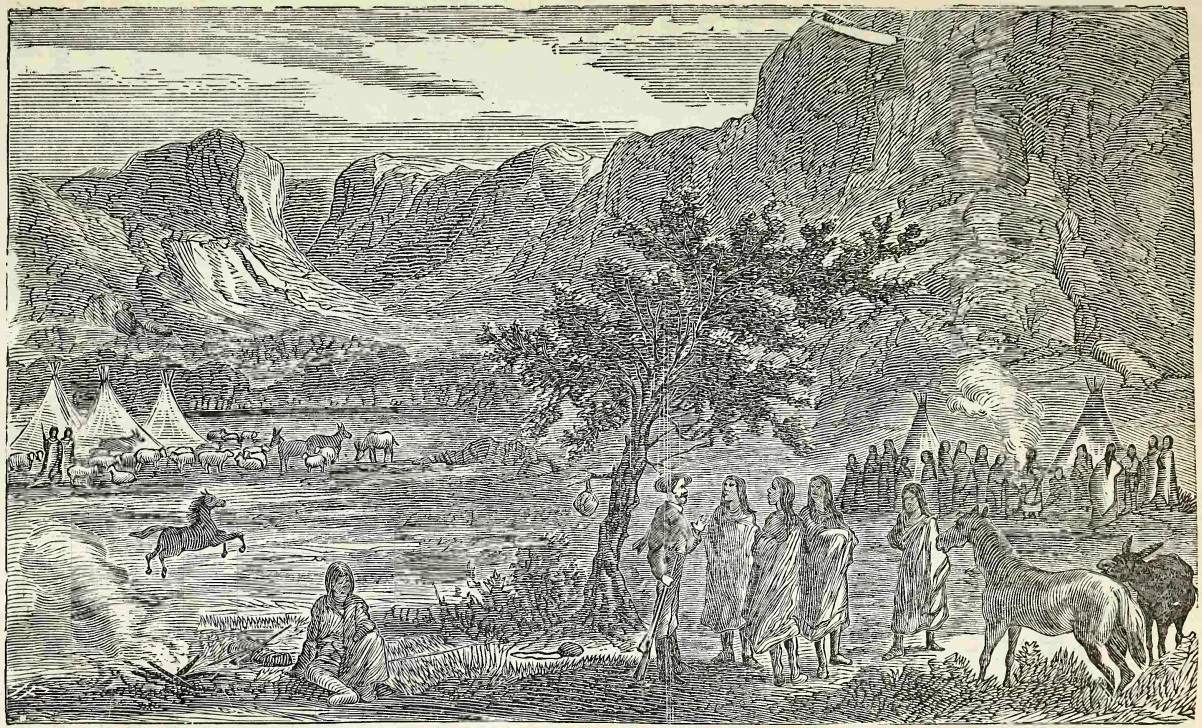
CHAPTER XXIV.

The War with the Nez Perces.—Sanguinary Combats.—Remarkable Speech of Chief Joseph.

In 1851 the census of the Nez Perces Indians of Oregon was officially reported as one thousand eight hundred and fifty. In the report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs for 1875 the population is numbered two thousand eight hundred. The reservation at Lapwai, on which was located the principal part of the Nez Perces, contained about seven hundred and forty-six thousand acres; but since the treaty of 1863, Chief Joseph and his party had claimed the boundaries of the reservation as established by the treaty of 1855, especially that portion west of Snake River known as the Wallowa Valley.

Joseph and his band seem never to have lived in this vale, their home being on Salmon and Snake rivers, but nevertheless they clung to it with tenacity as the fair inheritance of their ancestors. Wallowa was conceded to them in 1873 by President Grant, but the order was revoked in 1876, and all that part of Oregon west of Snake River, embracing the Wallowa, was restored to the public domain, partially surveyed and portions of it taken up by settlers.

On the 23d of June, 1876, one of Joseph's band



CAMP OF THE NEZ PERCES IN GRANDE RONDE VALLEY.

was killed by two white men. This occasioned great excitement among the Indians; to appease which Colonel Wood held an interview with the chief, who thus stated his case: It was true that one of his brothers had been killed by the whites in Wallowa Valley; that the Indian who had been slain was much respected by the tribe, and was always considered a quiet, peaceable, well-disposed man; that the whites who committed the deed were bad, quarrelsome men and the aggressive party; that the whites in the valley were instigated by those in authority and others in Grande Ronde Valley to assault and injure the Indians while fishing and hunting in that section of the country; that he wished the white man who killed the Indian brought to the agency to be there confronted by his accusers.

Foul Murder by Whites.

Joseph said that among the tribes the chiefs controlled the members of their bands, and had power to prevent bad Indians from doing wicked things; and he reasoned that the white man in authority should have the same control over his men; hence the rulers in the vicinity of Wallowa Valley and elsewhere were directly responsible for the killing of his brother; that his brother's life was of great value; that it was worth more than the Wallowa Valley; that it was worth more than this country; that it was worth more than all the world; that the value of his life could not be estimated. Nevertheless, since the murder had been committed, since his brother's life had

been taken in Wallowa Valley, since his body had been buried there and the earth had drunk up his blood — the valley was more sacred to him than ever before, and he would and did claim it for the life taken; that he should hold it for himself and his people from this time forward for ever, and that all the whites must be removed from the valley.

Colonel Wood explained that the white men who murdered Joseph's brother would be indicted and tried by a court having jurisdiction in the locality where the crime was committed, and that the witnesses (Indians and others) would be summoned to appear and give their evidence, and that their claim to the Wallowa Valley would probably be referred to a committee of five distinguished gentlemen to be appointed from Washington.

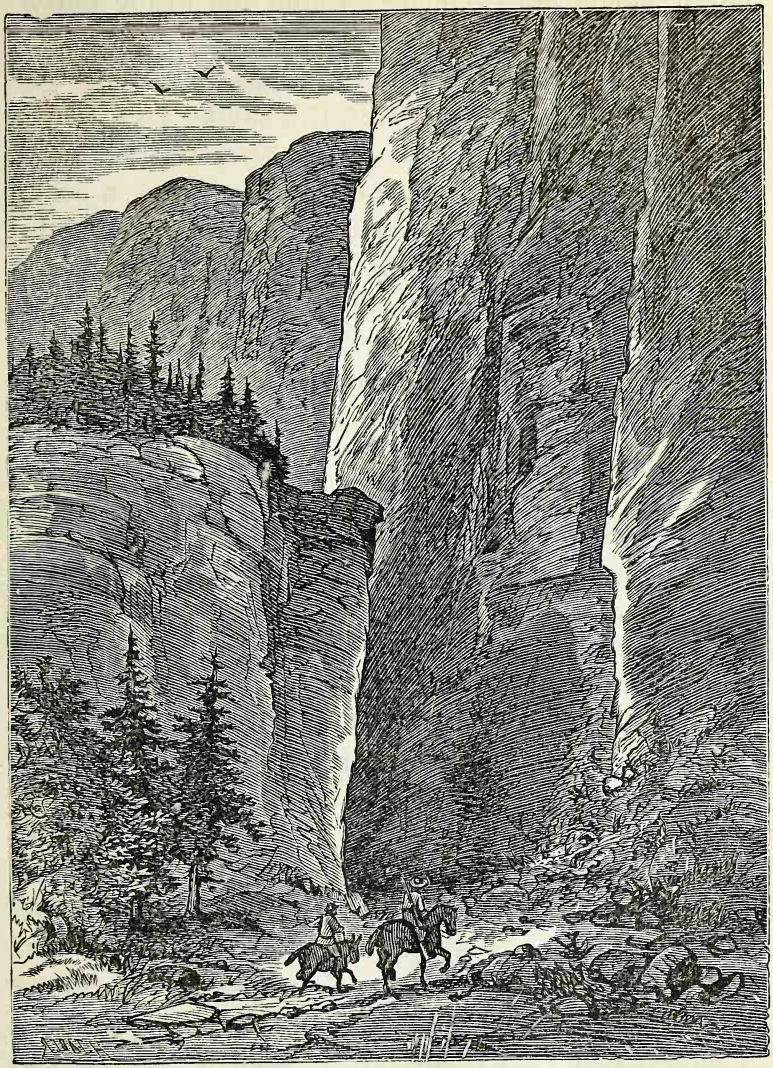
General McDowell's Order.

This the Secretary of the Interior actually carried into effect, and as a result of the investigation General McDowell, commanding Military Division of the Pacific, was directed to compel the removal of the non-treaty Nez Perces to the reservation of their tribe. General McDowell, in his instructions to General Howard, commanding the Department of the Columbia, said: "It is of paramount importance that none of the responsibility which may be made shall be initiated by the military authorities. You are to occupy Wallowa Valley in the interest of peace. You are to comply with the request of the Department of the Interior, as set forth in the papers sent you, to

the extent only of merely protecting and aiding them in the execution of their instructions."

During the month of May, General Howard held several conferences with Joseph and the malcontents, of which we shall presently let the chief speak in his own eloquent manner. In the mean time we may follow the history of the war that now ensued.

On the 14th of June the Indians belonging to Joseph, from Wallowa, White Bird, from Salmon River, and Looking-Glass, from Clearwater, had assembled on Cottonwood Creek, on the border of the reservation, apparently in compliance with their engagement, when the information reached General Howard that four white men had been murdered on John Day's Creek, to the south of this reservation, by some of the young Nez Perces braves, and that White Bird had mounted his horse and announced his determination to remain in his present location. Great alarm prevailed throughout the region, and the general despatched two cavalry companies under Captain Perry to the scene of disturbance. The captain proceeded rapidly by night to the Indian camp on Cottonwood, and found it vacant; then to Grangerville, and thence to the head of White Bird Cañon, making seventy miles, with the loss of two nights' sleep. There he found the Indian camp, and, assisted by eleven citizen volunteers, proceeded at once to the attack. The Indians were evidently well prepared, for they repulsed the advance and compelled the command to fall back to Grangerville,



WHITE BIRD CAÑON

fighting over most difficult ground and losing thirty-four men.

General Howard in Command.

At this point General Howard, having collected a force of two hundred and twenty-seven men, determined to take the field in person with them in order to hold the Indians in check while emboldened by their success at White Bird Cañon, until he could bring forward every available man of his department, and also could be reinforced from the direction of California. His first attention was given to families terrified by the murders already committed, and still more by the hundreds of wild and exaggerated reports.

By the 8th of July he had called together four hundred men, which he deemed a sufficient number to justify him in resuming the offensive, and on the 11th of July, 1877, he discovered the enemy in a deep ravine on Clearwater, near the mouth of Cottonwood Creek, and at once began the attack. By one o'clock a howitzer, manœuvred by Lieutenant Otis, Fourth Artillery, and two Gatling guns, were firing toward the masses of Indians below. They were running their horses up the south fork on both banks near the river, and driving their stock as fast as possible beyond range of the guns. In ten minutes it was impossible to approach nearer, owing to the craggy mountain-shores back of and close by the river border. General Howard's guide, Mr. Chapman, assured him that he could escape only by a cañon on his left.

A small train with a few supplies was on the road; the Indian flankers by a rapid movement struck the rear of this, killing two of the packers and disabling a couple of mules loaded with howitzer ammunition. The enemy manifested extraordinary fearlessness, planting sharpshooters at available points, making charges on foot and on horseback with all manner of savage demonstration. These attempts were successfully resisted at every part of the line. Many favorable assaults were made by the troops, but the Indians were determined and pertinacious, and at the close of the first day the prospect seemed anything but encouraging.

"A Cloud of Dust."

During the night stone barricades and rifle-pits were constructed by both the whites and the enemy; at daylight of the 12th every available man was on the line. General Howard directed that food should be cooked and coffee made at the centre and carried to the front; but it was first necessary to gain complete possession of the spring, as sufficient water had not been secured during the night. This was accomplished by Captains Miller and Perry, using Lieutenant Otis's battery, supported by Rodney's company. The Indian sharpshooters were driven from their hiding-places and the spring was secured from recapture.

At about half-past two in the afternoon a cloud of dust appeared in the distance, and the glasses of the officers brought to view an expected supply-train es-

corted by a company of cavalry; after a little skirmishing it was brought in safely.

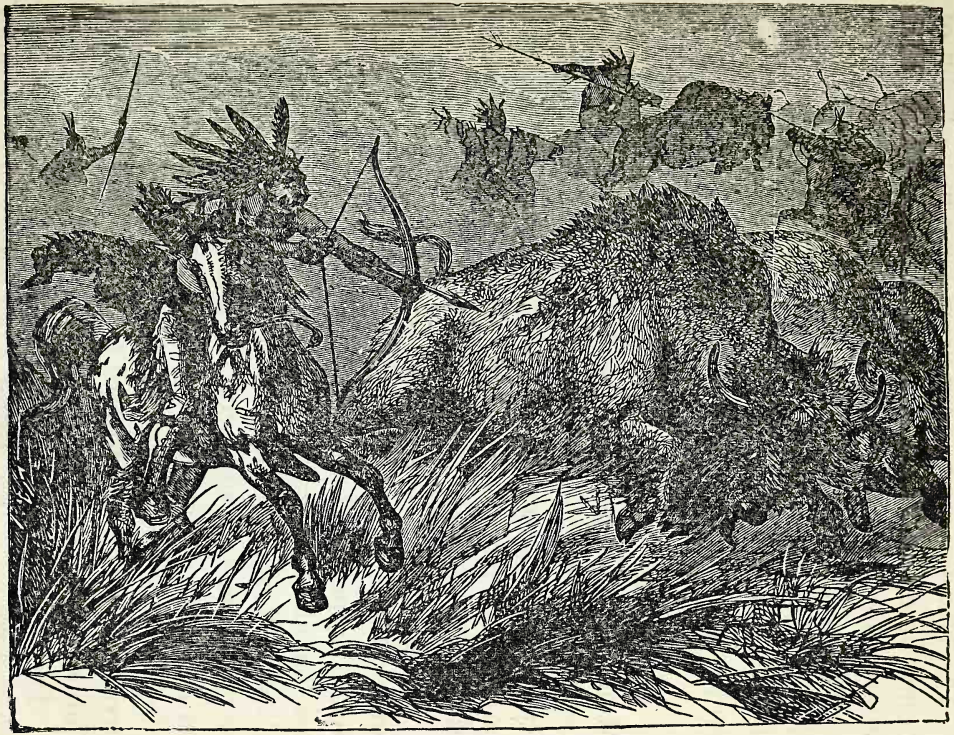
Presently, Captain Miller, with his battalion, made a mile-long charge on the enemy. The usual attempt to double his left was undertaken by the Indians, but a reserved company deployed and flanked them. For a few moments there was a stubborn resistance at the enemy's barricades; then their entire line gave way; the pursuit was at once taken up, and shot and shell poured into the retreating masses of Indians and ponies. They were closely pursued through ravines and cañons, thence to the river, over rocks, down precipices and along trails almost too steep and craggy to traverse.

An Abandoned Camp.

At the Indian camp, which had been abandoned by them in haste, their lodges were still standing, filled with their effects—blankets, buffalo robes, cooking utensils, food cooking on the fire, flour, jerked beef and plunder of every description.

In this battle of the south fork of the Clearwater twenty-three warriors were killed and perhaps twice as many wounded; forty were taken prisoners. The whites lost thirteen killed and twenty-four wounded.

On the 15th of July a messenger came to General Howard from Chief Joseph to ascertain upon what terms he might surrender; but the general, believing it to be merely a ruse to gain time, did not permit any delay, and on the 17th, Joseph began his famous retreat eastward toward the buffalo country by the



NDIANS HUNTING BUFFALOES.

Lolo trail—the worse track to traverse in the entire region.

The Nez Perces had for years been in the habit of going from Oregon to the Yellowstone and Muscleshell country to hunt buffaloes and cure meat. Accordingly, as soon as the telegraph carried the news that Joseph had started on the Lolo trail, the people of Montana became alarmed for their lives and property.

Colonel Gibbon's Pursuit.

There was but a single regiment of infantry in all Montana, Colonel John Gibbon commanding, distributed to five posts, one of which, led by Captain Rawn, was near where the Lolo trail debouched into Bitter Root Valley, the western settlement of Montana.

Joseph, who had many personal acquaintances among the settlers, some of whom were civilized Flatheads, announced that he was about to depart for the buffalo country and would molest no one. But Captain Rawn left his post in the valley, and with his small command of forty men, reinforced by many citizens, entrenched himself in the Lolo trail for the purpose of holding the Indians in check until the arrival of General Howard from the west or Colonel Gibbon from the east.

The Indians reached Rawn's fort July 28th, but passed round it into Bitter Root Valley in such numbers as to render it inexpedient to attack them outside of the entrenchments. The enemy passed up the val-

ley (which was well settled), but did little damage. Colonel Gibbon, who was then at Fort Shaw, started in pursuit with one hundred and ninety men.

The Nez Perces were moving leisurely up the valley, stopping for a day or two at a time to trade their stolen stock and plunder for the fresh horses, food and ammunition of the inhabitants, who, to their shame and disgrace be it known, furnished these marauding miscreants, whose hands were stained with the blood of their countrymen, with the means of continuing and extending their outrages. One man, however, a Mr. Young of Cowallis, refused to barter for their blood-money, closed his store and defied them to do their worst.

The Foe Overtaken.

Colonel Gibbon's force pressed on in pursuit of the Indians over a rugged country, passing at regular intervals the Indian camping-grounds. The savages were moving at the rate of about fourteen miles a day. Lieutenant Bradley, who with a picked force had gone in advance in the attempt to stampede the enemy's herd by night, sent word to Colonel Gibbon on the 8th of August that he had discovered the Indian camp and had concealed his command in the hills awaiting orders.

All the troops now pushed forward to Lieutenant Bradley's position, which was about five miles distant from the hostile ground. The train was closely parked amid the brush, and, at ten o'clock at night the force moved cautiously down the trail on foot,

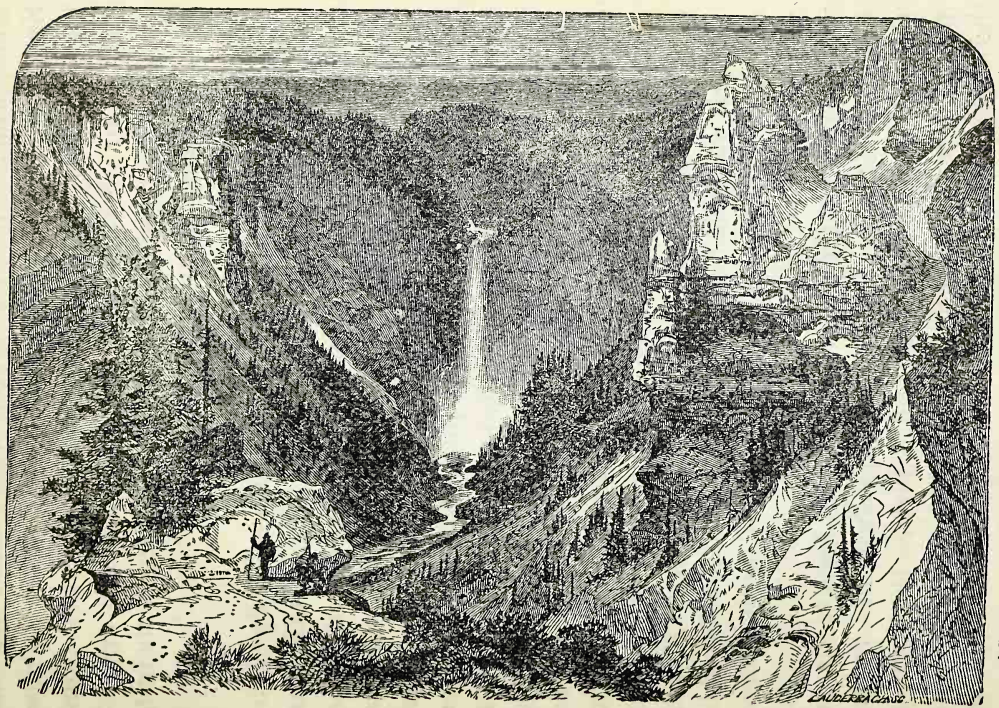
each man being provided with ninety rounds of ammunition. The howitzer could not accompany the column, both on account of the fallen timber and the noise it would occasion in its removal. Orders were therefore given that at early daylight it should start after the command, with a pack-mule loaded with two thousand rounds of extra ammunition.

A Night Attack.

This night attack of Colonel Gibbon strikingly resembles that of General Custer at the Washita. As the men emerged from a point of timber that projected into the valley they encountered a herd of ponies, which, however, only neighed and were not alarmed. The men then lay down and waited for daylight. The tepees of the enemy could be discerned in the bottom below, and the crying of babies and barking of dogs in the Indian camp could be distinctly heard.

As the day broke it was seen that the enemy's camp was in the form of a V (with the apex toward the troops), and extended along the opposite side of a large creek about two or three hundred yards distant. The intervening space between their camp and the slope where the soldiers were concealed was almost entirely covered with a dense growth of willow bush, in the grassy spaces between which herds of ponies were grazing.

A deep slough, with water in places waist deep, wound through this bottom and had to be crossed before the stream could be reached. As the morn-



THE GREAT CANON AND LOWER FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

ing light increased the troops advanced in perfect silence, while scarcely a sound issued from the camp. Suddenly a single shot rang out on the clear morning air. All now started rapidly forward; Comba and Sanno first struck the camp at the apex of the V, and, crossing the stream, delivered their fire at close range into the tepees.

Quick Work.

Many of the Indians at once broke for the brush and, sheltering themselves behind the creek bank, opened fire. But in less than twenty minutes General Howard had entire possession of the camp, and orders were given to destroy it. The Indians, however, were by no means vanquished, and while some of the soldiers were occupied in setting fire to the tepees, others were kept busy in returning the rifle-shots of the enemy, which now poured in from every direction—the brush, the creek bank, the open prairie and the distant hills. At almost every crack of of a rifle some soldier fell or was wounded. Captain English was killed, and Colonel Gibbon and his acting adjutant, Lieutenant C. A. Woodruff, both received injuries.

Orders were therefore given to fall back to the timber; this was successfully accomplished, and most of the wounded were brought off. Just as the command took up position in the timber two shots from the howitzer were heard on the trail above, and it was afterward learned that the gun and the pack-mule loaded with ammunition had been intercepted by the

Indians. The non-commissioned officers in charge, Sergeants Daly and Fredericks and Corporal Sales, made a stout resistance, but the two cowardly privates fled at the first alarm, and did not halt until they had placed one hundred miles between themselves and the battle-field, spreading of course the direst reports as to the fate of the troops.

An Attack Frustrated.

The gun was gallantly defended, but Corporal Sales was killed and the two sergeants wounded. The mule was shot down, but the driver and the remainder of the company succeeded in reaching the main force. The fight continued throughout the day with varying success. In the afternoon, a strong breeze coming up from the west, the Indians set fire to the grass, doubtless with the intention of making an assault upon the troops when they were blinded by the smoke. Fortunately, however, the herbage was too green to burn rapidly, and the fire died out before it reached the timber.

During the night the savages broke camp and despatched their women, children and herds in a southerly direction. The conflict was now ended, only scattered shots occurring during the night. Twenty-nine whites were killed and forty wounded. Eighty-nine dead Indians were found on the field of battle. If Colonel Gibbon had been furnished another hundred men, the Nez Perces war would have been ended at this time. Unfortunately, his force was too small to accomplish this desirable result.

A Four Days' Conflict.

General Howard, with his force, arrived on the next day after the battle (the 17th of August), and started on his long pursuit of the Indians. On the 17th of September, Colonel Miles, commanding the district of the Yellowstone, received at his post at the mouth of Tongue River despatches from General Howard and Colonel Sturgis. He at once organized the available force of the garrison and set out to intercept the Nez Perces, who had advanced so far eastward on their memorable retreat. On the morning of September 30th he found their camp on Eagle Creek near the head of Snake River, and a conflict ensued which continued for four days. The stock of the Indians, to the number of seven hundred head, was captured, and on the 5th of October they yielded up their arms and came in, Chief Joseph at their head.

This war with the Nez Perces was in many respects a very extraordinary and spirited one, and there is much to be said in reference to it. We shall next give full extracts from the remarkable published account of Chief Joseph, occasionally correcting his misstatements by the narration of General Howard.

Speech of Joseph.

"My friends, I have been asked to show you my heart. I am glad to have a chance to do so. I want the white people to understand my people. Some of you think an Indian is like a wild animal. This is a great mistake. I will tell you all about our people, and then you can judge whether an Indian is a man

or not. I believe much blood and trouble would be saved if we opened our hearts more. I will tell you in my way how the Indian sees things. The white man has more words to tell you how they look to him, but it does not require many words to speak the truth. What I have to say will come from my heart, and I will speak with a straight tongue. Ah-cum-kin-i-ma-me-hut (the Great Spirit) is looking at me and will hear me.

"My name is In-mut-too-yah-lat-lat (Thunder-Traveling-over-the-Mountains). I am chief of the Wallam-wat-kin band of Chute-pa-lu, or Nez Perces (nose-pierced Indians). I was born in Eastern Oregon thirty-eight winters ago. My father was chief before me. He died a few years ago. There was no stain on his hands of the blood of a white man. He left a good name on the earth. He advised me well for my people.

Remarkable Statements.

"Our fathers gave us many laws which they had learned from their fathers. These laws were good. They told us to treat all men as they treated us; that we should never be the first to break a bargain; that it was a disgrace to tell a lie; that we should speak only the truth; that it was a shame for one man to take from another his wife or his property without paying for it. We were taught to believe that the Great Spirit sees and hears everything, and that he never forgets; that hereafter he will give every man a spirit-home according to his deserts.

"We did not know that there were other people besides the Indian until about one hundred winters ago, when some men with white faces came to our country. They brought many things with them to trade for furs and skins. They brought tobacco, which was new to us. They brought guns with flint-stones on them, which frightened our women and children. Our people could not talk with these white-faced men, but they used signs which all people can understand. These men were Frenchmen, and they called our people Nez Perces, because they wore rings in their noses for ornaments. Although very few of our people wear them now, we are still called by the same name.

"These French trappers said a great many things to our fathers which have been planted in our hearts. Some were good for us, but some were bad. Our people were divided in opinion about these men: some thought they taught more bad than good. An Indian respects a brave man, but he despises a coward. He loves a straight tongue, but he hates a forked tongue. The French trappers told us some truths and some lies.

The Whites Aggressors.

"The first white men of your people who came to our country were named Lewis and Clarke. All the Nez Perces made friends with Lewis and Clarke, and agreed to let them pass through their country and never to make war on white men. This promise the Nez Perces have never broken. No white man can

accuse them of bad faith and speak with a straight tongue. It has always been the pride of the Nez Perces that they were the friends of the white man. When my father was a young man there came to our country a white man (Rev. Mr. Spaulding) who talked spirit-law. He won the affections of the people because he spoke good things to them.

"At first he did not say anything about white men wanting to settle on our lands. Nothing was said about that until about twenty winters ago, when a number of white people came into our country and built houses and made farms. At first our people made no complaint. They thought there was room enough for all to live in peace, and they were learning many things of the white men that seemed to be good; but we soon found that the white men were growing rich very fast, and were greedy to possess everything the Indians had. My father was the first to see through the schemes of the white men, and he warned his tribe to be careful about trading with them.

"No Man Owns any Part of the Earth."

"Next there came a white officer (Governor Stevens) who invited all the Nez Perces to a treaty-council. After the council was opened he made known his heart. He said there were a great many white people in the country, and many more would come—that he wanted the land marked out so the Indians and white men could be separated. . . . . My father, who represented his band, refused to have anything

whatever to do with the council, because he wished to be a free man. He claimed that no man owned any part of the earth, and that a man could not sell what he did not own."

(Joseph next says that his father did not sign the treaty, although hard pressed to do so. General Howard says that his father's name is on the treaty. There is evidently a mistake somewhere.)

"Eight years later (1863) was the next treaty-council. A chief called Lawyer, because he was a great talker, took the lead in this conference and sold nearly all the Nez Perces' country. . . . . In this treaty Lawyer acted without authority from our band. He had no right to sell the Wallowa ('winding water') country. That has always belonged to my father's own people, and the other bands had never disputed our right to it. No other Indians ever claimed Wallowa. In order to have people understand how much land we owned, my father planted poles around it and said, 'Inside is the home of my people. The white man may take the land outside. Inside this boundary all our people were born. It circles around the graves of our fathers, and we will never give up these graves to any man.'

The Old Man Dying.

"The United States claimed they had bought all the Nez Perces' country outside of the Lapwais reservation from Lawyer and other chiefs, but we continued to live on this land in peace until about eight years ago, when white men began to come inside the bounds

my father had set. We warned them against this great wrong, but they would not leave our land, and some bad blood was raised." (Another council was held with the United States Government, at which the the old chief, now blind and feeble, was represented by his son Joseph, who was firm in his refusal to go upon the Lapwai reservation, and the council accomplished nothing.)

"Soon after this my father sent for me. I saw he was dying; I took his hand in mine. He said, 'My son, my body is returning to my mother earth, and my spirit is going very soon to see the Great Spirit Chief. When I am gone think of your country. You are the chief of these people. They look to you to guide them. Always remember that your father never sold his country. You must stop your ears whenever you are asked to sign a treaty selling your home. A few years more and white men will be all around you. They have their eyes on this land. My son, never forget my dying words. This country holds your father's body; never sell the bones of your father and mother.'

Noble Sentiments.

"I pressed my father's hand and told him I would protect his grave with my life. My father smiled and passed away to the spirit-land. I buried him in that beautiful valley of winding waters. I love that land more than the rest of the world. A man who would not love his father's grave is worse than a wild animal.

"For a short time we lived quietly, but this could not last. White men had found gold in the mountains around the land of winding waters. They stole a great many horses from us, and we could not get them back because we were Indians. The white men told lies for each other. They drove off a great many of our cattle. Some white men branded our young cattle so they could claim them, and obtain what did not belong to them.

Indian Logic.

"In the treaty-councils the commissioners have claimed that our country had been sold to the government. Suppose a white man should come to me and say, 'Joseph, I like your horses, and I want to buy them.' Then he goes to my neighbor and says to him, 'Joseph has some good horses. I want to buy them, but he refuses to sell.' My neighbor answers, 'Pay me the money and I will sell you Joseph's horses.' The white man returns to me and says, 'Joseph, I have bought your horses, and you must let me have them.' If we sold our lands to the government, this is the way they were bought.

"On account of the treaty made by the other bands of the Nez Perces the white men claimed my lands. We were troubled greatly by white men crowding over the line. Some of these were good men, and we lived on peaceful terms with them; but they were not all good. Nearly every year the agent came over from Lapwai and ordered us on to the reservation. We always replied that we were satis-

fied to live in Wallowa. We were careful to refuse the presents or annuities which he offered.

"Through all the years since the white men came to Wallowa we have have been threatened and taunted by them and the treaty Nez Perces. They have given us no rest. We have had a few good friends among the white men, and they have always advised my people to bear these taunts without fighting. Our young men were quick-tempered, and I have had great difficulty in keeping them from doing rash things.

The White Man's Threats.

"Year after year we have been threatened, but no war was made upon my people until General Howard came to our country two years ago and told us that he was the white war-chief of all that country. He said: 'I have a great many soldiers at my back. I am going to bring them up here, and then I will talk to you again. I will not let white men laugh at me the next time I come. The country belongs to the reservation, and I intend to make you go upon it.'

"I remonstrated with him against bringing more soldiers to the Nez Perces country. He had one house full of troops all the time at Fort Lapwai. The next spring the agent at Umatilla Agency sent an Indian runner to tell me to meet General Howard at Walla Walla. I could not go myself, but sent my brother and five other head-men to meet him, and they had a long talk. General Howard said: 'You have talked straight, and it is all right. You can

stay in Wallowa.' He insisted that my brother and his company should go with him to Fort Lapwai. When the party arrived there General Howard sent out runners and called all the Indians in to a grand council. I was in that council, and said to General Howard, 'We are ready to listen.' He answered that he would not talk then, but would hold a council next day, when he would talk plainly.

One Man as Good as Another

"I said to General Howard, 'I am ready to talk to-day. I have been in a great many councils, but I am no wiser. We are all sprung from a woman, although we are unlike in many things. We cannot be made over again. You are as you were made, and as you were made you can remain. We are just as we were made by the Great Spirit, and you cannot change us; then why should children of one father and one mother quarrel? Why should one try to cheat the other? I do not believe that the Great Spirit gave one kind of men the right to tell another kind of men what they must do.*

"General Howard replied, 'You deny my authority, do you? You want to dictate to me, do you?'

"Then one of my chiefs, Too-hool-hool-suit, rose in the council and said to General Howard; 'The Great Spirit Chief made the world as it is and as he wanted it, and he made a part of it for us to live upon. I do

* General Howard, in his account, denies that Joseph made this remark about the Great Spirit, and also says his reply was different from Joseph's report of it and that Too-hool-hool-suit was rough and impertinent in his speech.

not see where you get authority to say that we shall not live where he placed us.' General Howard lost his temper and said, 'Shut up! I don't want to hear any more of such talk. The law says you shall go upon the reservation to live, and I want you to do so; but you persist in disobeying the law' (meaning the treaty). 'If you do not move, I will take the matter into my own hand and make you suffer for your disobedience.'*

"Did You Make the World?"

"Too-hool-hool-suit answered: 'Who are you, that you ask us to talk and then tell me I sha'n't talk? Are you the Great Spirit? Did you make the world? Did you make the sun? Did you make the rivers to run for us to drink? Did you make the grass to grow? Did you make all these things, that you talk to us like boys? If you did, then you have the right to talk as you do.'

"General Howard replied, 'You are an impudent fellow, and I will put you in the guard-house;' and then ordered a soldier to arrest him. The order was at once obeyed.

"Too-hool-hool-suit made no resistance. He asked General Howard, 'Is that your order? I don't care; I have expressed my heart to you. I have nothing to take back. I have spoken for my country. You

* The discrepancies between General Howard's account and that of Joseph may be partly accounted for by the interpreter's variations. General Howard says that his reply to Too-hool-hool-suit was: "Twenty times over I hear that the earth is your mother and about the chieftainship of the earth. I want to hear it no more."

can arrest me, but you cannot change me or make me take back what I have said.'

Joseph Counsels Submission.

"The soldiers came forward and seized my friend and took him to the guard-house. My men whispered among themselves whether they should let this thing be done. I counselled them to submit. I knew if we resisted all the white men present, including General Howard, would be killed in a moment, and we should be blamed. If I had said nothing General Howard would never have given an unjust order against my men. I saw the danger, and while they dragged Too-hool-hool-suit to prison I arose and said: 'I am going to talk now. I don't care whether you arrest me or not.'

"I turned to my people and said, 'The arrest of Too-hool-hool-suit was wrong, but we will not resist the insult. We were invited to this council to express our hearts, and we have done so.' Too-hool-hool-suit was prisoner for five days before he was released.

"The council broke up for that day. On the next morning General Howard came to my lodge and invited me to go with him, White Bird and Looking-Glass to look for land for my people. As we rode along we came to some good land that was already occupied by Indians and white people. General Howard, pointing to this land, said: 'If you will come on to the reservation I will give you these lands and move these people off.'

"I replied, 'No, it would be wrong to disturb these people. I have no right to take their homes. I have never taken what did not belong to me; I will not now.' We rode all that day upon the reservation and found no good land unoccupied. I have been informed by men who do not lie that General Howard sent a letter that night telling the soldiers at Walla Walla to go to Wallowa Valley and drive us out upon our return home.

Avoiding Bloodshed.

"In the meeting next day General Howard informed me, in a haughty spirit, that he would give my people thirty days to go back home, collect their stock and move on to the reservation, saying, 'If you are not here in that time I shall consider that you want to fight, and will send my soldiers to drive you on.'" (Joseph then asked for more time, but was refused.)

"When I returned to Wallowa, I found my people very much excited upon discovering that the soldiers were already in the Wallowa Valley. We held a council and decided to move immediately to avoid bloodshed.

"Too-hool-hool-suit, who felt outraged by his imprisonment, talked for war, and made many of my young men ready to fight rather than be driven like dogs from the land where they were born. He declared that blood alone would wash out the disgrace that General Howard had put upon him. It required a strong heart to stand up against such talk, but I urged my people to be quiet and not to begin a war.

"We gathered all the stock we could find and made

an attempt to move. We left many of our horses in Wallowa, and we lost several hundred in crossing the river. All of my people succeeded in getting across in safety. Many of the Nez Perces came together in Rocky Cañon to hold a grand council. I went with all my people. This meeting lasted ten days. There was a great deal of war-talk and a great deal of excitement. There was one young brave present whose father had been killed by a white man five years before. This man's blood was bad against the white men, and he left the council calling for revenge.

A Revengeful Brave.

"Again I counselled peace, and I thought the danger was passed. We had not complied with General Howard's order, because we could not; but we intended to do so as soon as possible. I was leaving the council to kill beef for my family when news came that the young man whose father had been killed had gone out with several other hot-blooded young braves and killed four white men. He rode up to the council and said, 'Why do you sit here like women? The war has begun already.' I was deeply grieved. I heard then that Too-hool-hool-suit had succeeded in organizing a war-party. I knew that their acts would involve my people.

Grave Charges against the Whites.

"I know that my young men did a great wrong. But I ask, Who was first to blame? They had been insulted a thousand times; their fathers and brothers had been killed; their mothers and wives had been

disgraced; they had been driven to madness by whiskey sold to them by white men; they had been told by General Howard that all their horses and cattle which they had been unable to drive out of Wallowa were to fall into the hands of white men; and, added to all this, they were homeless and desperate. I would have given my own life if I could have undone the killing of white men by my people.

"If General Howard had given me plenty of time to gather up my stock, and had treated Too-hool-hool-suit like a man, *there would have been no war.*"

(Here follows an account of the various battles fought with Generals Howard, Gibbon and Sturgis in the course of the memorable flight of the Indians, and which have been already described.)

WIFE OF JOSEPH.

"Several days had passed and we had heard nothing of Generals Howard, Gibbon or Sturgis. We had repulsed each in turn, and began to feel secure, when another army, under General Miles, struck us. This was the fourth army, each of which outnumbered our fighting force, that we had encountered within sixty days.

"We had no knowledge of General Miles' army

until a short time before he made a charge upon us, cutting our camp in two and capturing nearly all of our horses. About seventy men, myself among them, were cut off. My little daughter, twelve years of age, was with me. I gave her a rope and told her to catch a horse and join the others who were cut off from the camp. I have not seen her since, but I have learned that she is alive and well.

A Break for Liberty.

"I thought of my wife and children who were now surrounded by soldiers, and I resolved to go to them or die. With a prayer in my mouth to the Great Spirit who rules above, I dashed, unarmed, through the line of soldiers. It seemed to me that there were guns on every side, before and behind me. My clothes were cut to pieces and my horse was wounded, but I was not hurt. As I reached the door of my lodge my wife handed me my rifle, saying, 'Here's your gun; fight!'

"The soldiers kept up a continuous fire. Six of my men were killed in one spot near me. Ten or twelve soldiers charged into our camp and got possession of two lodges, killing three Nez Perces and losing three of their men, who fell inside of our lines. I called to my men to drive them back. We fought at close range, not more than twenty steps apart, and drove their soldiers back upon their main line, leaving their dead in our hands."

(Negotiations were now entered into, by General Miles, to induce Joseph to surrender.) "On the

evening of the fourth day General Howard came in with a small escort, together with my friend Chapman. We could now talk understandingly. General Miles said to me in plain words: 'If you will come out and give up your arms, I will spare your lives and send you to your reservation.' I do not know what passed between General Howard and General Miles.

What Might have Happened.

"I could not bear to see my wounded men and women suffer any longer; we had lost enough already. General Miles had promised that we might return to our own country with what stock we had left. I thought we could start again. I believed General Miles, or *I never would have surrendered.* I have heard that he has been censured for making the promise to return us to Lapwai. He could not have made any other terms with me at that time. I would have held them in check till my friends came to my assistance, and then neither of the generals nor their soldiers would have left Bear Paw Mountain alive.

"On the fifth day I went to General Miles, gave up my gun and said, 'From where the sun now stands I will fight no more.' My people needed rest, we wanted peace. I was told we could go with General Miles to Tongue River and stay there until spring, when we would be sent back to our country. Finally, it was decided that we were to be taken to Tongue River. We had nothing to say about it. After our arrival at Tongue River, General Miles received or-

ders to take us to Bismarck. The reason given was that subsistence would be cheaper there.

Faith in General Miles.

"General Miles was opposed to this order. I believe he would have kept his word if he could have done so. I do not blame him for what we have suffered since the surrender. I do not know who is to blame. We gave up all our horses (over eleven hundred) and all our saddles (over one hundred), and we have not heard from them since. Somebody has got our horses. General Miles turned my people over to another soldier, and we were taken to Bismarck. Captain Johnson, who now had charge of us, received an order to take us to Fort Leavenworth.

"Here we were placed on a low river-bottom, with no water except river-water to drink and cook with. We had always lived in a healthy country, where the mountains were high and the water was cold and clear. Many of my people sickened and died, and we buried them in this strange land. I cannot tell how much my heart suffered for my people while at Leavenworth. The Great Spirit Chief, who rules above, seemed to be looking some other way, and did not see what was being done to my people.

"During the hot days (July, 1878) we received notice that we were to be removed farther away from our own country. We were not asked if we were willing to go. We were ordered to get into the railroad cars. Three of my people died on the way to

Baxter Springs. It was worse to die there than to die fighting in the mountains.

"We were moved from Baxter Springs (Kansas) to the Indian Territory, and set down without our lodges. We had but little medicine and we were nearly all sick. Seventy of my people have died since we moved there." (They had, while in Indian Territory, a great many visits from distinguished men, and a great deal of talk which ended in nothing.) "At last I was permitted to come to Washington and bring my friend, Yellow Bull, and our interpreter with me. I am glad we came.

"I have shaken hands with a great many friends; but there are some things I want to know which nobody seems able to explain. I cannot understand how a government sends a man out to fight us, as it did General Miles, and then breaks his word. Such a government has something wrong about it. I cannot understand why so many different chiefs are allowed to talk so many different ways and promise so many different things.

"Words do not Pay for Dead People."

"I have heard talk and talk, but nothing is done. Good words do not last long, unless they amount to something. Words do not pay for my dead people. They do not pay for my country now overrun by white men. They do not protect my father's grave. They do not pay for all my horses and cattle. Good words will not give me back my children. Good words will not make good the promise of your war-

chief, General Miles. Good words will not give my people good health and stop them from dying. Good words will not get my people a home where they can live in peace and take care of themselves. I am tired of talk that comes to nothing. I only ask of the government to be treated as all other men are treated. If I cannot go to my own home, let me have a home in some country where my people will not die so fast. I would like to go to Bitter Root Valley. There my people would be healthy.

One Law for All.

"I know that my race must change. We cannot hold our own with the white men as we are. We only ask an even chance to live as other men live. We ask to be recognized as men. We ask that the same law shall work alike on all men. If the Indian breaks the law, punish him by the law. If the white man breaks the law, punish him also.

"Let me be a free man—free to travel; free to stop; free to work; free to trade where I choose; free to choose my own teachers; free to follow the religion of my fathers; free to think, talk and act for myself—and I will obey every law or submit to the penalty.

"Whenever the white men treat the Indians as they treat each other, then we shall have no more wars. We shall all be alike—brothers of one father and one mother, with one sky above us and one country around us, and one government for all. Then the Great Spirit Chief, who rules above, will smile upon

this land and send rain to wash out from the face of the earth the bloody spots made by brothers' hands. For this time the Indian race is waiting and praying. I hope that no more groans of wounded men and women will ever go to the ear of the Great Spirit Chief above, and that all people may be one people.

"In-mut-too-yah-lat-lat has spoken for his people."

CHAPTER XXV.

The Ute Massacre of 1879 at the White River Agency.—Agent Meeker and Family Killed.

THE Ute nation is composed of the Tabaquache, Muache, Capote, Weminuche, Yampa, Grand River and Uintah bands. Previous to the time when the United States entered into definite treaty relations with them they roamed over the vast extent of country embraced in Western Colorado, Eastern Utah, Northern New Mexico and Arizona and Southern Wyoming. They were also accustomed to go down through Eastern Colorado to the buffalo-range on the Plains for their periodical hunts, often coming into collision with the Cheyennes and Arrapahoes, also the Camanches and Kiowas, who claimed the southern buffalo-range as their territory.

The Utes, up to 1879, had been conspicuous for their peaceable relations with the whites. Indeed, they were always mentioned in official reports as models of good behavior.

In March, 1868, a treaty was made with them by the provisions of which an immense tract of country in Southern Colorado was solemnly set apart for their exclusive use, and they agreed to relinquish their claims to any portions of the country not embraced in their reservation. Two agencies were established

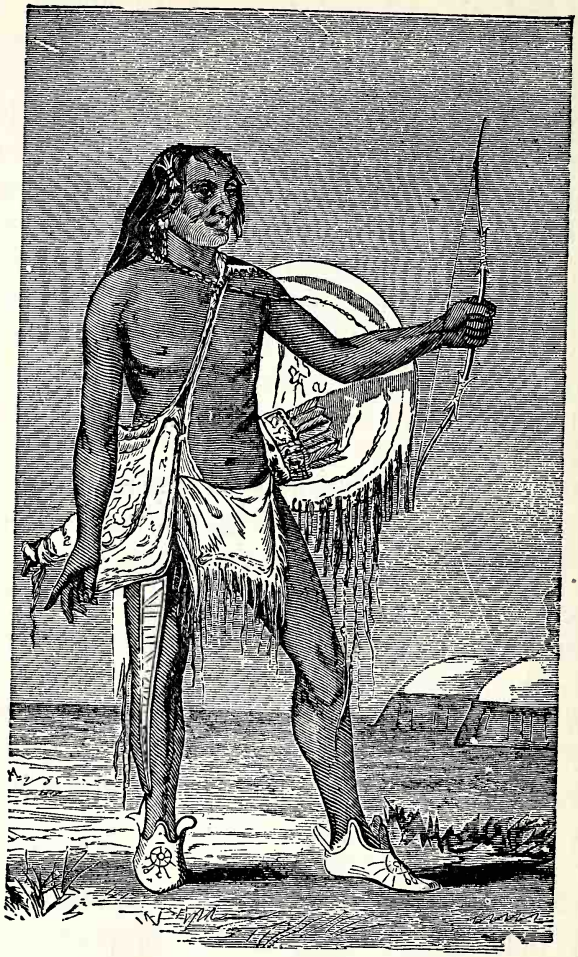
there, and for a time all went well. But soon immigrants and miners began to encroach (the old story) upon the Indian lands, and their complaints were numerous and grievous.

In the spring of 1872, Congress authorized the Secretary of the Interior to enter into negotiations with the Utes for the extinguishment of their title to the southern part of their reservation, which was then overrun by miners and ranchmen. The commission appointed for this purpose failed to secure the concession. In 1873, however, new delegates being sent, negotiations were effected, and the mining lands were ceded by the Utes to the government for a consideration.

Cost of Keeping an Indian.

The experiences of this tribe on their reservation were indeed unenviable. The drought and the grasshoppers destroyed the crops of the agency farms, and the intrusion of miners and ranchers served to reduce their revenue from robes and peltries. Fully one-half of them were supposed to be entirely supported by government rations, but the entire sum expended for each was only two and one-third cents a day.

In 1879 occurred the Meeker massacre, with the killing of Major Thornburgh. This unfortunate event seems to have been precipitated by misunderstandings between Agent Meeker at the White River Agency and his Indian wards. In the spring of 1879 hunting-parties went north beyond the limits of their reser-



UINTAH CHIEF.

vation, extending their excursions as far as the Parks in Western Colorado. During these trips they killed game and sold the peltries to storekeepers near the northern border of their lands, and in exchange therefor obtained, it was reported, ammunition and whiskey.

Agent Meeker credited these rumors, and wrote to the military commander at Fort Steele to arrest all the Utes found north, and either retain them or send them back to the reservation.

A False Report.

In July reports were circulated through the States to the effect that the Utes had set fire to immense tracts of timber which were burning near North and Middle Parks. But Major Thornburgh, the commandant at Fort Steele, stated that diligent inquiry had failed to reveal such a state of affairs; he, however, discovered that they had killed a great deal of game and had used the skins for trade. He further found that the miners whom they visited were not molested, but, on the contrary, had been presented with an abundance of game. Others were of the opinion that the burning of the forest was caused by the camp-fires carelessly left by white hunters and pleasure-seekers.

On the 8th of September, 1879, the first serious difficulty occurred at Mr. Meeker's agency (at White River). As he was ploughing a piece of ground near at hand, on which were the tents and corrals of some of the Indians, three or four of them objected to the proceeding. The agent offered to assist them to re-

move their possessions to equally good situations, but they refused, and would listen to nothing; so he ordered the plough to proceed. The strip laid off was half a mile long and one hundred feet wide; when the ploughman ran one furrow through and came to the upper end, he was met by two Indians with guns, who told him to proceed no farther. A controversy ensued, and it was finally agreed that the agent should plough one half of the tract, provided he would remove the corrals, dig a well, help build a log cabin and supply a stove.

Meeker Calls for Help.

On the 10th of September, 1879, Meeker telegraphed to the Department that he had been assaulted by a leading chief (Johnson), forced out of his own house and badly injured, and asked protection for himself and family.

On September 15th the War Department, at the request of the Indian Office, ordered that a detail of troops be sent from the nearest military post sufficient in number to arrest such Indian chiefs as were insubordinate and enforce obedience to the commands of the agent; also that the ringleaders be held until an investigation could be had.

Major Thornburgh was detailed for this duty. The Utes became intensely excited when they learned that the troops were on their way to the agency.

A series of despatches passed between Agent Meeker and Major Thornburgh, the purport of which related to the best method of getting the troops on

to the reservation without exciting the Indians to violent acts. Major Thornburgh, however, kept steadily advancing. Messengers were constantly arriving with the news of his approach; and the result was an uprising in which Agent Meeker and all his male assistants were killed, the agency building sacked and fired and the women and children carried off to the south.

On the morning of the same day the command of Major Thornburgh was attacked by a body of Utes in a cañon fifteen miles from the agency, and the major himself killed. General Adams, a former agent of the Utes, was afterward sent into the interior of the reservation in pursuit of those who had captured the women and children; after a tedious and, in some respects, dangerous journey, he succeeded in rescuing them all.

CHAPTER XXVI.

War of 1890-91.—Bold Cheyenne Braves.—Splendid Charge against Squadrons of Regular Cavalry.—An Unequal Combat.—Hostilities Predicted.

THE first mutterings of the Indian War of 1890 and 1891 came from the reservation of the northern Cheyennes. Only a few persons took part in this exciting affair, yet it was a premonition of an attack that was to startle the whole country.

Early in October came an extraordinary story from the reservation of two young Indian braves, guilty of murder, who challenged and fought several troops of United States cavalry.

No tragedy in which the white man and Indian have been joint actors ever blended more completely the horrible, the dramatic and the picturesque. Upon the reservation of the northern Cheyennes, which lies south of the Yellowstone River, Montana, and along the banks of the Rosebud and the Tongue, were gathered the remnant of the fierce band of warriors who, in the seventies, under Roman Nose, Lame Deer and Dull Knife, wrote some of the bloodiest pages in the history of Indian warfare, and gave some of the stubbornest fights to Miles, McKenzie and Crook. They had been, in the main, peaceable since their oc-

cupation of this country, but there had been signs of turbulence and discontent among them for the preceding four years, which rendered necessary annual camps of regular troops in their vicinity.

In the spring of 1890 the murder of a settler by three of their number threatened a crisis. The murderers were surrendered, and it did not take place; but as a consequence of the trouble for five long months the white tents of a battalion of the First United States Cavalry stood as silent peacemakers among the smoky lodges of the Cheyennes along the Lame Deer.

The Murderers Flee.

Everything promised a continuance of peace and a speedy withdrawal of the troops, when, on September 6th, the wanton murder by the Indians of a young man named Boyle within three miles of the cavalry camp put another face on the situation. Boyle's body had been found after a three days' arduous search by the troops and friendly Indians in a deep ravine on a steep and lonely mountain-side a long distance away from the scene of the murder. That night it was discovered by the Indian police that the murderers were two young Cheyennes, who, upon the finding of the body, had taken to the hills.

Their crime had been particularly atrocious and devoid of motive, but the dénouement forms one of the most remarkable scenes in the history of Indian fanaticism. The pursuit of the murderers had continued without success for some days, when suddenly a message was conveyed from the fugitives to the

Indian agent, through the father of one of them, to the effect that they were tired of hiding, that they realized that they had forfeited their lives, and that they wanted to die in fair fight.

An Extraordinary Challenge.

They said if the agent would cause the troops to be assembled, they would come forward and fight them to the death, and that if they should not be drawn up to receive them they would raid the agency and camp and kill every white soul they might see. Idle as such a boastful proposition might sound in the mouth of a Shoshone or Crow, it had a different ring when uttered by two young Cheyenne braves. Major Carroll, the commanding officer of the camp, was quietly notified, and in a moment the sound of "Boots and Saddles" hurried in the herds and summoned the camp to horse.

Lieutenant S. C. Robertson of the First Cavalry was among the first to report, and was ordered to take his troop and dispose it around the agency as quickly as possible, so as to intercept the approach of the Indians from that direction.

His graphic narrative is as follows: "As we galloped over the mile of road between the camp and agency we could not help feeling that our trip was a fool's errand, for the idea of a prearranged duel between two young Indians and three troops of cavalry seemed too grotesque to be entertained. On expressing this fear, however, to Brave Wolf, a Cheyenne chief who rode beside us, he assured us by say-

ing that the young bucks would certainly appear, and that it would be a fight to a finish when they did.

The Scene of the Encounter.

"Hurrying on, we left a guard at the agency, and then, under Brave Wolf's guidance, turned up the road east of that point. Along this, the old Indian said, our braves would appear, and here, about half a mile away, we halted and posted our men, some mounted and others dismounted. The road here runs through a narrow valley, closed apparently on all sides by steep rock-crowned hills. No better amphitheatre could have been offered by Nature for the enactment of the performance in store for us. As we looked about us after disposing the men, the scene we beheld was worth remembering. The whole Cheyenne tribe had, during the previous several days' excitement, been gathered by the agent from all parts of the reservation and placed in camp about the agency. They had poured out of their tepees at the approach of the troop, and they now stood upon the ridges above the valley in dense groups of brilliant barbaric color.

"Still farther beyond, on the taller heights and across the Lame Deer, were gathered for safety the squaws and children and the large pony herds. The two young murderers had, before our arrival, sent a herald to their people inviting them to come out and see how splendidly they could die, and the quiet deliberation with which the preliminaries of the coming contest were now being arranged suggested thoughts

of the ancient arena strangely out of keeping with the flow of nineteenth-century methods and ideas. Figuratively, the audience was barely seated when the curtain went up, and the two main actors, for whose coming every eye was eagerly watching, stepped upon the stage.

Picturesque Sight.

"They were first seen riding from a clump of timber across the valley, and about eight hundred yards away. Our glasses told us they were well armed and mounted and in full war-rig, one of them wearing a splendid war-bonnet that swept low toward the ground. Directing their ponies up one of the steepest parts of the opposite ridge, they gained the summit, and there, sweeping their steeds in quick circles against the sky, their eagle head-feathers dancing in the breeze, they sang the Cheyenne death-song. No plaudits of pit or box were needed to inspire them. They were Cheyenne braves, the sons of Cheyenne warriors, whose past heroic deeds they had heard sung by many a camp-fire, and the eyes of hundreds of their tribe, they knew, were there across the valley to note and scorn the faintest trace of fear. Meanwhile, our men had gathered nearer to the hill, and in a few moments the 'zip' of falling bullets among us told that the unequal contest had commenced."

The Charge of the Cheyennes.

Its details are unnecessary. Fifty carbines opened fire and the Indians fought from the rocks. Flanked

and driven out of these, they dashed down the steep hillside, and made for the line of a fresh troop of cavalry that had just been led upon the southern crest of the valley by Lieutenant Pitcher of the First It was on this ridge that most of the Cheyenne spectators were assembled, and the young braves evidently wanted them to be in at the death. Across the valley they charged, one mounted, the other, whose pony had been shot, on foot. The former, amid a hail of balls, rode boldly up the slope in the face of Lieutenant Pitcher's line, firing rapidly from the hip as he came. Thirty carbines and revolvers confronted him, but on he rode, his eyes glaring in fierce frenzy, until the line of troopers was pierced, and then, with three bullets in his brain and others in his body, he found the death he sought.

The dismounted buck meanwhile turned down the valley, attracted perhaps by the little knot of whites before the agency. Bullets rained around him. As was afterward discovered, his clothing was pierced in many places, and he was probably first wounded, for, turning suddenly to the left, with true Indian instinct —the instinct of a wounded rabbit or coyote—he sought refuge in a cut in the dry stream-bed, where he fought desperately until killed.

This last was a mere youth, who, it afterward transpired, had taken no part in the killing of Boyle, but who was too brave to claim exemption from the crime his guilty companion had committed. Those who suddenly discovered him dead were almost startled

at the weird beauty of the picture he made as he lay in his vivid color of costume and painted face, his red blood dyeing the yellow of the autumn leaves on which he fell.

A Debt of Blood for Blood.

The tragedy was over and the Indian debt of blood for blood discharged. The Indian mothers—who, when they found their sons must die, had, bravely as any Spartan woman, gone into the hills and decorated them for the fray, and, who, more bravely still, had watched them die—now rushed forward and threw themselves upon the bodies. The women and children flocked from the camps across the stream, and the air was filled with lamentations and songs in praise of the valor of the dead. During the firing many of the young Cheyenne bucks who lined the hills had, in uncontrollable excitement, leaped from their ponies and buckled their cartridge-belts ominously outside their blankets; but the Indian police, under the wise direction of Agent Cooper, did their duty faithfully, and the results that were feared were avoided.

It requires only one such exciting event to stir the blood of a whole tribe, and when the trouble begins it is impossible to predict where it will end. Here was an unequal combat, and the suggestive thing about it was that it occurred between United States troops and Indian braves.

The outbreak on the part of the Sioux and other tribes which soon followed this occurrence was antici

pated by those most familiar with Indian affairs. As early as April, 1890, General Armstrong, Indian Inspector, submitted the following significant report. This report should be carefully read, as it states clearly some of the causes which led to the hostile attitude assumed by the Sioux and other tribes:

General Armstrong's Report.

PINE RIDGE AGENCY, South Dakota April 7th,

"The Honorable Secretary of the Interior—Sir: In former years this agency was allowed 5,000,000 pounds of beef. This year it has been reduced to 4,000,000 pounds. These Indians were not prepared for this change. No instructions had been given the agent that 1,000,000 pounds of beef would be cut off from the Indians this year. Consequently, issues were made from the beginning of the fiscal year, July 1st, 1889, until the date of the final delivery of beef, about October 15th, 1889, on the basis of 5,000,000 pounds for the year. This necessitated a large reduction in the beef issue afterward to catch up with the amount, and came just at the worst season of the year. The Indians were kept at the agency between three and four weeks in the farming season of 1889, when they should have been at home attending to their corn.

"Their enforced absence attending the Sioux Commission caused them to lose all they had planted by the stock breaking in on their farms and destroying everything they had. They have been compelled to kill their private stock during the winter to keep from

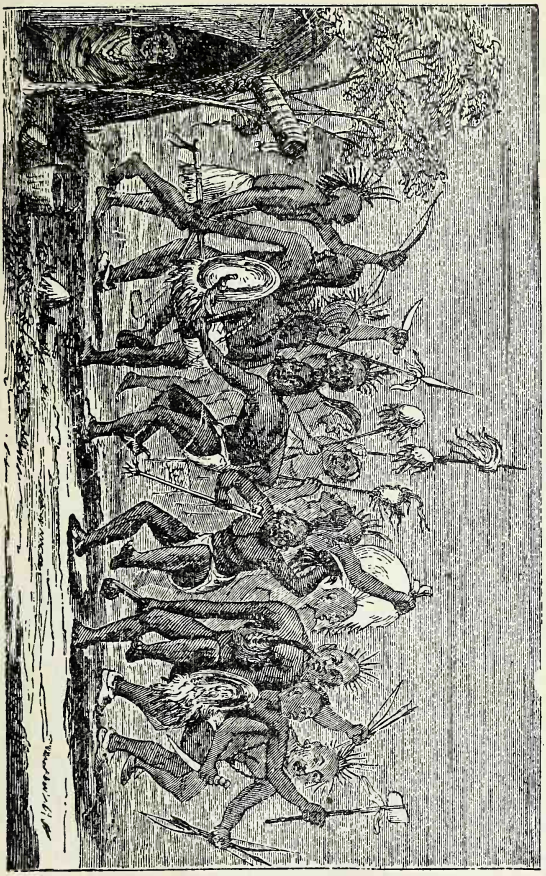
starving, and in some cases have been depredating upon the stock of white people living near the line of the reservation.

Short Allowance of Beef.

"A bad feeling is growing among the Indians out of this, and may lead to trouble between the settlers and the Indians. The full allowance of beef should be given them. They complain, and with good grounds, that they were told by the Sioux commissioners that their rations, etc. should not be reduced —that while this very talk was going on the Department in Washington was fixing to cut off one-fifth of their meat-supply, but did not let them know it, nor did the agent know it, until they had signed the Sioux bill. They had a good start in cattle, but have had to kill over three times as many of their own cattle, old and young, as they did the year before—that they have been deceived in doing what they did by the government, and that they don't get as much now as they did before.

"I think cutting off this 1,000,000 pounds of beef, and thereby forcing them to kill their own young cattle, has put them back two years or more in raising stock, and has created a feeling of distrust which, unless something is done to repair it, will lead to trouble and bad conduct. They have now killed many of their own cattle, and will next commence to kill range cattle. Already hides and other evidences of this are being found on the reservation borders.

"Men will take desperate remedies sooner than suffer from hunger. Not much work can be expected



DANCE TO THE WIDOW OF A WARRIOR.

with the present feeling. The Indians who advocated signing are now laughed at and blamed for being fooled. They don't get even their former rations,

and ask where are all the promises that were made. The government must keep faith as well as the Indians.

"The attention of the Department has frequently been called to the condition of the Cheyenne Indians at this agency—their dissatisfaction and determination to do nothing to better their condition. They now openly say they will leave here this spring, and therefore have no intention of putting in crops or doing any work.

Discontent Among the Sioux.

"They may be held here by force, but it is questionable if it is a good policy to keep them at Pine Ridge Agency any longer. The nine hundred Cheyennes at Tongue River, Montana, and these five hundred Cheyennes of the same band here, should be concentrated at one agency. The Sioux don't want them here, and they don't want to stay. They should not be kept as prisoners only. The Tongue River reservation is, I know, wanted by cattlemen. They should be a secondary consideration. These Indians should be concentrated there, and a reservation obtained for them from the Crows, and the Cheyennes should be moved to it. They will then be satisfied, settle down and go to work. No good can ever come to the Cheyennes if the course pursued toward them during the last six years is continued, and much bad may result.

"Why should Indians be forced to stay where they never located through choice? Put them where they

want to live and can make a living, and let them stay there and do it. Without some prompt action regarding this beef matter, and also in the Cheyenne matter on this reservation, the Department may this summer or fall expect trouble. I have thought this of sufficient importance to lay before the Department, and go in person to ask that some action be taken. I have seen this Cheyenne matter brewing for two years, and I see now the Sioux put back in the principal industry on which they have to depend. With prompt action in this matter, and a proper arrangement of districts for the issuing of rations, a plan for which I will submit, these people will go ahead. If not, they will go backward, which to them is the easier road.

"FRANK C. ARMSTRONG,
United States Indian Inspector."

The force of the statements contained in this report was acknowledged by President Harrison in his message of December, coupled with an admonition concerning the breaking of agreements with the Indians: "Attention is called to the fact that the appropriations made in the case of the Sioux Indians have not covered all the stipulated payments. This should be promptly corrected. If an agreement is confirmed, all of its terms should be complied with without delay, and full appropriations should be made."

CHAPTER XXVII.

The New Indian Messiah.—Mysterious Craze among the Red Men.—Sitting-Bull Watching his Opportunity.—Alarm at the Indian Agencies.—The Ghost Dance.

An interesting description of the mysterious craze among the Sioux Indians and others arising from the expected appearance of a new Messiah is furnished by Lieutenant Marion P. Maus of the United States army. This officer had every opportunity to study the character, habits and religious ideas of the Indians, and the contribution on this subject which he here makes is both interesting and valuable. Lieutenant Maus says:

"For many years we have regarded the Indian's belief in a Supreme Being as very vague and undefined. He has, however, appeared to recognize a 'Great Spirit' and a 'happy hunting-ground,' the home of the departed braves—a country where beautiful prairies and forests are abounding in game, watered by cool streams, forming an ideal Indian heaven. This belief seems a part of his nature, just as his love for his free and savage life, which the advance of civilization is forcing him to renounce. The buffalo is a thing of the past, and even the elk, the antelope and the deer have nearly disappeared, and

INDIANS ATTACKING THE HOUSE OF A WHITE SETTLER

he finds he must live on the bounty of the white man or starve.

"For years he has been confined to military reservations, and has chafed under the restraint thus put upon him. Little wonder he looks for a change and longs for his once free life, and gladly grasped the new belief in the red Saviour which rapidly spread to every Western tribe, and which the great chief Red Cloud said 'would spread over all the earth.'

Startling Prophecies.

"It seems impossible to trace the exact origin of this Indian faith. An Indian from the upper Columbia River, named Smohalla, preached the doctrine of an Indian Messiah some ten years ago. This Indian taught that there would be an upheaval of nature, which would destroy the white man and restore to the Indian his ancestral remains, and that the dust of countless dead Indians would spring to life, and would surround without one word of warning each pale-face, who would be swept from the face of the earth. None of the deadly weapons of civilization or skill in their use would avail, and the blood of eighty millions of whites would atone for the wrongs done to the red race.

"Within a few months the belief in this new religion spread from tribe to tribe with marvellous rapidity. Runners traversed thousands of miles to reach distant tribes and bear the glad tidings. The Arrapahoes, the Shoshones, the great Sioux tribes, the Cheyennes, both north and south, and many other

tribes, were taught the faith; and the 'ghost dance,' the religious ceremony of the creed, was danced by all these tribes.

"While accompanying Major-General Nelson A. Miles and the Northern Cheyenne Commission to the various agencies in the North-west where the duties of the commission took them, I took occasion to visit the scene of the ghost dance on a plain near the White River, on the Pine Ridge Agency, in South Dakota. The Indians of this reservation are Sioux and Cheyennes, Red Cloud being the principal chief.

Strange Antics.

"This sacred dance was probably in honor of the dead braves who would soon return to life, and many undoubtedly believed they might appear at any moment. Arranged in a circle, about three hundred of them, alternately a man and a woman, they went round and round ever in the same direction, while the air was filled with a dirge-like chant of a graveyard significance. Now and then one fell down exhausted in a death-like swoon, and was rapidly carried away, while his place was filled. In this swoon, it was claimed, the Indian saw and communed with the Messiah, and learned His wishes and what is to come to pass. Once seen, they claim, He is never forgotten, and again and again appears to the favored believer.

"While at the various agencies I had the opportunity to obtain the statements of several of the apostles of this new religion. Porcupine seemed to be the

great apostle, while Red Cloud, Sitting-Bull, Little Wound and others also were prominent. Porcupine, in his statement to Major Carroll of his visit to Pyramid Lake in Nevada, told of the circumstances of his journey in company with some Bannocks and Shoshones.

Message from the Messiah.

"He undoubtedly went to Salt Lake, travelling by rail and then by wagon, until he reached tribes there who belong to the fish-eating class of Indians, who largely live west of the Rocky Mountains, and are much more civilized than those on the other side of the Rockies. Here, he claimed, he met several hundred of these Indians in white men's dress — fifteen or sixteen tribes from the east side of the Rockies were represented — and here he claimed to have received a message from the Messiah, saying the Indians should wait fourteen days, when He would appear to them. They also received a white nut, which they were directed to eat. After waiting as directed, suddenly a great crowd of Indians and whites appeared unto them, and the Christ was among them. He had His head bowed, and appeared, to his astonishment, an Indian, for, he said, 'I always believed that Christ was a white man.'

"The Christ said: 'I have sent for you, and am glad to see you. I am going to talk to you about your relatives who are dead and gone. My children, I want you to listen to all I have to say to you. I will teach you how to dance a dance, and I want you to

dance it. Get ready for your dance, and then, when the dance is over, I will talk to you.'

"Then they danced, the Christ singing. They danced until late, when He said it was enough. 'The next morning,' Porcupine continues, 'I saw Christ again, and this time He looked different; He was not as dark as an Indian nor as light as a white man. He had no beard, but very heavy eyebrows. He was a good-looking man. We were told not to talk, and even if we whispered Christ would hear us. He talked to us all day, and began to sing, and then trembled all over violently for a while, and afterward sat down. We danced all night, the Christ lying down as if He were dead.

The Dead to be Raised.

"'The next morning, when we met again, the Christ was with us. He said: "I am the man who made everything you see around you; I am not lying to you, my children. I made this earth and everything on it. I have been to heaven and seen your dead friends, and have seen my own father and mother. In the beginning, after God made the earth, they sent me back to teach the people; and when I came the people were afraid of me, and treated me badly. This is what they did to me" (showing his scars). "I did not try to defend myself. I found my children were bad, so I went back to heaven and left them. I told them in so many hundred years I would come back to see my children. At the end of this time I was sent back to try to teach them. My Father told me the earth

was getting old and worn-out and the people getting bad—that I was to renew everything as it used to be, and make it better."

"'He said the dead would arise, and the earth, which was too small for them, would be enlarged, and He would do away with heaven and make the earth big enough for all of us—that we must all be friends. In the fall of the year the youth of each one would be renewed if he remained good, and no would ever get over forty years old. I have returned to my tribe,' said Porcupine, 'to tell all this. The Christ said we must tell it to every one.' In his statement Porcupine said nothing of the destruction of the whites. However, it must be remembered he was talking to an army officer who had with him three troops of cavalry.

How the Messiah Looked.

"Red Cloud, who heard the story from the apostles who claimed to have seen the Messiah, said: 'If it was true, it would spread all over the world; but wisely remarked, 'If it was not true, it would melt away like the snow under the hot sun.' Little Wound, who also claimed to have seen Christ when He appeared at the Shoshone camp, described Him as sitting under a wickiup (the name for a shelter made of boughs in the shape of an Indian tent or tepee). 'The Messiah had long hair down to His shoulders, and when I first saw Him He seemed about twenty years old; the next day He appeared thirty; the next, forty; and the next, an old man.

He said, "Come with me, and I will show you your dead relatives;" and suddenly I heard a noise like that of a railroad-train. I was carried through the air, and came to a field with a small house on it. I went in, and there were my mother and father and brother, who had died long ago. My brother and father were both killed years ago fighting the white man. They came up to me crying, and I shook hands with them.'

A Strange Story.

"The statement of Sitting-Bull how he met the Messiah is very significant of the teaching received from the missionaries of the Christian Christ, as will be seen. He described a star he saw while he was hunting, which he followed unconsciously. Then he came upon a large number of Indians, including many of his old friends who had been killed in various fights with the white men. Black Kettle, who was killed by Custer, he mentioned especially as being among them. They were all arranged in a large circle, and were dancing the ghost dance. A man came to him, who he found afterward was the Indian Messiah. He shook Sitting-Bull by the hand, and said, 'What would you like to eat?' Sitting-Bull said he would very much like some buffalo, as it had been a very long time since he had eaten buffalo. The Messiah waved His hand, and a herd of buffalo appeared, and he went out and killed one.

"There is no doubt that most of these Indians are sincere in their belief in this new Messiah. It suits

them exactly. It is not strange that there should be many versions of how the destruction of the white race and the restoration of the happy hunting-grounds will be accomplished. The manner in which this will be accomplished has been explained in various ways, but it seems generally believed that the Indians will all fall into a trance, and when they awake they will find the whites will have been buried, with all their civilization, many feet beneath the surface of the earth, never to rise again, and the Indians, with all the dead restored to life, will remain upon the earth—renewed and made many times more beautiful—alone to enjoy it.

"No more reservations, no more white men, no more soldiers to disturb them; the prairies will be covered with grass waist-deep; the forest and mountains alike will abound in buffalo, elk, deer and antelope, more abundant than ever.

The Craze Fostered by Designing White Men.

"Another version is that the Messiah will put all the Indians behind Him and whites before Him—will then roll a stratum of mud thirty feet deep over the earth, burying the white men and all their work beneath. There is little doubt but that this belief is a perversion of the Christian religion as taught by missionaries, and in its present form suits the wishes and hopes of the Indians. It is also very probable that this craze was furthered by the more intelligent and vindictive of the Indians—many of them would be glad to see anything happen to change their condition

MISSIONARY PREACHING TO THE SIOUX.

—and was also probably furthered by designing white men, who would reap the rewards of an Indian outbreak.

"Many of the Indians have joined the Mormon faith, and it is believed that the teachers of the Mormons have encouraged these prophecies, in order to increase their influence with the Indians."

Possessed by these superstitious notions, these extraordinary beliefs, the powerful tribe of Sioux began and continued to perform their fantastic ghost dances. Sitting-Bull the old deadly foe of the white men, took advantage of the craze to inflame the anger of his people and prepare for deeds of blood.

Preparing for the Outbreak.

The disquietude among the Sioux Indians resulting from Sitting-Bull's prophecy that a new Messiah was soon to appear to restore to the Indians the land taken from them by the pale-faces, and to bring back the buffalo, assumed such proportions that on the 14th of November the Interior Department transferred the control of the Indians of North Dakota, under orders of the President, to the War Department, and General Miles was placed in control. Troops were ordered to be sent forward, and it was expected that within a short time there would be three thousand regulars massed in North Dakota. Sitting-Bull had about three thousand warriors, and it was the intention of the War Department to overawe the Indians by bringing against them an equal force of United States soldiers.

Settlers living on the border of the Sioux reservation brought stories to Mandan of the arming of Indians, which were borne out by Joseph Buckley, who understood their language. Buckley said every Indian on the reservation would shortly go on the war-path, and that they had got possession of Custer's rifles, which the United States army had never found. Local hardware-men had, in the last few days, sold their entire stock of ammunition to the Indians.

The Indians said if they were unsuccessful in the raid they would get double rations and they had nothing to lose. Citizens and settlers who were unprotected believed that General Ruger and the Indian authorities were harboring a feeling of false security, and that when too late the number of troops at Fort Lincoln would be increased.

Alarm among the Settlers.

The mayor of Mandan called a meeting, and the War Department was asked to furnish citizens with guns, if not with soldiers. Many settlers between Mandan and the reservation abandoned their farms and ranches because of lack of protection afforded them by the government. The most conservative felt gloomy at the outlook.

From an interview with General Miles, commanding the Department of the Missouri, it will be seen that there were marked indications of a general uprising among the Indians. The general was at Chicago, but was preparing to take the field. The interview is dated November the 19th: "What is the

situation this evening, general, up in the Indian country, where the restlessness of the tribes of red men is creating such interest all over the country?"

The general at once looked up from his desk and replied: "The same turbulent spirit among the Indians is manifested at Rosebud, Pine Ridge and the Cheyenne agencies. There is a more threatening state of affairs existing at the Pine Ridge Agency than elsewhere, and my latest official reports are that troops have gone to the Pine Ridge Agency from the Rosebud Agency. General Brooke left the railroad at Rushville this noon for Pine Ridge, and he with his command of three troops of cavalry and five companies of infantry will reach there by daylight in the morning. At the same time Lieutenant-Colonel Smith will reach the Rosebud Agency with three companies of cavalry and three companies of infantry.

"In my opinion, these forces will be sufficient to protect the lives and public property at these agencies and control the Indians. If they do not commit any serious overt acts before the arrival of the troops or immediately upon the arrival of this force, I am of the opinion that the appearance of the troops will have a most quieting effect.

Attempted Assassination.

"I have received information that night before last American Horse, who is one of the Sioux tribe, had a narrow escape from assassination from the turbulent Indians at the Pine Ridge Agency. This Indian is a prominent Sioux chief and a friend of the United

CHIEF AMERICAN HORSE.

States Government. He has been so regarded for years, and is always inclined to be peaceable and loyal. To nothing but the turbulent, hostile and disaffected spirit of the Indians can I attribute this attempt to murder American Horse. They are seemingly angry because American Horse opposes the turbulent spirit manifested by the Indians and strenuously opposes such actions."

The "quieting effect" anticipated by General Miles was not realized. Two days later the War Department at Washington received intelligence that was not reassuring. The following is a copy of a despatch sent by General Miles from Chicago: "Reliable information has been received that the Yanktons and Gros Ventres on the upper Missouri, also those near old Fort Belknap, have unanimously adopted the Messiah craze—the latter quite ugly; that Sitting-Bull has sent emissaries to these tribes and to the forty-eight lodges of the Sioux north of the British line, inciting them to get arms and ammunition and join the other warriors near Black Hills in the spring. Every effort is being made to allay and restrain the turbulent, but the violent overt act of any small part of the desperate ones may cause a general uprising.

"The latest reports from the northern Cheyennes is that they have abandoned the delusion. There should be no delay, however, in putting other troops than those in these two departments in proper equipment for the field.

"The number of Indians going from Rosebud Agency to Pine Ridge Agency is increasing. Reliable advices show that this Messiah craze is extending to our Indians near the mountain-border and between the Sioux nation and the Canadian border."

Startling Reports from Pine Ridge.

At the same time intelligence was received which tended to increase the alarm. Two of the best, wisest and most reliable scouts in the government's employ reported to General Brooke that one hundred and fifty lodges of the Wounded Knee fanatics, including some of the most desperate and treacherous redskins in that part of the country, had moved to White River, twenty miles to the north, and had again begun the dance in a wilder manner than had been known thus far.

The scouts said they talked with several of the leaders, and the latter all declared that they and their associates had fully determined that they would shoot any government officials or soldiers who attempted to suppress the dance. This was considered by far the most sensational news that had come to General Brooke since his arrival.

Upon no previous occasion during the scare had any such threatening declarations been made by the dancers. All the Indians in these hundred and fifty lodges were armed with Winchesters, navy revolvers and knives, and they had large quantities of ammunition and provisions, and also were receiving heavy reinforcements hourly.

General Brooke received a telegram from General Miles giving him power to call as many troops to this point as he deemed expedient. Some of the scouts and Indian police who were sent out to notify the non-dancing faction to move into the agency precinct returned and reported that these Indians signified a perfect willingness to do as requested. A number immediately accompanied the scouts and police into the agency. General Brooke received intimation that the War Department would certainly insist upon the suppression of the dance at all hazards.

The Dancing Continues.

Both the commandant and agent were greatly chagrined and nettled at learning soon after that another lot of some three hundred Rosebud warriors had put in an appearance, as if they had risen out of the earth, only twelve miles north-east of Pine Ridge, and were preparing to establish a ghost séance. These all had Winchesters and were loaded down with ammunition.

The warlike feeling among the Indians was further shown by a letter sent from the frontier to General Miles. It was from Captain Huggins, dated Great Falls, Montana, November 18th. The captain says: "I was at Poplar Creek Agency for about six hours yesterday, and heard some additional items of interest concerning the feeling among the Indians there and elsewhere in this region. The Indians at Poplar Creek are better armed to-day than they have ever

been before. There is a serviceable breech-loader for nearly every warrior in the tribe.

Indians Ready for War.

"I learned that White Gut, Sitting-Bull's messenger, stopped at Poplar Creek Agency for a few hours last week on his way back to Dakota, after visiting the Indians in the Dominion of Canada. The agent did not seem to know this when I talked with him. White Gut reported that the Indians north of the line were richer and more prosperous than those who surrendered, finding a good deal of game, trapping and fur, and, when they wished to work, getting better wages than the Indians on the reservation.

"White Gut also said that the Indians with Sitting-Bull were better armed to-day than at the time of the Custer affair. He gave orders that if a hostile gun was fired at any time in Dakota or elsewhere, all the Indians everywhere must rise and do what damage they could, and join Sitting-Bull and Kicking Bear at Bear Butte, in the Black Hills region. This is to take place in the spring. White Gut says the conditions are more favorable now for an Indian war than ever before, as the cattle are scattered everywhere through the country where the buffalo used to go in great droves, and at one time a given section would have no buffaloes in it for months at a time.

Supernatural Aid Needed.

"The Indians with Sitting-Bull have talked all this over, and say they can muster more warriors now and they are better armed than at the time of the

Custer affair, and the country is better now for their warfare than it was then. But their main reliance, after all, is on supernatural aid.

"It is thought that Sitting-Bull wanted, next spring, to assemble as large a force of warriors as possible, thinking that even if the hope for divine assistance should not come, he could stand off the troops for a time, and perhaps win some great victories, and eventually, if necessary, make his way to the British line, where he thinks he would be again safe, as he used to be, and could if necessary treat and exact terms."

A Horrible Plot Revealed.

The first knowledge that the ghost-dancers had commenced plotting to entrap the soldiers was brought to Indian Agent Royer by William D. McGaa, formerly an Indian scout and a wealthy ranchman living in the vicinity of Buffalo Gap. McGaa was travelling overland on horseback and alone. He enjoyed a wide friendship among the Indians generally, and one night stayed at one of the lodges about midway between Pine Ridge and Buffalo. He had placed very little dependence on the reported scare, and therefore felt no fear in lying down and going to sleep in a tepee full of bronze-faced Indians, notwithstanding he noticed that they were all fully armed.

A little curiosity, however, prompted him to feign sleep and keep his ears open during the early part of the night. The result was that he secured information as startling as it was valuable, and that removed

every vestige of doubt as to the bloodthirsty villainy which had taken possession of the ghost-dancers. After he had been in bed some little time, a couple of hours or more, one of the redskins bent over him to discover whether he was asleep. To all appearances he was. Then he heard them get up and begin a whispering consultation.

Troops to be Lured into a Trap.

For the first time in his life McGaa says he almost doubted his own ears. The Indians with whom he had laid down to sleep with a feeling of the utmost security were deliberately plotting to lead General Brooke and his soldiers into ambush and shoot them down. Their plan, as McGaa heard from their own lips, was to continue the ghost dance until the troops tried to stop it. The place selected to carry out their murderous designs was sixteen miles and a half north, and a more advantageous locality for so horrible a deed probably does not exist anywhere else on the face of the entire continent.

It is where the White Horse Creek empties into the Wounded Knee, and lies in something of an amphitheatre shape. The only practicable way leading to the spot is by a road that follows along the bank of White Horse Creek. Upon either side of this road and creek are dense clumps of trees, so many as to almost form a wall on either side of the approach.

The plot was to have a ghost dance in the centre of this amphitheatre, and have the woods on either

side of the road full of Indians when the military came up to stop the dance, and they would be easily shot down by the Indians in ambush on either side. By lining the road with their Winchesters for the distance of a mile, and letting the troops get well into the amphitheatre, they were calculating they could wipe out every soldier that came; and their calculation was a perfect one.

White People Threatened.

On November 28th, Hawk Head and Big Horse, reliable Indian policemen, reached the Pine Ridge Agency with the news that their families had been stolen by a band of two hundred Indians that had deserted from Rosebud a few hours before, and had rushed off to join the fifteen hundred other Indian deserters who were only fifteen miles north-east of Pine Ridge Agency. The deserters told the policemen: "Go and tell the soldiers at Pine Ridge Agency we are a part of the thirteen hundred other Rosebud Indians now near Pine Ridge Agency, and that from now on we are going to kill every white person we meet, and if the soldiers come we are ready for them."

It was predicted that within thirty-six hours the troops would be ordered to disarm or shoot down the marauders, and when the troops did start after them the end would be another Custer affair.

Reports from Fort Reno told of greatly increased excitement among the ghost-dancers, and considerable accessions to their ranks, especially from among the Kiowas and Apaches, who seemed most inter-

ested and inclined to be turbulent. The more excitable redskins were cutting themselves with spears and knives, and the sight of blood had the effect of greatly arousing the warrior spirit.

Alarming Reports.

Yuanah and several other well-known chiefs had just reached the scene of ghost dancing, and they appeared to have been the bearers of some information from the North which so inflamed the blood of several lodges of braves that they mounted their ponies, approached the fort and dared the soldiers to come out.

Plenty Bear, an old-time friendly Indian, who lived at Wounded Knee, twenty-five miles north-east of Pine Ridge, came with an alarming report to Agent Royer. He stated that there were three hundred and sixty-four lodges, being over two thousand Indians, at Wounded Knee, and that they had resumed the ghost dance with many warlike accompaniments. He said they were formed in the regular war-dance proper, and were swearing vengeance upon the whites for conspiring to stop their ghost dance. They had taken an oath to resist interference if it cost the last drop of their hearts' blood.

Plenty Bear said that he witnessed the dance in person, and that Little Wound, who visited the agency lately and said that his band had stopped dancing, was joining in it hotter than ever with his entire band. It was further stated by Plenty Bear that the deviltry consisted of burning the houses of

the settlers and stealing stock was still going on, and that great loads of recently-slaughtered beef were coming in every hour.

It is evident from these facts that a widespread warlike spirit was urging the redskins on, and nothing but prompt and stern measures would avert the threatened calamity.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Capture of Sitting-Bull.—Death of the Great Sioux Chief.—The Indians Thirst for Blood.

RED HAWK and Guy Belt, agency police at Pine Ridge, on December 1st returned from spy-work at the camp of the hostiles in the Bad Lands. One had his horse shot from under him, and both were chased away with bullets. The hostiles said they were prepared for the last great battle in history. All were thirsting for blood.

The Indian police on duty a few hundred yards from the agency buildings dashed into Agent Royer's office late Saturday night, and said that a panic in the camp of the "friendlies" was inevitable unless they were given protection. All had received an urgent invitation to join the hostiles and go on the war-path with them. Agent Royer sent them an extra guard of one hundred armed scouts, but even this did little good. The Indian village continued melting away, and next morning revealed the fact that over two-thirds of the three thousand who were there at sunset had disappeared.

The hostiles decided to move their camp into the Bad Lands, and there await the coming of the troops to capture them. They began moving in the morn-

ing, and by night all of them were hidden away in that region, which the best scouts describe as being worse than the lava beds in which the Modocs took shelter. These Bad Lands begin at the mouth of Wounded Knee Creek, which was the gathering-point for all these hostiles, and where the ghost-dance started up on this reservation. They run one hundred and ten miles north-east to south-west, and about fifty miles east to west. It is an utterly barren region of precipitous canons and fantastic and ghostly formation.

Wholesale Slaughter of Cattle.

Few white men are acquainted with the region, the Indians, however, knowing it thoroughly. The fact that it is possible for Indians, when once established there, to continue making raids upon the settlers adjoining the Bad Lands renders the locality one of great danger to the whites who live near.

The scouts that brought the information concerning the latest plans of the hostiles also said that the latter had just slaughtered five hundred head of government cattle and three hundred belonging to Governor Millette of South Dakota. The scouts saw this beef being hauled in wagons and pack-trains to the new camp in the Bad Lands. Many wagon-loads of flour and other provisions that had been stolen from the settlers were also seen headed for the region of death. General Brooke received a telegram of seven hundred words from General Ruger, warning him that about one thousand warriors of the Cheyennes were

coming from Cheyenne Agency to join the hostiles. The Sixth Cavalry, *en route* from Albuquerque to

CAPTAIN CHARLES TAYLOR, CHIEF OF GENERAL MILES'S SCOUTS.

Fort Meade, were ordered to stop at Fort Sill, where another ghost-dance fever had broken out.

Before they crossed White River the redskins swept

everything before them. All cabins were demolished, a quantity of hay was burned, and their dash among the herds of cattle and horses caused a general stampede. Every ranchman in the Wounded Knee, Porcupine and Pine Ridge country was a heavy sufferer. Big Bat, a well-known Indian scout, had seven hundred head of horses in his corral at Wounded Knee when the Rosebuds swept down upon him. Nearly every horse was stolen. All one day the trail leading from Big Bat's ranch to the camping-ground of the Indians was dotted with horses which had broken away from the marauders, with the ropes still hanging to them. Big Bat tried to reason with them, and promised them that if they would go into camp between the government corral and the agency buildings at Pine Ridge they would not be harmed. While he was in the midst of his speech the haranguer of the band interrupted him by declaring that if the Rosebuds went to the agency, the soldiers would drive them into the earth.

Natural Defences.

The Rosebuds intended to make a stand in the Bad Lands, which are natural fortifications. The country is filled with cañons, and the pockets and breaks in the rocks would afford them a splendid advantage over the soldiers, who would have to pass through narrow defiles to reach them. Some of the buttes are covered with timber, and here and there in the bottoms grass can be found for horses and cattle. Stretching for miles around this wilderness were the

cattle-ranges from which the Indians could draw their supplies.

It was estimated that there were eight hundred young warriors in this band pillaging the country around the Bad Lands. They were all well armed, and were making medicine on the big plateau between the White and Cheyenne rivers. Yellow Hand, a half-breed of Pine Ridge Agency, who was sent out as a scout, entered the camp in a blanket. He found the Indians greatly worked up over a story told by Short Bill, who had declared that during the previous night four stars fell to the earth. Short Bull went to the place where the blazing bodies fell. As he did so three of the stars returned to the sky. But the fourth remained on the ground, and beside it there lay a letter written in English which nobody could read.

A Great Struggle Imminent.

Superstitious Indians believed the letter to be a message from the Messiah.

Judge Burns of Deadwood came into the agency after running the gauntlet of the hostiles' camp. He said he was devoutly thankful at having escaped with his life. There was no doubt, he said, but that the red workers for war were preparing thoroughly for a great struggle, and that they had no thought of giving up their purpose. A member of the camp proclaimed his approach when he was a long way off, so that when he neared the camp he found it bristling with preparations for an attack.

A Vow to Fight to the Death.

The hostile band was made up almost exclusively of young men, who, disregarding the advice of their old chiefs, took the reins into their own hands and vowed to fight until death. The ghost dance, Judge Burns said further, was being enacted all night long, and varied during the day with the old-time war-dance. He corroborated fully the previous reports as to the abundance of food and ammunition, and said they were making up a big supply of a new pattern of tomahawk which was more ugly than the old style.

"The seriousness of the situation," said General Miles, "has not been exaggerated. The dissatisfaction is more widespread than it has been at any time for years. The conspiracy extends to more different tribes that have heretofore been hostile, but are now in full sympathy with each other, and are scattered over a larger area of country, than in the whole history of Indian warfare. It is a more comprehensive plot than anything ever inspired by the Prophet Tecumseh, or even Pontiac.

"The causes of this difficulty are easy of location. Insufficient food-supplies, religious delusion and the innate disposition of the savage to go to war must be held responsible.

"Altogether, there are in the North-west about thirty thousand who are affected by the Messiah craze; that means fully six thousand fighting-men. Of this number at least one-third would not go on

LAST STAND OF THE INDIANS AT TIPPECANOE.

the war-path, so that leaves us with about four thousand adversaries. There are six thousand other Indians in Indian Territory who will need to be watched if active operations take place. Four thousand Indians can make an immense amount of trouble. But a tithe of that number were concerned in the Minnesota massacre, yet they killed more than five hundred settlers in a very brief space of time.

The Red Men Well Armed.

"Altogether, we have about two thousand mounted men. We have plenty of infantry, but you cannot catch mounted Indians with foot-soldiers. The infantry had one or two good fights in 1876 and 1877, but such engagements are rare in frontier warfare.

"Their argument is good. They are better armed now than they ever were, and their supply of horses is all that could be desired. Every buck has a Winchester rifle, and he knows how to use it. In the matter of subsistence they are taking but little risk. They can live on cattle just as well as they used to live on buffalo, and the numerous horse-ranches will furnish them with fresh stock when cold and starvation ruin their mounts. The northern Indian is hardy and can suffer a great deal. These hostiles have been starved into fighting, and they will prefer to die fighting rather than starve peaceably."

General Miles's reference to Tecumseh recalls the famous battle of Tippecanoe, in which General William Henry Harrison gained one of his most brilliant victories. His achievements in the conflict with the

Indians brought him prominently before the public, and his popularity rendered him available as a candidate for the Presidency. In the campaign that followed he was elected.

Conference with the Hostiles.

On the 7th of December some of the hostile chiefs from the Bad Lands appeared at the Pine Ridge Agency to hold a conference with General Brooke. They came bearing a flag of truce and armed with Winchester and Springfield rifles. The entrance of the novel procession created great excitement. First came the chiefs, who were Turning Bear, Big Turkey, High Pine, Big Bad Horse and Bull Dog, who was one of the leaders in the Custer massacre. Next came Two Strike, the head chief, seated in a buggy with Father Jule, a priest who induced the chiefs to take this step. Surrounding these was a body-guard of four young warriors.

All the Indians were decorated with war-paint and feathers, while many wore ghost-dance leggings and the ghost-dance shirt dangling at their saddles. The war-like cavalcade proceeded at once to General Brooke's spacious headquarters in the agency residence. At a given signal all leaped to the ground hitched their ponies and, guided by Father Jule, entered the general's apartments, where the council was held, lasting two hours.

General Brooke's Offer.

At the beginning of the powwow General Brooke explained that the Great Father, through him, asked

them to come in and have a talk regarding the situation. A great deal of misunderstanding and trouble had arisen by the reports taken to and fro between the camps by irresponsible parties, and it was therefore considered very necessary that they have a talk face to face. Through him, he said, the Great Father wanted to tell them if they would come in near the agency, where he, General Brooke, could see them often, and not be compelled to depend on hearsay, that he would give them plenty to eat and would employ many of their young men as scouts, etc.

The soldiers did not come there to fight, but to protect the settlers and keep peace. He hoped they, the Indians, were all in favor of peace, as the Great Father did not want war. As to the feeling over the change in the boundary-line between Pine Ridge and Rosebud Agency, he said that and many other things would be settled satisfactorily after they had shown a disposition to come in, as asked by the Great Father. Wounded Knee was suggested as a place that would prove satisfactory to the Great Father to have them live.

Turning Bear makes Reply.

The representatives of the hostiles listened with contracted brows, sidelong glances at one another and low grunts. When the general had concluded his remarks, Turning Bear came forward and spoke in reply. He proved a most entertaining person. Simmered down to a few words, Turning Bear gave expression to the following ideas:

It would be a bad thing for them to come nearer the agency, because there was no water or grass for their horses here. He could not understand how their young men could be employed as scouts if there was no enemy to be watched. They would be glad to be employed and get paid for it. They might come in, but as the old men and old women have no horses, and as their people have nothing generally to pull their wagons, it would take them a long time to come. If they should come they would want the Great Father to send horses and wagons to the Bad Lands camp and bring in great quantities of beef, etc. they had there, and take it anywhere to a new camp that might be agreed on. In conclusion, the speaker hoped that they would be given something to eat before they started back.

To this the general replied that they should be given food. As for horses and wagons being sent after the beef, the general said that and other things would be considered after they had acceded to the Great Father's request to move into the agency. Any reference whatever to the wholesale devastation and depredation, thieving and burning of buildings, etc., was studiously avoided on both sides. After the powwow was over the band was conducted to the quartermaster's department and there given a big feast. The squaws living at the agency came out in gala-day feathers and gave a squaw dance.

The conference amounted to nothing, and the trouble was no nearer a settlement than before.

The next news received was of a startling character. It was known that General Miles considered Sitting-Bull the chief instigator of the hostilities on the part of the Indians, yet no public notice had been given of his intention to have the crafty old warrior arrested. The Indian police, however, employed on the Pine Ridge reservation, were ordered to make the arrest. The wily old chief was taken, and in the melée which followed an attempt to rescue him he was shot, together with his son and six braves, while four of his captors were slain.

The following is the despatch announcing the capture:

"FORT YATES, N. D., December 15.

"At daybreak this morning there was a desperate fight at the camp of the hostile Indians, forty miles north-west of Standing Rock Agency, and before it could be quelled Sitting-Bull, his son, Crow Foot, and six other Indians were killed, besides four of the Indian police, while quite a number on both sides were wounded. The fight was the result of an attempt to arrest Sitting-Bull in order to prevent his departure for the Bad Lands.

"The Indian police were ordered early this morning to proceed to the camp and arrest the wily old chief, who it was known had arranged to make an early start for the Bad Lands, where he would be almost absolutely safe from arrest. The police were followed by a troop of cavalry in command of Captain Fechet and a company of infantry under Colonel

Drum. When the police reached Sitting-Bull's camp on the Grand River, they found arrangements being made for the departure of the band, and, without waiting for the soldiers to come up, at once placed the old chief under arrest and started back with him to the agency.

Efforts to Rescue the Chief.

"Scarcely had the officers gotten under way when the friends of the old Indian rallied to his rescue. They announced their determination to retake him, and a terrible fight ensued. The police were surrounded, and, though greatly outnumbered, they fought like demons and succeeded in holding their own against the redskins until the cavalry, attracted by the firing, came up on a quick run and succeeded in compelling the Indians either to fly or surrender.

"The fighting was of the hand-to-hand description, and is said to have been exceedingly savage. One of the Indian police jumped on Sitting-Bull's horse as soon as he saw the old man fall and rode back for the infantry, which arrived on the scene shortly after the cavalry had relieved the overmatched police. Then the Indians began to break away, and probably one hundred of the braves deserted their families and fled west up the Grand River.

The Killed and Wounded.

When the smoke of battle had cleared away it was found that Sitting-Bull was dead, as also was his son, Crow Foot, and six braves. Four of the policemen, whose names could not be learned, were also dead,

and three of them badly wounded. A number of the Indians were badly injured, but managed to escape on their ponies.

"The camp to-night is in possession of the soldiers, but just how many prisoners were taken is not known, as only meagre details of the affair have reached the agency, but there is no reason to doubt that Sitting-Bull and his son were killed and that the chief disturbing element among the hostiles has been removed."

Assistant Adjutant-General Corbin, in talking about the fight which resulted in the death of Sitting-Bull, explained that Captain Fechet had previously been ordered to the vicinity of Sitting-Bull's camp, and was advised of the contemplated arrest.

Why Sitting-Bull was Arrested.

General Miles, he added, ordered this movement some days before, because he knew that Sitting-Bull was a mischief-maker, and that if he was taken into custody it would have a good effect upon all of the Indians who had been indulging in the ghost dance at his instigation. The authorities had previously relied upon his promises to come into the agency and surrender, but he had violated faith and deceived the officers. A fight was not anticipated, because it was believed there would be no resistance to the arrest, but General Miles had taken the precaution to have troops at hand to assist in case of emergency.

Speaking of the death of Sitting-Bull, General Corbin said that it was probably the beginning of the

MEDICINE-MAN PERFORMING HIS INCANTATIONS.

end of the trouble. "Of course," he continued, "it is impossible to forecast with accuracy just how it will affect his followers, but the probabilities are that it will discourage them. Sitting-Bull was making 'big medicine' and giving them to understand that he 'stood in' with the Great Spirit, who would protect them against the bullets of the soldiers. Now, on learning that his 'medicine' is not powerful enough to protect himself, and that he has been the first to be toppled over by a bullet, his influence will be gone; their faith in him will be gone.

Not a Warrior of a High Order.

"In past Indian wars," said General Corbin, "the Indians have always had the better of it at the outset. General Miles made up his mind to have the advantage, if there was to be any fighting, this time. The troops are stationed at all points in the Black Hills. This fight took place at Sitting-Bull's camp, on the Grand River, about forty miles south-west from Standing Rock Agency, in a section of the country little travelled.

"The first time I saw Sitting-Bull," remarked the general, "was thirteen years ago. I was on a commission with General Terry, and we met him near Fort Walsh. He was then about forty years of age. He has never been a chief, nor even a warrior, of a high order. In the Custer massacre and in the fight with Reno he skipped out with his people and got away from danger. He has been a leader in organizing the ghost dance, and has taken advantage of the

religious craze to send emissaries to the different bands to induce them to make trouble.

A Shrewd Politician.

"The purpose was to assemble the warriors in the spring, and, with the aid of the Messiah, bring back to life all the dead Indians and restore the country to all its pristine glory. Sitting-Bull was a shrewd politician, and took advantage of the prevalent excited feeling. He took his children out of school and gathered about him the small band he had in this secluded spot, where he believed he would not be disturbed. It was necessary to take steps to arrest him."

The following is the official report of the killing of Sitting-Bull, as received by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs from Indian Agent McLaughlin, at Washington, dated Fort Yates, December 16th:

"The troops left Fort Yates at midnight on the 14th for Grand River, with Louis Primeau as guide, and my Indian police. They were instructed to arrest Sitting-Bull when the troops were sufficiently near to afford them protection in case of resistance to the arrest. At daybreak on Monday morning, the 16th, the police went to Sitting-Bull's camp and surrounded his house. A detail was sent into the house, where Sitting-Bull was sleeping on the floor, the remainder staying outside. They aroused him and announced their purpose, at the same time raising him to a sitting position, and he at first seemed inclined to offer no resistance, and they allowed him to dress,

during which he changed his mind, and they took him forcibly from the house.

"During this time the police were surrounded by Sitting-Bull's followers, men of the ghost dance, the first shot being fired by Catch-the-Bear, one of the hostiles, and the lieutenant of police, Bullhead, was struck. The fighting then became general; in fact, it was a hand-to-hand fight. Sitting-Bull was killed, shot through the body and head, in the early part of the fight, by Bullhead and Red Tomahawk, each of whom shot at him. Four policemen were killed outright and three wounded, one of the latter dying at the agency hospital this morning after his removal there. Bullhead, the lieutenant of police, is dangerously wounded, but may recover. The hostiles lost eight killed and several wounded, and were driven from the field by the police. They fled up Grand River, leaving their wives and families and all their property and dead behind them.

"Two troops of United States cavalry (one hundred men) arrived on the ground immediately after the fight, which had occupied less than a half hour and took possession of the camp, its inhabitants, property and dead. The military did not pursue the fleeing hostiles, and the latter will no doubt fall into the hands of some one of the commands moving at different points west or south of the reservation. The police returned about three o'clock this afternoon, accompanied by the cavalry detachment, having in charge the remains of the four dead policemen

and Sitting-Bull, also two prisoners, Henry Growler, Sitting-Bull's nephew, twenty-one years old, and Middle, son of Little Assiniboine, twenty-one years old."

CHAPTER XXIX.

History of Sitting-Bull.—Career of the Famous Sioux Warrior and Deadly Foe of the Whites.

THE reader will be interested in a more detailed account of the capture and death of Sitting-Bull than is given in the preceding chapter.

On Monday morning, December 15th, a party of Indian police left the Standing Rock Indian Agency in North Dakota to arrest the famous chief, who, according to the best information, was about to start for the inaccessible Bad Lands, from which, as a base of operations, he could murder men, women and children without mercy, steal cattle, burn settlers' houses and escape thence into the British possessions, as in 1876, or perhaps be again "forgiven," taken back to a reservation, fed at government expense, maintained with his harem and his children, and, after committing further depredations, escape again and repeat the operation, until Nature had exacted her claims and he had departed for what is poetically styled "the happy hunting-grounds."

This was no doubt what he intended when the Indian police arrived at his camp in the gray of that Monday morning, and is no doubt exactly what he

would have done had not a Winchester rifle-bullet decreed otherwise.

The most authentic account of Sitting-Bull's last hours is that furnished by a correspondent of one of our leading journals. Writing under date of Fort Yates, North Dakota (about forty-five miles from the scene), he says:

"The troops left this point at midnight Sunday, the operations being entrusted to Captain Fechet of the Eighth Cavalry, with Troops G and F, one hundred men, and a Hotchkiss and a Gatling gun. The orders were to march rapidly, and go into camp at Oak Creek, eighteen miles this side of Sitting-Bull's camp, and await the arrival of the courier, who would give information of the result of the police raid. . . . . [The Indian police had gone on ahead to effect the arrest.]

Hurried March.

"When Oak Creek was reached, at twenty minutes to five o'clock, a halt was made. Daylight came and no courier. Captain Fechet soon decided not to wait any longer. He would push up toward Bull's camp. There might have been a conflict, with the police overpowered. A point only three miles from Bull's camp was reached. Still no courier. What could it mean?

"Presently an Indian policeman, known by the white scarf around his neck to distinguish him from the hostiles, appeared over the brow of the hill. He was almost exhausted, and gave the startling infor-

mation that he was the only policemen left alive and that Sitting-Bull had been killed.

"On then pressed the cavalry at a rapid gallop. Soon another policeman, Iron Star, dashed up and reported a dozen policemen still alive, but about out of ammunition. The troops hurried on, and soon reached the brow of the hill overlooking Sitting-Bull's camp. The battle was raging, the police being in Sitting-Bull's house and stable and the hostiles all around them. The artillery was placed in position about twelve hundred yards from the woods, where the most of the hostile Indians were concealed and firing at the police.

"In just two minutes after halting on the hill the first shell from the Hotchkiss was thrown into the hostile stronghold. The hostiles returned the fire, but their shots fell short. F troop dismounted and advanced slowly down the hill toward the camp, keeping up a heavy carbine fire. Troop G also dismounted, and were a few hundred yards to the right. In a few moments, with wild yells, the hostiles, leaving their women and children, left the timber and broke for the hills on the other side of the Grand River.

Horrible Scene.

"The scene in the camp was a horrible one, and but for the timely arrival of the troops all the policemen would have been massacred, as only ten rounds of ammunition were left out of nine hundred.

"Directly in front of Sitting-Bull's house lay eight dead hostiles, all Sitting-Bull's personal followers and

all chiefs. They were the worst men of the tribe, and their names are well known to all familiar with the campaigns of 1878 to 1880. They were Sitting-Bull, Crow Foot, Sitting-Bull's son; Blackbird, Catch the Bear, Spotted Horn Bull, Brave Thunder, Sitting-Bull's adopted brother, and Little Assiniboine's son.

"Inside of Sitting-Bull's house lay the dead bodies of four of the police: Little-Eagle—Hawk Man, who had ridden over a hundred miles in twenty-four hours with messages to Agent McLaughlin, and returned to assist in the capture—Broken Arm and Afraid-of-Soldiers. Bullhead and Shave-Head of the police were lying in the house, both mortally wounded—the former shot three times, the latter through the abdomen.

Frightfully Mutilated.

"In Sitting-Bull's stable lay Alex. Middle, another policeman. All had fallen in a radius of forty feet. Sitting-Bull's body showed three bullet-holes, and the face had been fearfully mutilated with knives, the bones crushed in with blows from the stock of a rifle which lay beside him.

"As soon as his wounds were dressed, Bullhead, though weak and suffering terribly, said, his face lit with a smile of satisfaction, 'Yes, I killed him.'"

More uncertainty attaches to the place of birth of the late Sitting-Bull than in the case of most celebrities. According to some authorities, he was born near old Fort George in Dakota in 1837. Another oracle (with perhaps a sense of the humorous) affirms

that the late chief was a native of Fort Garry (now Winnepeg), Manitoba, and an alumnus of St. John's College there — statements which he himself afterward confirmed. Several old traders, who have had a look at him, declare that they remember him well as Charlie Jacobs, a half-breed, who attended the college in its infancy thirty years ago.

Warlike Ambition.

This young Jacobs was of Ojibway birth, and was a remarkably intelligent lad, with ambition to become a "big Injun." He disappeared from Fort Garry about 1853. When once asked if he recollected anything about Fort Garry, Sitting-Bull laughed heartily and said he knew the principal people there. This was the story given by a correspondent writing from Fort Walsh, Cypress Hills, British North-west Territory, in 1877.

Sitting-Bull began to figure as a bad chief during the Civil War. After the Spirit Lake massacre in Iowa and the great Sioux massacre in Minnesota in 1862 all the more turbulent Sioux banded together. In 1864, General Sully drove them into the Big Horn country. He then followed them to the Yellowstone and established Fort Buford. Upon this post and on the steamboats and immigrants to Montana the Indians kept up an unceasing war, often keeping the garrison at Fort Buford in a state of siege for weeks at a time. An attempt was made to treat with them in 1866, but after accepting the presents and securing some ammunition Sitting-Bull broke up the council,

and the commissioners escaped to the fort across the river.

Losing Prestige.

In 1867, Sitting-Bull threatened the Gallatin Valley in Montana, and in 1868 he attacked the settlement of Musselshell, and suffered defeat. After this defeat he lost prestige. In 1869 and 1870 he devoted himself principally to the slaughter of the Crows, the Mandans, the Rees, the Shoshones and all other tribes friendly to the whites, varying this work by an occasional attack on the Missouri River forts.

In 1874 he drove the Crows from their agency and reservation and made war on all peaceable Indians. He spent the summer of 1875 in attacks on the Crow Agency and on Montana settlers.

In 1876, Sitting-Bull again took up arms against the whites and friendly Indians. In June of that year occurred the defeat and massacre on the Little Big Horn of nearly all of General Custer's advance-party of General Terry's column, which was sent against them. He was pursued by General Terry, but with part of his band he escaped into British territory.

A Rank Conspirator.

In 1880, through the mediation of Dominion officials, he surrendered on the promise of pardon, and was taken to Standing Rock Agency, where most of the remaining years of his life were passed. He found that his influence among the Sioux was almost entirely gone, but he was able on several occasions to induce them to relinquish Indian lands. His hatred

of the whites and his desire to regain his lost power led him into several conspiracies, but these were quickly discovered by the authorities, who on several occasions placed him under restraint. In the latest troubles with the Indians, Sitting-Bull, while not openly engaged in making mischief, undoubtedly did all he could secretly to increase the discontent among red men, and did nothing that would tend to quiet them.

Even Sitting-Bull has had those who have refused to do him reverence. That he was not even a warrior in the commonly accepted sense of the term is alleged by no less an authority than Captain Charles King of the United States army. The same authority gives a description of Sitting-Bull's participation in the Custer massacre, which is far from flattering. In his account of that catastrophe Captain King uses the following language:

Captain King's Graphic Account.

"Sitting-Bull had no thought of a fresh attack for days to come when, early on the morning of the 25th of June, 1876, two Cheyennes, who had started eastward at dawn, came dashing back to the bluffs, and, waving their blankets, signalled, 'White soldiers—heap—coming quick.' Instantly all was uproar and confusion.

"Of course women and children had to be hurried away, the great herds of ponies gathered in and the warriors assembled to meet the coming foe. Even as the chiefs were hastening to the council-lodge there

came the crash of rapid volleys from the south. It was Reno's attack—an attack from a new and utterly unexpected quarter—and this, with the news that Long Hair (Custer) was thundering down the ravine across the stream, was too much for Sitting-Bull. Hurriedly gathering his household about him, he lashed his pony to the top of his speed and fled westward for safety. Miles he galloped before he dared stop for breath. Behind him he could hear the roar of battle, and on he would have sped but for the sudden discovery that one of his children was missing. Turning, he was surprised to find the firing dying away, soon ceasing altogether. In half an hour more he managed to get back to camp, where the missing child was found.

"But the battle had been won without him. Without him the Blackfeet and Uncapapas had repelled Reno and penned him on the bluffs. Without him the Ogalallas, Brules and Cheyennes had turned back Custer's daring assault, then rushed forth and completed the death-gripping circle in which he was held. Again had Crazy Horse been foremost in the fray, riding in and braining the bewildered soldiers with his heavy war-club. Fully had his vision been realized, but Sitting-Bull was not there.

Odd Names.

"When the old sinner was finally starved out of Her Majesty's territories and came in to accept the terms accorded him, even his own people could not keep straight faces when questioned as to the cause

of the odd names given those twins—The-One-that-was-Taken and The-One-that-was-Left. Finally, it all all leaked out, and now 'none so poor as to do him reverence.'"

Contrary to the general estimate concerning him, this famous chief was a man of mediocre ability, not noted for bravery as a warrior, and inferior as a commander and in intelligence to some of his lieutenants. Sheer obstinacy, stubborn tenacity of purpose and low cunning, with an aptitude for theatrical effect and for working on the superstitions of his people, were the attributes by which he acquired and retained influence among the North-west tribes. Personally, he was pompous, vain, boastful, licentious and untrustworthy. He was constantly a disturbing element at the agency after his return from confinement as a military prisoner seven years before, and grew worse in this respect as he felt his authority and importance departing.

The dangerous elements that this chief called around him did not represent the most noted Indians who fought under his leadership in the Sioux War of 1876, and followed him in his exile across the British frontier. These warriors realized the futility of warfare with the whites, and were sincerely desirous not to incur its evils again. The Indians of whom Sitting-Bull was the representative comprise the irreconcilables—warriors who adhere to the old aboriginal usages and chiefs jealous of their authority, which wanes in proportion as their followers advance in civ-

ilization. This small but dangerous faction are ready at any time for war. In sympathy with their desire are many young men ambitious for a chance to distinguish themselves as warriors.

The Indian Police.

As it was the police force that braved the dangers of attacking and capturing Sitting-Bull, exhibiting the most dauntless courage and consummate coolness, some account of this remarkable body of men will interest the reader.

Created by the Interior Department to carry out orders which neither military nor civilians felt bound to execute, the Indian police has developed into a valuable and picked body of men. In the mind of a resident of any Eastern city the term "policeman" would convey the impression of a stern thiefcatcher armed with a baton and dressed in a neat blue uniform.

But out in the West, near the reservations, the name has a different significance, and suggests quite another mental picture to the Westerner. The Indian police! How little the term means to the residents of our comfortable cities! and how much it means to the settler in the lands around the Indian country!

It was discovered a number of years ago that the Indian agent could issue orders, but that only he himself was likely to enforce them. There were soldiers and United States marshals in plenty, but none of them admitted the rule of the Department

of the Interior. So when an agent wanted anything done he was obliged to do it himself or call on the uncertain aid of the friendly Indians or the employés of the reservation.

This worked very nicely when the friendlies or employés desired to see the order enforced, but if it displeased them it had better never have been made, for they only laughed at the agent, and even occasionally refused to obey the orders of the Indian Commissioner, unless the "Great Father" backed it up with an array of bayonets and deputy-marshals. So the force was found to be a necessity.

Picked Men.

An order from the Secretary of the Interior first allowed the agents to employ friendly members of the tribe or tribes under their charge to "preserve order and protect the property of the government and its wards." At first two or three members were chosen on each reservation. The police were sometimes under the charge of a native captain; more often they were captained by some white man. They were paid the munificent salary of ten dollars a month to officers and eight dollars a month to non-commissioned officers and privates. From the time of the appointment of the police the discipline of the reservations became better.

Only the best men, morally and physically, were accepted by the government, which was thus able to secure the best material for its force at the smallest remuneration paid to any of its numerous employés.

The entire Indian police now musters about one thousand men, who are the sole agents of the Interior Department for the enforcement of its rules and the preservation of the peace. Besides their salary they receive the usual rations and supplies of wards of the government.

Their duty, as prescribed by the general orders, is "to obey the instructions of agents, protect the property of the government and the natives against cattle-thieves, prevent the sale of liquors, the inroads of outlaws and bad whites, and to suppress every kind of vice and lawlessness on the reservations."

Their Uniform.

The Indian police wear a uniform, or at least are supposed to. This uniform, which is made of the national blue cloth, partakes of both the civil and military habit. It approaches the cavalry in the cut of the blouse and the trousers, with the high top-boots. But the military aspect is lost in the broad sombrero and the cartridge-belt and Winchester. Occasionally the uniform is discarded, and then the members of the force dress as they please.

Sometimes a cast-off cavalry suit or a coat belonging to a missionary or agent finds the back of a member of the force its last resting-place before being cast into the rag-bag. But among this brigade, the members of which stand between the natives and their white guardians, the most absolute discipline is maintained. Most of the men belonging to it are married and live near the agency of whatever reser-

vation they may be attached to. They have no general headquarters, being distributed among the various agencies.

The Indians best fitted for this peculiar and arduous duty are those who recognize a higher authority than their tribal chief, and consider the general government superior to their Indian nation. The members of the force are dreaded by their fellow-members, yet when there is a vacancy the agent has no difficulty in filling it. The latest trouble in the North-west showed the wisdom of the government in procuring native allies and assistants combined in one.

Captain Bullhead.

Acting in the capacity of scouts and interpreters for the military, the Indian police have caused the hostile Indians in many instances to lay down their arms. It was by the efforts of the police alone that Sitting-Bull was captured, and quickly disposed of when he offered resistance. These men from the Sioux reservation, native Sioux themselves, were commanded by a native captain, Bullhead, This name was particularly appropriate for one who, with a handful of followers, entered the camp of the hostiles to capture their chief.

But the Indian police were not always tractable and well-disciplined, nor were they always respected by the other members of the tribe and by the military. When the force was first recognized there was much to condemn and little to praise in it. No member of it could arrogate to himself the title "one of the

finest," for a more disorderly and disorganized set of men would be hard to find. The military and civil authorities would have nothing to do with them, and the members of their own tribes despised them. It was slow work transforming the savage into the disciplined guardian of the peace, but the attempt was successful.

Then their influence began to be felt among those who had long known no rule. Slowly, very slowly, the policeman and the missionary, working hand in hand, have been counteracting the evil effects of centuries of barbarism.

Indian Judges.

With the advent of the police came another elevating influence, the courts of Indian offences. These courts, established by agents, have jurisdiction over the offences on the reservation, and the judges are full-blooded Indians. Before them come those who have drank the fire-water of the white man, those who indulge in the primeval sport of beating their wives, and those who are guilty of thefts. Very stern, yet just, are the judges, and six months for drunkenness is not an unusual sentence. In the early days of the police the officers took their lives into their hands when they donned the blue uniform. In 1886 some young Cherokees in Indian Territory shot at deputy United States marshals. They were arrested, and when taken into court they tried to justify their action by saying, "We thought they were only Indian police."

This led to the act of Congress of 1887 protecting

the police as fully as any other employés of the government. Shortly after the passage of the act Samuel Sipkiller, captain of the police, was shot and killed on Main street, Muscogee, while walking unarmed. His assailants were the first offenders tried under the act. They were found guilty in the United States district court and sentenced to be hung. The execution of these Indians by the civil authority for the murder of an officer raised the force in the estimation of the natives.

It is not alone in the petty cases of breach of the law that the police are useful, as many outlaws and illegal whiskey-sellers have found out to their sorrow. Most of the men own their own horses, and they frequently bring horse-thieves and robbers to justice. They are no longer despised by the military, and soon what little distrust remains of their work will have passed away.

CHAPTER XXX.

Battle of Wounded Knee Creek.—Desperate Valor of the Red Men.—Daring Attempt to Avenge the Death of Sitting-Bull.

RETURNING now to the scene of hostilities near Pine Ridge, we are prepared for a detailed account of the stirring events which followed the death of the great Sioux chief.

On the 29th of December a special despatch from the agency was received at Omaha which stated that, after consenting to surrender, the braves of Big Foot's band made a sudden and vicious onslaught on the Seventh Cavalry, and in the bloody encounter that followed an officer and several men were killed. Couriers from the Bad Lands announced that a bloody and desperate conflict occurred that morning between the United States troops and the hostiles. Big Foot's band had been surrounded by the troops, and while the redskins were being disarmed by Colonel Forsyth and his men, a bloody encounter took place, in which Captain Wallace, commanding Troop K of the Seventh Cavalry, was killed, Lieutenant Garlington of the same regiment was shot in the arm, several private soldiers were killed and a number of Indians bit the dust.

The greatest excitement prevailed among agency

employés and also among the friendlies, many of whom were relatives of the young bucks on the war-path. The courier who brought the news could only give the facts relating to the onset.

The news was substantiated by an official despatch received at headquarters of the Department of the Platte. It caused a great deal of excitement and regret. It had been fondly hoped by all the department officers that the difficulty would be averted without bloodshed, especially as the campaign seemed to be on the eve of closing. The manner in which the Indians acted, however, caused some of the Indian fighters to feel that treachery would be practised when the troops came to the actual work of disarming them. These fears were unfortunately realized.

The Seventh Cavalry was the regiment the contingent of which died around Custer in 1878.

Particulars of the Fight.

The engagement is known as that of Wounded Knee Creek. The troops were up bright and early in the morning, and at eight o'clock they were ordered to be in readiness to move. At that hour the cavalry and dismounted troops were massed about the Indian village, the Hotchkiss guns overlooking the camp not fifty yards away. Colonel Forsyth ordered all the Indians to come forward away from the tents. They came and sat in a half-circle until counted. The dismounted troops were then thrown around them—Company K, Captain Wallace, and Company B, Captain Varnum.

The order was then given to twenty Indians to go and get their guns. Upon returning it was seen that only two of them had guns. A detachment at once began to search the village, resulting in thirty-eight guns being found. As the search was about completed, the Indians, surrounded by Companies K and B, began to move. All of a sudden they began to fire rapidly at the troops, not twenty feet away. The troops were at a great disadvantage, fearing that they would shoot their own comrades. The Indian men, women and children then ran to the south battery, firing rapidly as they ran.

Soon the mounted troops were after them, shooting them down on every side. The engagement lasted fully an hour and a half. To the south many took refuge in a ravine, from which it was difficult to dislodge them. It was estimated that the soldiers killed and wounded numbered about fifty.

The soldiers shot the Indians down wherever found, no quarter being given by any one. Captain Wallace K troop, Seventh Cavalry, was killed and Lieutenant Garlington, of Arctic fame, was shot through the arm at the elbow. The troops then fired from the camp and pursued the enemy in every direction.

The Work of Insane Men.

To say that it was a most daring feat, the Indians attacking well-armed troops, expresses the situation but faintly. It could only have been insanity which prompted such a deed. The reports stated that it was doubtful if before night either a buck or a squaw

out of all of Big Foot's band would be left to tell the tale of the day's treachery.

The members of the Seventh Cavalry once more showed themselves to be heroes in deeds of daring. Single-handed conflicts were seen all over the field. The death of Captain Wallace caused much regret. The poor fellow met his death by a blow on the head from a war-club.

Official despatches from General Miles, dated Rapid City, S. D., were received at Washington by General Schofield, telling of the fight. The despatches were first sent by General Brooke to General Miles. The first was as follows:

"Whiteside had four troops of cavalry, and held the Indians till Forsyth reached him with four more troops last night. At 8.30 this morning, while disarming the Indians, a fight commenced. I think very few Indians have escaped. I think we will have this matter in hand as soon as all are in position. There was no precaution omitted. The fight occurred near the head of Wounded Knee Creek. I have just seen many of the Indians who went out toward Forsyth this morning come back."

Official Report.

The next despatch was: "General Brooke telegraphs: Forsyth reports that while disarming Big Foot's band this morning a fight occurred, Captain Wallace and five soldiers killed, Lieutenant Garlington and fifteen men wounded. The Indians are being hunted up in all directions. None known to have

gotten their ponies. General Brooke also reports that many of the young warriors that were going out from the camp in the Bad Lands to the agency have gone toward Forsyth. All troops have been noti-

SWIFT BEAR, ONE OF BIG FOOT'S BRAVES, WHO WAS SLAIN.

fied. Colonel Forsyth had two battalions Seventh Cavalry and Hotchkiss guns. Other troops in close proximity."

A later despatch said: "General Brooke reports

that two shots were fired near the Pine Ridge Agency by some one, and several were fired in return. Quite a large number of Two Strikes' band ran away, and all at the agency are greatly excited. All this makes matters look more serious."

General Schofield, though deeply regretting the occurrence, was not greatly surprised when he learned of the treachery displayed by the Indians in the fight referred to above. He had been on the lookout for treachery all the time; it was inevitable. That the trouble would end without a conflict of this kind was almost too much to hope for. So far as he could see just now, there appeared to be no further danger at hand, except that to be feared from the disarmament of the band of Indians that was still out, though the excitement following the fight might be the means of leading to further trouble.

An Act of Revenge.

Secretary of War Proctor also expressed regret at the occurrence, as he had hoped for the settlement of the trouble without further bloodshed. He supposed that, inasmuch as Big Foot was connected with Sitting-Bull's band, it was a case where the Indians wanted revenge for the killing of their friend.

General Schofield also received a despatch from General Miles, dated Hermosa, S. D., December 30, as follows:

"General Brooke telegraphs as follows: Colonel Forsyth says sixty-two dead Indian men were counted on the plain where the attempt was made to disarm

Big Foot's band, and where the fight began on other parts of the ground there were eighteen more. These did not include those killed in ravines, where dead warriors were seen, but not counted. Six were brought in badly wounded, and six others, with a party of twenty-three men and women, which Captain Jackson had to abandon when attacked by about one hundred and fifty Brule Indians from the agency.

"This accounts for ninety-two men killed, and leaves but few alive and unhurt. The women and children broke for the hills when the fight commenced, and comparatively few of them were hurt and few brought in. Thirty-nine are here, of which number twenty-one are wounded. Had it not been for the attack by the Brules, an accurate account would have been made, but the ravines were not searched afterward. I think this shows very little apprehension from Big Foot's band in the future. A party of forty is reported as held by the scouts at the head of Mexican Creek. These consist of all sizes, and the cavalry from Rosebud will bring them in if it is true."

Big Foot's Band.

These Indians under Big Foot were among the most desperate. There were thirty-eight of the remainder of Sitting-Bull's following that joined Big Foot on the Cheyenne River, and thirty that broke away from Hump's following when he took his band and Sitting-Bull's Indians to Fort Bennett, making in all nearly one hundred and sixty warriors. One of these was Swift Bear, an old brave of great daring

and long known as a wily foe of the whites. He was killed in this engagement. Before leaving their camps on the Fort Cheyenne River the Indians cut up their harness, mutilated their wagons and started south for the Bad Lands, evidently intending not to return, but to go to war. Troops were placed between them and the Bad Lands, and they never succeeded in joining the hostiles there. All their movements were intercepted, and their severe loss at the hands of the Seventh Cavalry amounted to a total rout.

General Schofield said that the fight was a most unfortunate occurrence, but that he did not see how it could have been avoided. He sent a telegram to General Miles, saying that he regarded the news received from him as still encouraging, and expressing the opinion that he (Miles) would be master of the situation very soon. He also expressed his thanks to the officers and men of the Seventh Cavalry for the gallant conduct displayed by them.

Description of the Bloody Combat.

From all accounts of this sanguinary engagement we gather the following particulars:

In the morning, as soon as the ordinary military work of the early day was done, Major Whiteside determined upon disarming the Indians at once, and the camp at Big Foot was surrounded by the Seventh Cavalry and Taylor's scouts. The Indians were sitting in a half-circle. Four Hotchkiss guns were placed upon a hill about two hundred yards

distant. Every preparation was made, not especially to fight, but to show the Indians the futility of resistance. They seemed to recognize this fact, and when Major Whiteside ordered them to come up twenty at a time and give up their arms, they came, but not with their guns in sight.

Of the first twenty, but two or three displayed arms. These they gave up sullenly, and, observing the futility of that method of procedure, Major Whiteside ordered a detachment of K and A troops on foot to enter the tepees and search them. This work had hardly been entered upon when the desperate Indians turned upon the soldiers, who were gathered closely about the tepees, and immediately a storm of firing was poured upon the military. It was as though the order to search had been a signal.

A Sudden Attack.

The latter, not anticipating any such action, had been gathered in very closely, and the first firing was terribly disastrous to them. The reply was immediate, however, and in an instant it seemed that the draw in which the Indian camp was set was a sunken Vesuvius. The soldiers, maddened at the sight of their fallen comrades, hardly awaited the command, and in a moment the whole front was a sheet of fire, above which the smoke rolled, obscuring the central scene from view.

Through this horrible curtain single Indians could be seen at times flying before the fire, but after the first discharge from the carbines of the troopers there were

few of them left. They fell on all sides, like grain in the course of the scythe. Indians and soldiers lay together, and, wounded, fought on the ground. Off through the draw toward the bluffs the few remaining warriors fled, turning occasionally to fire, but now evidently caring more for escape than battle. Only the wounded Indians seemed possessed of the courage of devils. From the ground where they had fallen they continued to fire until their ammunition was gone or until killed by the soldiers. Both sides forgot everything excepting only the loading and discharging of guns.

Hand-to-Hand Fighting.

It was only in the early part of the affray that hand-to-hand fighting was seen. The carbines were clubbed, sabres gleamed, and war-clubs circled in the air came down like thunderbolts. But this was only for a short time. The Indians could not stand that storm from the soldiers; they had not hoped to. It was only a stroke of life before death. The remnant fled and the battle became a hunt. It was now that the artillery was called into requisition. Before this the fighting was so close that the guns could not be trained without danger of death to the soldiers. Now, with the Indians flying where they might, it was easier to reach them.

The Gatling and Hotchkiss guns were trained, and then began a heavy firing which lasted half an hour, with frequent heavy volleys of musketry and cannon. It was a war of extermination now with the troopers.

It was difficult to restrain the troops. The tactics were almost abandoned. About the only tactics was to kill while it could be done. Wherever an Indian could be seen, down into the creek and up over the bare hills, they were followed by artillery and musketry fire, and for several minutes the engagement went on until not a live Indian was in sight.

Another Encounter.

Advices from the seat of war, received at Rushville, Nebraska, gave the news of another encounter between the troops and Indians at a point within four miles of the agency. The Seventh and Ninth Cavalry were just coming in from the battlefield at Wounded Knee, followed at some distance by their provision-train. On reaching the point named a large band of Indians, headed by chief Two Strikes, dashed suddenly upon the train, captured it, and were making off toward the Bad Lands, when the cavalry wheeled and gave pursuit. In the battle which followed over thirty Indians were wounded, but no soldiers were killed.

Two Strikes' Indians had been considered peaceable and subdued, but their sudden change of mind caused the gravest fears that perhaps none of the so-called friendlies could be relied on. However, word from General Brooke to the settlers was somewhat reassuring, it being to the effect that a great body of the savages remained loyal all the while, and that nearly all the rebels were dead. This announcement had a quieting effect.

Settlers not in Danger.

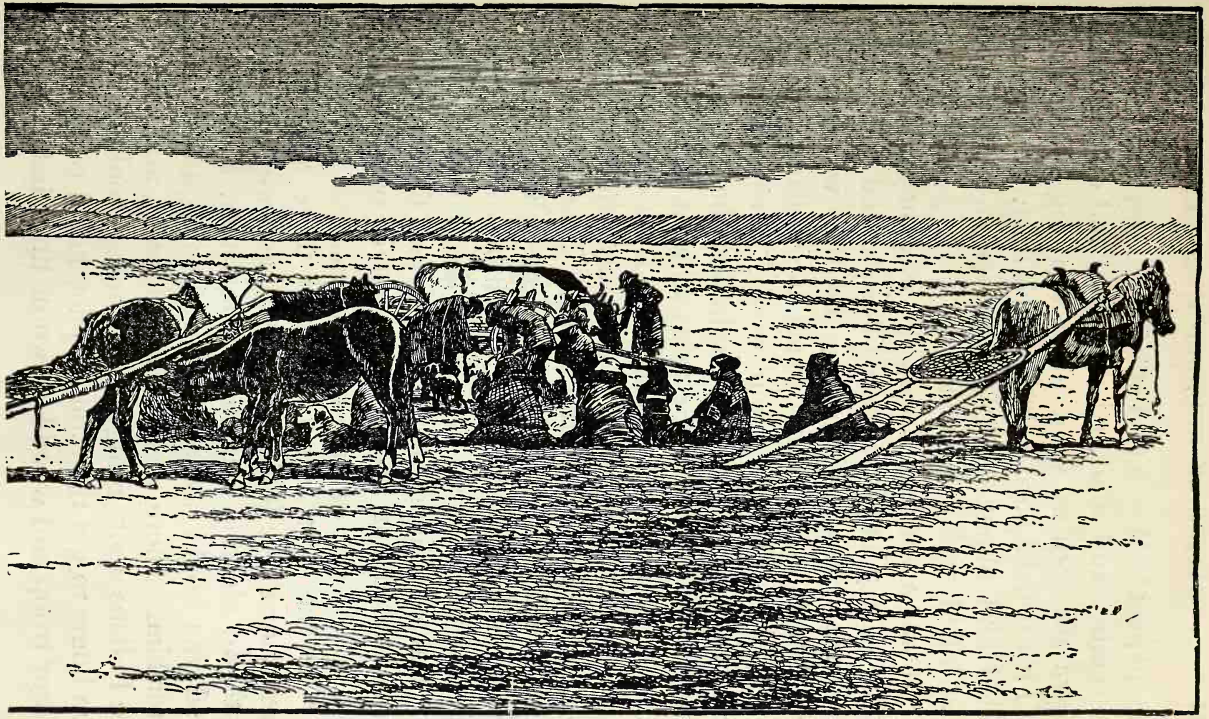
He further said the settlers were not in danger. Reliable news was also at hand that Colonel Henry was approaching the agency with seven hundred Indians captured in the Bad Lands. This was believed to include all the remnant of the rebels on the reservation, and hopes were entertained of a speedy settlement. It cost the lives of about two hundred and fifty Indians and twenty-five or thirty soldiers killed and wounded to effect this result.

The body of gallant Captain Wallace and the other dead soldiers arrived at Rushville from the agency, and were shipped to Fort Robinson, the nearest military post. Rushville was crowded with settlers. The churches and all public rooms were thrown open, and no effort was spared to make the refugees comfortable. They were not only ready to defend their homes, but many were anxious to enlist with the regulars if further fighting should occur.

A Soldier's Graphic Account.

The following letter was received by Reserve Officer Caldwell, of the Philadelphia police force, from his son Eugene on the Indian frontier:

"DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER: I received your kind and welcome letters, and was very glad to hear from you all and to hear that you are all well. This leaves me the same. We have had some hard times since I wrote to you last, which you all know of by



INDIAN MODE OF TRANSPORTATION.

the papers. We left Pine Ridge on the 28th of December and marched all night, and on the morning of the 29th we went to disarm Big Foot's band, and it caused a hard fight in which thirty soldiers were killed and about eighty-five wounded. One officer was killed and one wounded.

"It was a very poor plan, the way they laid out the fight. They had four troops dismounted and formed a square around the Indians, and they were so close together that they could touch the Indians with their guns; then the other four troops were mounted in rear of the camp. They thought that the Indians were going to lay down their arms without a word. All the men were full of fun, but they soon changed their tune. After they had the tents searched they went to take the arms from the bucks. They were all in a bunch, and when they least expected it they made a break and started to shoot and cut at every one; and the way the soldiers were fixed they could not shoot for fear of killing one another, but they soon got straightened out, and then we got in our fine work.

Chasing the Redskins.

"At the first volley we fired there were about twenty or thirty Indians dropped, and we kept it up until we cleaned out the whole band; all over the field you could see an Indian running and a soldier after him. There was a cañon close by, and some of the Indians took refuge there, and it took us about two hours to get them out. They killed two men out of our troop and wounded two or three before we got

them out. After it was all over it was an awful sight to see. It made me sick to look at it. There were about one hundred and fifteen bucks and about seventy-five women and children killed. I did not like to see the squaws killed, but they were as bad as the bucks after the fight started. Some of the men went wild; they would shoot men or women. The officers tried to stop them, but it was of no use; they would shoot any one they saw with a gun; and it was right, I think, as the women could kill as well as the men.

Terrible Slaughter.

"Even after the Indians were wounded and lying on the ground, they would wait until they got a chance, and then would shoot a soldier in the back. There was one Indian who was lying in a tent. He killed about four men before they found out where he was, but after they found him they shot him, and then they burned him up in the tent. Then some of the men went around and shot every Indian that was able to do any damage. I don't think there were any more than five or six who got away out of the whole band.

"Our commanding officer is going to get a raking over the coals for the way that he managed the fight. If he had done what was right, we would not have lost one-fifth of the men that we did. After the fight was all over we moved back to the agency, and were on the road all that night, but we got a little sleep before morning; and it was a good thing that we did,

for we had to pull out early in the morning of the 30th to help the Ninth Cavalry wagon-train, which the Indians had tried to take; but when we arrived they took to the hills. We then pulled back to the camp, but we did not have long to stay, for the Indians set fire to some buildings a few miles from the agency, and we were ordered out again.

"We then got lots of real Indian fighting. They led us up in the hills, and then they turned on us and kept us busy all day: we only lost one man and about six wounded. We do not know how many Indians were killed, because we had to get back to camp before it got dark. We had to stay up almost all night, so as to keep the Indians away from the agency, but none came near. We are on the road now, about eighteen miles from the agency. I do not know where we are going, but I think the fighting is over, and I am glad of it."

Another Soldier's Letter.

The following letter was written from Pine Ridge by a private in the Seventh Cavalry to his brother in Philadelphia. It deals with the fight with the Indians on December 29th:

"Of course you read in the newspapers that we are in trouble here. The soldiers are hurrying up. Besides my own regiment, the Seventh Cavalry, the Ninth Infantry came in two days ago. But there seems to be no head anywhere. Some of our officers would make better clerks than soldiers. The government employés are merely a set of useless, mis-

chief-making loafers. Thank fortune, most of them are badly scared and are packing to leave. The fact is, until the reservations are cleared of all civilians and turned over to military authority there will be no change for the better. Of course the Indians are robbed — we see it every day. All the fat cattle out of the government herd go to the settlements, and the greyhounds go to the Indians. Of course they are lazy and idle, but before we get through it will be plain that it's cheaper to feed than to fight them.

"One thing should be done: all preachers and philanthropists should be warned off. They do more harm than good. The meanest Injuns on the reserve are the so-called Christians. The competition between the half a dozen denominations which have their headquarters here to make converts leads to a regular system of purchase, and the preacher who pays the best rounds up the most Injuns.

Selling Out to the Philanthropists

"Sitting-Bull, who was shot last Thursday, worked the philanthropists for all there was in it, and laughed at them when their backs were turned. As to making these savages self-supporting, the idea is regarded as absurd by those who know them best, and if the government would close the reservations against the whites, drive away the half-breeds and squaw-men, put the Indians under the rule of army officers, and, above all, feed them, I believe that henceforth there would be no trouble.

"I open this letter to give you some further news.

Yesterday, the 29th of December, we had a stand-up fight at Porcupine Creek, about fifteen miles north of the agency. Just after midnight we were ordered to turn out, and at daybreak the bugles sounded 'Boots saddles,' and about eight o'clock we came to Little Wound's camp, near Porcupine Creek. There were about fifty tepees set up. The squaws were packing in wood from the ravines. But very few bucks were to be seen. Everything seemed peaceful enough. After sitting two hours in our saddles, half frozen, as the weather was mighty cold, we found out that our business was to disarm the Indians. Of course the whole thing was bungled. About a dozen bucks came forward with two old blunderbusses, and then Colonel Forsyth ordered a detail of five men from each company to search the tepees.

"The Air was Full of Bullets."

"I was crawling into one when I got a kick from behind that fairly drove my head through the cover on the opposite side, and landed me on a pile of dogs and babies. I got outside, mad as a hatter, and there stood a young squaw grinning with delight. I made a grab at her bangs, when down both of us went, and this saved my life. Suddenly there was a crash and the air was full of bullets. I heard them racing past. The poor squaw had got on her feet first, and went down, shot through the head. Her blood flew over the cape of my coat. I scrambled up. Every one was shouting and shooting, and there was no more order than in a bar-room scrimmage. I ran for my

horse; it was kicking on the ground, and my file-leader, Murphy, was under the animal's heels, dead. Half a dozen others lay around wounded and dead. In front a crowd of blanketed forms was making for the coolies, when crash went a rifle-volley, and they were gone. No orders were given, either by voice or bugle, that I heard. I shot one buck running, and when I examined him he had neither gun nor cartridge-belt. The women lay thick. One girl about eighteen was supporting herself on her hand, the blood spurting from her mouth as from a pump. Near her lay two others, and all around, like patches on the snow, were dead squaws, each in a pool of blood.

"The howitzers were at work firing grape into the brushwood that filled the ravines, but the Indians were gone, and I had time to draw my breath. From beginning to end I don't think I saw two dozen bucks, and it is a mystery to all where the bullets came from that killed and wounded one-third of my regiment.

Motherless Children.

"My left arm felt sore, and I found that a bullet had cut my sleeve and grazed the flesh. It was bleeding freely, and I have no doubt that I was shot by one of my comrades—the rip in my coat showed this.

"The bugles sounded 'Cease firing,' but many of the men were up in the hills, and now and then a shot was heard. Colonel Forsyth looked very white as he gave orders to see if any of the women who lay thick around were alive. From the blanket of one we took a boy five years old and a baby about as

many months—both unhurt, but the mother was dead. She must have been shot with a revolver held not five feet away, as her hair was burned and the skin blackened with powder.

"But we had got it 'in the neck.' My captain, Wallace, was dead and eight of my company, and when we mustered in it looked as if half the regiment was gone. I had my arm dressed, and we returned to Pine Ridge next day. Of course the camp-liar was in his glory, but who shot the squaws was not known, at least no one boasted of it."

CHAPTER XXXI.

Incidents of Wounded Knee Battle.—Personal Adventures and Narrow Escapes.—Savage Cruelty.

In the annals of American history there cannot be found a battle so fierce, bloody and decisive as the fight at Wounded Knee Creek between the Seventh Cavalry and Big Foot's band of Sioux. The Little Big Horn massacre, where Custer met his death, was a slaughter in which the greatly superior numbers of the Indians won for them a comparatively easy victory. This affair at Wounded Knee was a stand-up fight of the most desperate kind, in which nearly the entire band was annihilated, and, although the soldiers outnumbered their opponents nearly three to one, the victory was won by Troops B and K, about one hundred strong, at least twenty less than the warriors in front of them.

There is nothing in the nature of the Sioux Indian to suggest a reason for the unexpected attack. They are wily fellows with any amount of strategy, who usually employ all the cunning of Indian warfare, and do not meet an opponent in open field unless they feel confident of success. The only explanation is to be found in the influence of their medicine-man and his peculiar ghost dance.

When the band of Indians, under the leadership of Big Foot, walked out of their lodges and formed a semicircle in front of the soldiers' tents, there was absolutely nothing to indicate that they would not submit, as they had agreed to do the night before. Colonel Forsyth, an Indian fighter of tried worth, never gave a thought to the chances of a fight. He had the field pretty well surrounded with his men to cut off any movement toward escape, and, though his plans were undoubtedly carefully laid, now that we know how treacherous the Indians were, it is plain that the colonel made a mistake when he did not draw his men up in line of battle.

Dance of the Medicine-Man.

When it was made plain to the band that their arms must be given up, the murmur of discontent was unanimous. Close observers could see that trouble was brewing. After the first attempt to find their guns was made, the chief medicine-man arose, danced out in advance and chanted. He pretended to be saying friendly words, so that the interpreters would not alarm the officers, but occasionally dropped a word in reference to their ghost-shirts and their so-called miraculous power to withstand bullets. Colonel Forsyth ordered him to sit down after a time, but his object had been attained. The braves were visibly excited, and when the soldiers proceeded to disarm them the medicine-man jumped up, uttered a loud incantation and fired at a trooper standing guard over the captured guns.

That was the signal for fight, and in a second every buck in the party arose to his feet, cast aside the blanket which covered his Winchester, and, taking direct aim, fired at the troop in front of him, and not fifty feet away. It was a terrible onslaught, and so sudden that all were stunned; but quickly recovering, they opened on the enemy, who stood their ground with wonderful tenacity. The position of Troops B and K would not allow their fellow-cavalrymen to fire, lest they shoot through the Indians and kill their own men.

Fierce Onslaught.

Thus the terrible duel raged for thirty minutes. Nothing like it was ever seen between red and white men. With the greatest coolness, fortitude and bravery the sturdy Seventh sent home their leaden messengers of death into the ranks of Big Foot's followers; and be it said to the credit of the latter, they fought with wonderful courage. But they were forced to recede before the fierce onslaught of the whites, and as they fell back a terrible fire was opened upon them from every side by the troopers, who had now come up to the aid of their comrades. Back they went, now on the run, some turning to fire, and in the flying, frenzied, terrified throng were women and children. Some of the former fought with as much desperation as the warriors. It was impossible to tell the difference between male and female. Over toward the ravine on the south west they hurried, and then it was that the Hotchkiss rifle

came into play. Early in the fight Lieutenant E. A. Garrington of Light Battery E of the First Artillery, was wounded in the groin and retired.

The Little Hero of the Battle.

When Garrington retired, the hero of the battle took his place in the person of Corporal Paul H. Weinert. There were those who had sneered at the little fellow in time of peace, and said he would never do, even in a skirmish. He looked so mild and inoffensive that few thought him capable of daring things. His hair was blonde and a little down encircled his face, which was usually wreathed in a smile of the most innocent kind. His figure was short and slender, but athletic-looking. His gun was the object at which the Indian sharpshooters directed their attention, but he heeded them not, and continued to send in shell after shell with clock-like regularity.

As the Indians retreated he pushed his gun before him and fired on. He was right in the front line; his comrades were back, some wounded and some fearful of the awful shower of bullets. Nothing could daunt young Weinert. The ravine into which the Indians retreated was now occupied as a sort of fortress, and a leaden shower came from there. Weinert pushed his sturdy Hotchkiss right to its mouth. The framework around the gun was torn to splinters by bullets. Around his head, through his legs, under his arms they whizzed, and but for an injured finger he was untouched. Every effort was made to dislodge the Indians in the ravine. A dozen soldiers

fell in the effort. Weinert pushed his piece up the ravine, took deliberate aim and sent the shells flying. That ended the battle, and every officer present rushed up to congratulate the brave fellow.

How Big Foot Died.

Big Foot met his death soon after the first fire. He had been sick with pneumonia, and was lying before his tent unable to rise. In the first awful fire he was shot through the head. His squaw picked up a gun and fired from the door of the tent, but was soon silenced. The chief medicine-man, whose incantations had caused the band to act with such murderous treachery, fell with a dozen bullets in his body.

It was reported that one of the officers called out, "Don't shoot the squaws," but the men were doubtless too much excited to obey. The killing of the women and children was in part unavoidable, owing to the confusion, but there is no doubt that it was in many cases deliberate and intentional. The Seventh Cavalry, Custer's old command, had an old grudge to repay.

A party who visited the battle-field on January 1 to rescue any wounded who might have been abandoned, and brought in seven, reported that nearly all the bodies of the men were lying close about Big Foot's tent, while the women and children were scattered along a distance of two miles from the scene of the encounter.

A little Indian baby-girl about three months old,

being one of the two miraculous survivors of the battle of Wounded Knee, who lay for three days beside the dead body of its mother, was adopted by Mrs Allison Nailor, a wealthy lady of Washington.

President Harrison Heard from.

General Schofield telegraphed General Miles, January 2d, that President Harrison hoped the report of the killing of women and children in the battle was unfounded, and directing that he cause an immediate inquiry to be made. Pending the investigation, Colonel Forsyth was relieved of his command.

Death of Lieutenant Casey.

One of the saddest events of the Indian outbreak was the murder of young Lieutenant Casey on January 7th. He was shot, while out reconnoitring, by a treacherous Brule Indian. The lieutenant, who was attached to the Twenty-second Infantry, and was in command of a large body of Cheyenne scouts, left General Brooke on the morning of January 7th to reconnoitre in the direction of the big hostile village on White Clay Creek, near the White River. He was accompanied by one of his scouts.

After riding eight miles, Lieutenant Casey came upon the village. His coming was noticed by an Ogallala and a Brule. The chief Red Cloud, who was in the village, sent Richards, a French half-breed, to Lieutenant Casey with a warning not to come too near. The Ogallala picket and the Brule followed Richards on horses. When the three horsemen reached Casey, the Ogallala, speaking in Sioux,

warned the officer that the Brule had a black heart. The lieutenant thanked Richards and the Ogallala, but said he wanted to go to the top of a tall neighboring butte and take one peep at the great village of hostiles, which was pitched in a sort of ravine.

He had reached the crest of the hill when the Brule raised his gun to fire. The Ogallala, it is said, leaped upon him, wrenched the gun from his grasp and withdrew the charge. Then he handed the weapon back to the ghost-dancer, begging him at the same time not to fire on the officer.

Instant Death.

The Brule dashed away a few yards, reached his rifle, and then, circling around Lieutenant Casey and singing all the time, suddenly levelled the weapon at the officer and fired. The bullet struck the lieutenant in the back of the head and came out of his forehead. He died most instantly. His death caused great commotion in the Indian camp, some of the hostiles who were Casey's friends denouncing the Brules bitterly for countenancing the murder. Lieutenant Casey was one of the most popular and promising young officers in the army, and his death was universally deplored. He had been in command of a troop of Cheyenne scouts for about a year, and was working earnestly in the interest of the Indians themselves. He had a reputation in the army of possessing an unusually accurate knowledge of the Indian character, and his death was lamented both on account of his personal worth and the efficiency of his service.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Indians Advance toward Pine Ridge.—General Miles Disarms them.—Closing Scenes of the Bloody Conflict.

AFTER the defeat of the Indians at Wounded Knee they were ready to close the conflict and make the best terms possible with General Miles. The following communication from him describes the situation

"HEADQUARTERS DIV. OF MISSOURI IN THE FIELD, PINE RIDGE, S. D.,
January 12, 1891.

"*To Brigadier-General W. F. Cody, Nebraska National Guards:*

"SIR: I am glad to inform you that the entire body of Indians are now camped near here (within a mile and a half). They show every disposition to comply with the orders of the authorities. Nothing but an accident can prevent peace being established, and it will be our ambition to make it of a permanent character.

"I feel that the State troops can now be withdrawn with safety, and desire, through you, to express to them my thanks for the confidence they have given your people in their isolated homes. Like information has this day been given General Colby.

"Very respectfully,

"NELSON A. MILES, *Major-Gen. Com.*"

The hostiles reached their camping-ground about noon. The spectacle was wildly grand. Of a sudden, sentinels in Captain Dougherty's fort saw the heads of the scouts of the savages pop over the ridges at the north. Here they remained for fully ten minutes, apparently scanning the agency; then they disappeared. Fifteen minutes later a squad of horsemen appeared on the crest of the distant butte. Behind these was another squad, and then came other bands, until the summits of the snow-covered range swarmed with the redskins.

Ready for an Attack.

Through glasses they appeared in all their barbaric splendor. In their white sheets they looked like barbarians ready for an attack. Some of the warriors were in feathers, and as they drew up in line of battle on the top of the hills their gorgeous trappings seemed to flutter a defiance to the soldiers who were leaning over their breastworks. There were so many hostiles that they could not be counted. They seemed to spring from ravines, from thickets and from the tops of the highest peaks, and presented a strange yet formidable appearance.

There was not a squaw in the entire party. There were warriors from half a dozen reservations, and the men who have made the country smoke from the forks of the Cheyenne to Wounded Knee. After remaining motionless for several minutes, as though to give all Pine Ridge an opportunity to see them, the hostiles moved slowly down the sides of the buttes

and into Winding Valley, which leads toward old Red Cloud's house, where they halted again.

A Hostile Demonstration.

The soldiers in Captain Dougherty's redoubts saw another grand spectacle. War-feeling evidently broke out afresh in the camp, for young warriors could be seen firing their rifles about the ears of the old men, who were doubtless counselling a surrender. Then they attacked their own horses and dogs, shooting them down in all directions. This demonstration was within twelve hundred yards of the great rifled cannon which peeps over the breastworks thrown up by Captain Dougherty. Skirmishers were quickly deployed from the redoubts, with instructions not to fire, but to fall back in case of an attack. Then General Miles issued an order, which was posted on all buildings, prohibiting anybody having communication with the savages. Pickets were also strengthened and instructed to permit nobody to pass the lines.

On the same date (January 12th) General Miles summed up the situation as follows: "General Brooke reports the camp slowly moving in his front toward the agency. One reason for their moving slowly is, they are encumbered with quite a large number of wounded.

"Men that were in the camp last night report that they are very wild—that the principal men are doing everything they can to quiet them and bring them in; others are talking about the affair at Wounded Knee

and the fate of Big Foot's people, which has the effect of terrifying the women and children and making the men very suspicious and excitable."

Indian Powwow.

The friendly Indians encamped about the agency held a council that was attended by every Indian in the camp. The principal object of the council was to talk over the situation and lay plans for the future when the difficulties should have been settled. Many friendly Indians of prominence were present, and freely expressed their views as to what should be done by their people when peace again came to their reservation.

It was decided by the council that the Indian Bureau be requested to permit a delegation of Indians from Pine Ridge and Rosebud agencies to visit Washington after the present affair has been settled, and talk with the Great Father and his chiefs about their future.

Their plan is to select an equal number of Indians from among those now with the hostiles and those among the friendlies here, but under no consideration to select any who have been running between both camps during the disturbance and endeavoring to be friends with both sides.

Other things of minor importance were discussed by the council, but their principal talk was in regard to the contemplated visit to Washington. This deputation arrived in Washington, January 30th. to hold their conference with the Great Father.

Seven Thousand in Camp.

General Miles received word that the Indians did not mean to make any advance, but they would like to talk with him. The general sent them word to go quietly into camp, and he would receive ten of their chief men. Then the warriors disappeared from the hilltop, and an hour later they were encamped with the end of their column on the plain. This camp was more than three miles long, and there were seven thousand Indians in it, twenty-five hundred of whom were warriors. The result of the "talk" was that the hostiles consented to lay down their arms and peaceably remain at the agency.

On the 22d of January there was a grand military review in honor of the victory over the redskins. Ten thousand Sioux had a good opportunity to see the strength and discipline of the United States army, the end of the ghost-dance rebellion being marked by a review of all the soldiers who had taken part in crushing the Indians. The day was one of the most disagreeable of the campaign. A furious wind blew from the north, driving sand and snow over the valley in blinding and choking sheets. The camp of the soldiers was two miles from the agency. Through a stifling gale of sand General Miles and his staff rode in a ragged group, the wind tossing the tails of the horses over their flanks.

The Review.

It was after ten o'clock when all the preparations were complete for the review. The summits of the

buttes to the north were then fringed with Sioux warriors, who were closely wrapped in their blankets and staring at the long lines of cavalrymen and infantry which stretched away to the south until they were lost in the flying sand. The redskins were still suspicious that some move would be made to wipe them off the face of the earth. Stretching in a long, ghostly line along the ridge of the buttes to the north were their pickets, ready to give the word that would send the redskins flying in case the soldiers should advance upon them.

General Miles sat upon his black horse on a knoll to the east in front of his escort. Finally, there came through the gale the shrill notes of bugles. They were so faint that they were almost lost in the storm. Then one by one the troops took up the call, and the great parade of the regular army began to pass in review. General Brooke, muffled up in a wolf-skin overcoat, grimy from the sand that swirled about his horse, and followed by his staff, led the procession. When the horsemen passed in front of General Miles the two leaders of the campaign tipped their hats, then General Brooke took a position beside his superior.

Sioux Scouts at the Head.

A cloud of sand now swept across the prairie, but through the blinding sheet and with heads muffled in huge fur capes came the great detachment of Sioux scouts, with Captain Taylor, his sword at a salute, at their head. Sergeant Redshirt, the handsomest Indian in the Sioux nation, was at the extreme right.

Yankton Charlie, who saved the revolvers of poor Lieutenant Casey, rode at the left of the line, his overcoat buttoned so closely about him that the war-feathers on his breast were concealed.

Behind these famous scouts was the First regiment band, of Angel Island, California, in fur mittens and caps, playing a march which was almost lost in the roar of the storm. Then came the great swinging column of infantry, in brown canvas overcoats and fur caps, and with the glittering barrels of their rifles over their shoulders. Colonel Shafter rode at the head of the advance columns. The men marched in company front, with their red and white guidons tattered by shot and shell snapping spitefully in the gale. This was the famous First regiment of the army, and as its officers passed in front of General Miles their swords flashed through the flying sand and then fell at their saddle-girths.

Blast of Bugles.

The band now ceased playing, and in place of its melody there came the shrill mutterings of a dozen bugles. Behind the trumpeters tramped the Second Infantry, of Omaha, in blue overcoats and brown leggings, with Major Butler at their head; and then came the Seventeenth Infantry, swinging along with the jauntiness it displayed when it marched through the blizzard and sand along Cheyenne River.

There was a rumbling back of the infantry when the mules came dragging the machine cannon. "These guns, the Indians declare, shoot to-day and kill to-

morrow. Behind these machine cannon was Captain Capron's battery of three-inch rifled guns, with soldiers holding their carbines and sitting on the caissons. Behind the artillery was General Carr, astride a bay horse and leading the Sixth Cavalry, which had cut its way through the South-west from the Indian Nation to the Rio Grande. His entire regiment was prancing behind him; the troopers being muffled in canvas overcoats, with their carbines slung to their saddles. General Carr's hat went off with deliberate grace. Its response was the dipping of General Miles's sombrero.

Then the famous leader of the South-western troopers drew up alongside of General Miles and General Brooke, while his troops pushed forward through the storm. More Hotchkiss guns followed, and then came the Leavenworth battalion, a mixed regiment commanded by Colonel Sanford. Behind these troops was still another battery of Hotchkiss guns, the carriages of which still bore evidences of the furious storm of shot that raged for an hour at Wounded Knee.

The Fighting Ninth and Seventh.

A lean, shrunken-faced man, with his overcoat buttoned tightly around his throat and mounted on a splendid horse, followed the cannon. It was Colonel Guy V. Henry, who was shot through the face in a battle with the Sioux in 1876, and who led his flying negro troops of the Ninth Cavalry in the all-night ride of eighty miles to save the Seventh Cavalry,

which was threatened with Custer's fate at the Catholic Mission less than four weeks before. Behind him were long lines of black faces peering from fur caps and the high collars of buffalo overcoats. The negro cavalry came in unbroken columns, with its world-famed and decorated heroes of the Thornburg massacre riding at the extreme left, and their carbines at a salute. Every man in the Ninth Cavalry was in that long ebony wave of faces, and as it swept in front of General Miles the famous Indian fighter dipped his hat again and again.

There was another battery of machine guns, and then came in long column front the most celebrated regiment in the Western army. It was preceded by a bugle corps mounted on white horses, and from the glittering instruments there came a roar that even the screaming of the storm could not drown. The troopers of the Seventh Cavalry, a regiment that had been torn and riddled by the silent ghost-dancers on the buttes, was approaching.

Custer's Battle-Melody.

The musicians from California began to play "Garryowen," a stirring, rollicking melody, which Custer said was fit music for any soldier's death. The troopers came with their carbines at a salute and their blue capes flung back, so that their yellow linings were exposed. Major Whiteside was in command of the regiment. As it passed General Miles the whole staff doffed their hats, while, the commander himself waved his white-gloved hand. Troop after troop

passed by with guidons that had been riddled by Indian bullets, until B troop and K troop came in view. The appearance of these troops aroused the emotions of the spectators. B troop was not so large as those that had preceded it, and K troop was even smaller. When the savages at Wounded Knee turned their rifles upon the soldiers, these troops faced an awful fire. K troop was without its commander and all of its commissioned and non-commissioned officers. The only officer to lead B troop was a second lieutenant with a bandage about his head, but the gallant troopers who remained rode with a proud bearing. Their carbines were held over the heads of their horses. Behind the cavalry came the hospital- and supply-trains and pack-mules.

The column was an hour passing General Miles, there being nearly four thousand soldiers and three thousand seven hundred horses and mules in line.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The Indian Problem.—What Shall be Done with the Redskins?—Crimes of the Nation.

A CENSUS of the Indian population of the United States puts the total at less than a quarter of a million—244,704. Nearly one-half of the whole number are self-supporting; besides, many of the Indians on reservations or at school (130,254) are entirely friendly. There are 32,210 ration Indians on the reservations, and this is the class which develops hostiles. They make more noise than the Indians who support themselves. Adding to the five civilized tribes the taxed and self-sustaining citizens counted in the general population, the Eastern Indians and the Indians on reservations who support themselves by farming, herding, fishing, hunting, etc., there are two hundred thousand who give the country very little trouble. As to many of these there is no Indian question, except such as will solve itself, and a nation of sixty-three million people ought to be able to deal justly, humanely and firmly enough with the remaining forty-four thousand to make wars, or even riots, among them as infrequent as in communities of white citizens.

The reader is doubtless aware that schools have

been established in various parts of the East for the education of Indian children.

Mrs. J. Bellangee Cox, the founder and first directress of both the Lincoln Institution and the Educational Home, where Indian children are being educated, held decided opinions with reference to the trouble on the Sioux frontier, and wrote to the national authorities with reference thereto. "The whole trouble," said she, "is due—not to starvation, for when I was out at Pine Ridge and Rosebud agencies last October for over a month, plenty of meat was hung up outside of the tepees, but—to lack of employment. I tried to get a large hall for a dance in which I purposed about thirty of our returned students should take part. I learned that no dancing—not even the cotillion—was allowed. There are no games, no baseball; in fact, not an earthly thing for the braves to do but idle away their time from Monday morning to Saturday night.

Reservation Schools.

"There is talk of farming, when the soil is the same as that of the seashore; the sand is shifted about in whirling masses, and one could not raise a potato. Talk about reservation schools! They are located in the midst of the families of the students, and a policeman has to be employed to capture truants. An Indian is like a child, and will run away until educated to some degree.

"The country blames the Indian educators because the educated Indians sometimes return to their original

wildness, but consider: an Indian cannot leave the reservation without a special permit from the agent; he must return to his people, and when he does so meets only with ridicule of the accomplishments acquired at school. There are no factories, moccasins render useless the trade of shoemaking, etc., and there is nothing left but to return to the blanket and the tepee. Give them something to do—enlist them in the army, make them policemen, or bring them East and let them mend our streets. They are more willing than, and just as competent as, the Irishman, Dutchman or Hungarian. An Indian, when he enlists with the great white chief, transfers to him the blind obedience formerly given his tribal leader—he never deserts."

Life on the Reservation.

At the beginning of 1891 over two hundred Indian boys and girls, ranging in age from five to twenty years, were at the two institutions. To give some idea of the way the parents regarded the condition of their children here, a letter from John Y. Nelson is herewith given. Nelson was formerly an Indian scout, and went abroad with Buffalo Bill. He is a white man married to a squaw, and has two children —Rosa and Julia—at the Lincoln Institution. His letter is dated December 25th, at Pine Ridge Agency, and reads thus:

"DEAR DAUGHTER: I hope you have had a merry Christmas. We have had a dull time here. I have been working for the benefit of the Indians since I

came here. Of course I have no interests on the reservation, neither do I wish to have any. I hate the people and the place also. Daughter, it is no place for any one who wishes to be virtuous, clean or religious. I tell you, daughter, that I would rather follow you and Rosa to your graves than to see you on this reservation or associate with the people here. Nine out of every ten of the girls that come back here have gone to ruin. You know very well that I love you two better than my own life. When I look around me and see young girls every day going to ruin, it makes me shed tears. It is getting worse every day: the soldiers are here, and it has a demoralizing effect on them. Now, Julia, look out for your little sister; give her good advice and never come to this place. I will go to North Platte soon—will write as soon as I reach there; I want your photographs then. No more at present. I remain your loving father," etc.

Letter to Mr. Wanamaker.

Mrs. Cox wrote a letter to Postmaster-General Wanamaker, in which she said:

"Before the first drop of blood was shed in this Indian war I felt sure, as I wrote you, that if a shot was once fired there would be serious trouble. It has come. Now at this crisis allow me to suggest that the government will take into consideration the plan of encouraging the Indians to come into our cities and labor as the Germans Italians, etc. do. They are perfectly capable and willing. The educat-

ed men can find positions at various businesses. We have them now scattered all over Philadelphia, and they are doing well. Work is what the Indians want. No people can be restful without it. So long as they are herded together in idleness we will be subject to these dreadful outbreaks. When I was at Pine Ridge and Rosebud the Indians were not starving. They were fat and hearty, their tepees had plenty of provisions. Idleness has been the cause of all this trouble. The government should buy up all the reservations and scatter the Indians over the country, making them take their share of the burdens of citizenship. Cannot a few of the educated boys be placed at West Point and Annapolis, and others enlisted into the regular army and navy? They make the best policemen and scouts; they would make faithful soldiers; they never desert. Such is their record. I have been in the Bad Lands; they cannot live long there. Do not risk the lives of our soldiers by attacking them—they will soon come out; then make them give up their arms at once, not hide them in their blankets and take them to their tepees. Send the children to school, away from the parents' influence; put the able-bodied to work, and the trouble will be ended for ever."

Self-Supporting Indians.

"For the benefit of those people who think the Indian will not work," said Commissioner Morgan in an interview dated January, 1891, "I want to mention the sum which we paid out last year for Indian labor

It was $642,000. This money was paid to agency and school employés, to farmers, interpreters, police, judges of Indian courts, for hauling supplies, for produce, hay, wood and other supplies purchased from them, for breaking land on government property and for logs cut and banked by them. I contend that this is a very good showing for Indian labor, and the sum paid would be ten times as large as it is if there was work enough to give employment to all who wish it.

"The Umatilla Indians of Oregon have been under care of the government for thirty years, and are practically self-supporting, and would long ago have been entirely independent had their lands been allotted to them in severalty. The total population is only one thousand, yet last year they harvested three hundred and fifty thousand bushels of wheat, cut two thousand tons of hay, and other crops in proportion. In a short time, I think, this tribe, as well as others which have rich lands and fair opportunities, such as the white settlers select for themselves, will be able to stand alone.

"The Utes, who a few years ago were leading the life of nomad savages, have six hundred acres under cultivation, and raise goodly quantities of wheat, corn and oats. They have learned the art of irrigation by means of ditches. The Jicarilla Apaches show an inborn thrift. Though the white settlers have all the best lands, and the Indians have no water for irrigation purposes, they cultivated last year three hundred and fifty acres with fair results, and cut four hundred tons of hay. They have built for themselves, and are

now occupying, sixty houses, and have received very little help from the government."

Opinion of General Sherman.

That grizzled old warrior, William Tecumseh Sherman, has very pronounced views upon Indians generally, and particularly upon the Messiah excitement among the tribes. To an interviewer General Sherman talked in crisp, even gruff, sentences about Indians—talked with a terseness that would do credit to the most taciturn chief among them. General Sherman called them "Injins" with an accent of mingled detestation and contempt. He settled the problem thus:

"Injins must either work or starve. They never have worked; they won't work now, and they never will work."

"But," ventured the interviewer, "should not the government supply them with enough to keep them from starvation?"

"Why should the government support two hundred and sixty thousand paupers?" returned the war-horse, with a snort. "No government that the world has ever seen has done such a thing."

"Who started this story about a Messiah?" asked the general, laying down his book, which he had taken up as if in impatience at all redskins. "Injins don't look for the coming of one Messiah; they look for the coming of a million Messiahs. Each buffalo is a Messiah to them. They look for the return of the buffaloes. Then they can eat without working. But

the buffaloes don't return. They have been all killed off."

"General, it is stated that thirteen thousand troops have been massed around the Pine Ridge Agency."

"That's mere nonsense. I don't believe there are two thousand troops there. Another thing: Why do intelligent men and intelligent newspapers speak, in this connection, of localities that are, in fact, hundreds, even thousands, of miles away from each other as if they were within a stone's throw of each other? Is it to add to the scare? If a man raises a whoop, say in Georgia, is there any reason for you to hide in a cellar in New York?"

"Do you expect, sir, an Indian uprising in the spring?"

"Uprising! There'll be a 'down'-rising. If the Injins rise up they'll be thrashed. They're in good hands."

Then the leader of the march to the sea went back to his book, sublimely indifferent to all the "Injins" this side of the happy-hunting-grounds.

Statement by President Harrison.

It will interest the reader to be informed what the Chief Executive thought of the Indian situation, and the conflicting reports and charges concerning the management of the "wards of the nation." The following is an accurate account of an interview at the White House on January 31st, 1891: The President showed, both by words and manner, that he was keenly interested in the subject and had

closely studied the situation at Pine Ridge. He said: "Some of the grievances are real, some are imaginary, some are the inevitable consequences of our form of government. The bison and elk have vanished from the Plains, and thus the great natural larder of the Sioux has been emptied, but no legislative act caused or can remedy that. The Indian is naturally improvident. He will gorge himself and his family to-day, until his skin and their skins are bursting; he will eat ten days' rations in one, and then complain because a fresh supply is not forthcoming the instant his appetite beckons.

Indians often Badly Treated.

"In past years he has often, no doubt, been robbed by cattle-rings, by agents and by traders, precisely as the army during the war was robbed. Soldiers got paper shoes and shoddy overcoats. The Indians have often received poor clothing and mouldy rations. But I do not believe the Indians are robbed to-day. When I entered upon my public duties certain men were recommended for removal. The causes assigned would have removed them under the Civil Service rule—incompetency, immorality or dishonesty. They were promptly removed, and their places filled by persons recommended by authorities who were in a position to know. Political or partisan reasons had nothing to do with it.

"Some of the new appointees proved inefficient, and were at once dismissed, whether Senator or Representative So-and-So objected or not. I have

no doubt the Indian thinks he is being robbed, because on Saturday he forgets that the previous Monday he ate his entire week's rations. Also, he does not comprehend why his supplies are cut down and delayed. That is not my fault, nor the fault of the Secretary of the Interior, nor the fault of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. The Commissioner promptly reports to the Secretary, who promptly forwards the report to me, and I promptly recommend to Congress that the appropriation be promptly passed in full. There my power and responsibility and those of the Indian Department end, and the delay begins. Congress does the cutting down of which the Indian complains, and the wisdom or folly of this is beyond my control. I do know, however, that the moment Congress appropriates the money, however much or little, every dollar of it is at once applied to the Indians' wants, and the entire machinery of the Indian Department is put in swift motion to get the supplies out as soon as possible.

"But months or perhaps years have elapsed since the treaty, and the Indians complain that the Department has acted in bad faith. The Department has been in no wise to blame. How many entirely just bills for the relief of white men have been ignored for years and will be ignored by Congress for all time! The Indians' grievance is not the only one. I have repeatedly seen claims of undoubted justice oscillate from House to Senate session after session until the claimants died or abandoned hope. These are inevit-

able, and if the Indian finds them in his lot, it is the fault of neither the administration nor the Executive branches of the government.

Complaints Investigated.

"These Sioux complained of Agent Spencer of Rosebud. The complaints were at once investigated, and, being found just, Spencer was removed. Agent Gallagher at Pine Ridge was obnoxious. The moment this was known to me he was removed. I stand ready to remove any agent or employé of the Department against whose honesty, morality or efficiency any serious charge can be sustained. I recognize the full importance of fair dealing with the Indians, not only for their sakes, but for that of the scattered farmers and ranchmen in the neighborhood of the reservation, and whose lives and property would be endangered in case of outbreak. I am entirely satisfied with the present administration of Indian affairs. It is thoroughly honest and intelligent, and no complaint has been given against it during the past two years that has not at once received prompt attention and the cause has been removed. There are many conflicting stories of the cause of the present outbreak. They are being examined into.

"The chief trouble is a long-standing and constantly-growing internal dissension among various factions of the Sioux nation. But I know they have received during my administration every dollar appropriated by Congress for them. As for the delay in the appropriation or the deficiency in it, or any neglect to ratify

treaties, those are matters, as I have said, entirely beyond my control. I shall talk with this Sioux delegation if they desire a council, shall give them a full hearing, and if any wrongs are presented they will be met promptly and thoroughly.

False Reports of Robbery.

"I believe, however, that the main grievance is one beyond my control—the tardiness with which Congress has ratified the agreement made with them by the Sioux Commission two years ago, and the cutting down of the appropriation recommended for the current year. That they have been robbed by agents during my administration I know personally is not true. That matter has been thoroughly sifted and the charge found wanting."

The President spoke with great earnestness and with evident knowledge of his subject.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Review of the Indian Conflict.

THE only comfort that can be derived from a fight with Indians like that now detailed is that each such occurrence brings us a little nearer the inevitable end. Some day our little army will not have to fight the Indians any more, because there will be no Indians left to fight. Till that time comes the same old, sad story will be repeated that has been told over and over from the first coming of the white man to America.

That the Indians are doomed to extinction as inevitably as the races that their progenitors drove before them, that they must disappear as the buffaloes have disappeared before advancing civilization, till all that shall be left of them will be a few little communities scattered here and there, as feeble as the groups of buffaloes preserved in the public parks, cannot be doubted by any one who knows the history of the world. The Indian himself understands this. He has been fighting for his existence from the very first, and the path of advancing civilization from the Atlantic to the Pacific is marked by the blood of the pioneers and soldiers whom he has slain in his futile effort to reverse the decrees of history.

The only place where the truth has not been recognized is in the official dealings of the civil government

with the Indians. We have acknowledged a sort of humane responsibility for these unfortunates; we have adopted them as "wards of the nation," and have undertaken to feed and clothe and arm them; and at the same time we have persisted in the ridiculous inconsistency of dealing with them as independent nations, hostile sovereignties, with whom we make treaties or go to war. And when the civilians whose business it is to take care of these "wards" blunder and fail, and the savage spirit of the Indians reasserts itself, then we send our soldiers to brave their rifles and tomahawks, and finally to shoot them down.

Secretary Noble's View.

Reviewing the bloody scenes at Pine Ridge and Wounded Knee Creek, Secretary Noble said that, first of all, he believed the Indians had no legitimate use for firearms, and therefore should be required to dispose of them.

The Secretary thought that the intellect that could master the mechanical intricacies of the rifle was fully capable of comprehending and appreciating the usefulness and the noble simplicity of the plough. He proposed to give the hostile Sioux an opportunity as well as an incentive to earn their own living. Of the two hundred and forty-four thousand Indians in the United States, over two-thirds were earning their own living and making material progress in civilization. The other third were depending largely, if not entirely, upon the government for support. Of this latter class, a large majority were Sioux, and they had

become boastful, arrogant and dictatorial. They had been allowed to come to Washington every year or two, and had become deeply impressed with their own importance. Some of those who are most vehement in their demands that they continue to be fed and wholly maintained at the expense of the government are the owners of quite large herds of cattle, from which they realize considerable sums of money.

The Redskins should Work.

They insist, with much gusto, that the government shall feed them, and when their rations are slightly reduced they daub on the paint and start out on the war-path. I am in favor, said the Secretary, of making these people work for their living, just as we white people are doing.

They are strong, able-bodied men, of average intelligence, and there is no reason why they should not earn their bread. The government has treated them with great generosity and consideration; especially is this true during the last half century. In the early days the settlers treated them as murderers of innocent men, women and children and the insatiable enemies of the white race. Latterly, they have been treated with more than kindness, and so they have come to believe that the white people are under never-ending obligations to them.

The time had fully come, in the opinion of the Secretary, when the hostile Sioux should be compelled to do something for their own support. They should be treated with perfect fairness and justice,

but work should enter largely into any policy or scheme for their civilization.

Indian Education.

In harmony with Secretary Noble's views it may truthfully be said that the hope of Indian civilization and citizenship is in the rising generation. The habits and prejudices of a savage life are so deeply ingrained in adults, except those of the five tribes dwelling in the eastern part of the Indian Territory and a few others, that the full adoption of the white man's ways is exceptional among them. But the children can be taught and trained; and this is the task which the government and the religious schools have for several years been earnestly undertaking.

It is a work surrounded with difficulties, because the instruction, to begin with, must be in a language different from that in which the children are brought up. In some of the higher schools, such as those for industrial training, where children of different tribes are brought together, they cannot even understand each other in their native tongues. Many inherited traits must be rooted out, and industry and frugality planted and nurtured. In the day-schools of the reservations teaching and example are blurred or altogether rubbed out night after night by the return to the tribal camp. Still, line upon line, precept upon precept, do their work, and progress is made.

Weighty Statistics.

If we take the statistics of 1882 and compare them with those of 1890, the gain will be apparent. In the

former year there were 71 boarding-schools, with an average attendance of 2755, and 54 day-schools, with an average attendance of 1311, making an aggregate of 125 schools with an average attendance of 4066. But in 1890 there were 140 boarding-schools, with an average attendance of 9865, and 106 day-schools, with 2367, making in all 246 schools, with an average attendance of 12,232. Thus the number of schools doubled and the attendance trebled in nine years, the greatest growth being in the boarding-schools, which were the most costly and most effective in results. A good degree of success has attended the efforts that have been made.

Funds Apportioned.

Again, the government appropriation for Indian schools, which was $20,000 in the year 1877, had increased to $135,000 in 1882, while the appropriation for the year ending June 30, 1891, was $1,842,770. And the religious bodies were also zealous and liberal in the same cause, their appropriations for Indian education having increased from $228,259 in 1886 to $554,558 in 1891. Their increase was relatively greater in that period than the government's which was from $1,100,065 to $1,842,770.

In these liberal provisions the lead, as from the first, was taken by the Roman Catholics, who gave for the years 1890 and 1891 $347,689 out of the $554,558; the Presbyterians following with $44,850, the Episcopalians with $29,910, the Congregationalists with $27,271, the Friends with $24,743, and so on. Notable

also in the year's results were the $33,400 for Lincoln Institution and the $20,040 for Hampton.

The contract schools also made larger gains in attendance of pupils than the government schools. While the enrolment of the former was only increased from 9962 to 10,199, and the average attendance from 7172 to 7424 during the preceding four years, the enrolment in the contract schools increased from 4371 to 6124, and the average attendance from 3958 to 4808. Commissioner Morgan said of the 63 government boarding-schools on reservations that in many cases the buildings were too small, ill-ventilated, deficient in facilities for heating and in water-supply, and often inadequately equipped and furnished. The old limit placed by law upon the cost of a building, $10,000, was found to be too small, because dormitories, kitchens, hospital-rooms and so on had to be fitted up, as well as school-rooms, the quarters for teachers, and so on.

Poor Equipments.

The buildings were also often erected where it was difficult and costly to get the needed material. Congress had raised the limit of cost to $12,000, but the Commissioner thought that even this was too low. Still worse equipped very often are the day-schools. Under these circumstances, and especially with the fact that less than half of the teachable children are enrolled, the aid furnished by the contract schools must continue to be most welcome. They, with their endowments by the various religious denominations,

could afford to take children for education from the government at a lower rate than it costs the latter for education in its own schools.

Seven training-schools furnish a higher and more constant education to the Indian children. They are those at Carlisle in Pennsylvania, Salem in Oregon, Genoa in Nebraska, Haskell in Kansas, Chilocco in Oklahoma, Grand Junction in Colorado, and Albuquerque in New Mexico. In round numbers they cost the government $300,000 during the fiscal year of 1890, and on an enrolment of about 2100 pupils had an average attendance of about 1800, with 288 employés. Four other such schools—those of Carson, Santa Fé, Pierre, and Fort Totten—will increase the capacity by over 600 pupils. The Lincoln, Hampton, and St. Ignatius, conducted by private enterprise, although with government appropriations, fall into this list.

What is Taught.

In such schools Indian lads may learn something of blacksmithing, broom-making, carpentering, farming, fruit-culture, harness-making, printing, tailoring, shoemaking, and wheelwrighting, while the girls are instructed in the various duties of housekeeping. The outing system at some of these schools allows Indian boys and girls to find homes, at wages, during a part of each year with farmers and others. They have the great advantage also of being removed from the drawbacks of reservation life. The government training-schools receive an increased appropriation

for the year 1890 to 1891 that would enable them to educate 3300 pupils.

On the whole, the schools form one of the most promising portions of our system of Indian management. The chief trouble is that they can only accommodate about half the children of school age, so that their number should be increased. In many ways the pupils learn the new life in store for their race. The very holidays are instructive, as well the school-time. These holidays, beginning with New Year's Day, then taking in Franchise Day on February 8, Washington's Birthday, Decoration Day, Arbor Day, Fourth of July, Thanksgiving, and Christmas, are celebrated in a way that makes them a part of the general education.

The Policy Urged by Captain Pratt.

Commenting upon the various methods suggested for settling the Indian problem, Captain Pratt, superintendent of the Indian School at Carlisle, Pa., said:

"On New Year's Day I called to pay my respects to the Secretary of War, and met the Inspector-General of the Army, who, in the Secretary's presence, spoke of Carlisle students being among the ghost-dancers—that some of them at Pine Ridge were in a position to be shooting soldiers. I replied that across the Potomac, in sight of Washington, was Arlington, once the home of a celebrated and highly trusted servant of the republic, whose ancestry was most distinguished and loyal in the darkest days of our history. He was educated at the public expense and for many years served the country loyally. In

his maturity, when his family and section declared against the government, he was urged to remain true, but he declined, and boldly went with his family and led the forces of secession for four years.

"Let us not find fault, then, with a few young Indian children, to whom we give the merest smattering of an education and send back to their parents and reservation, if they go with their families and parents into practices they esteem right. These young men are not savage simply because they are born of savage parents. Savagery and civilization are habits. Formation or change of habit is brought about by environment.

How to Civilize Savages.

"I urge that we environ the Indians with our civilization, and they will become civilized. Leave them in the environment of the tribes and their savagery, and they will remain tribal and savages. We are not born with language or savagery or civilization. These come as a result of environment, not as a result of birth. They are not forced upon us, only during the period of growth. A person's habits change after maturity. If we continue to carefully guard the Indians in their reservations, and not allow them the freedom of association and effort among us that other people have, we shall not lack material for Wild-West shows for centuries to come.

Over five million immigrants came into the United States between 1880 and 1890. They and their children are with us and part of us to-day, entering the

public-school systems, scattering among our people, coming into the environment of our institutions. They abandoned their language and became Americans. Two hundred and fifty thousand already in America were Indians ten years ago, and are still Indians, because we will not allow them the environment of our civilization that we allow the others and the same opportunities for self-improvement.

Evils to be Shunned.

"Suppose that five million foreigners, instead of being scattered over the country, had been sent to reservations, would they have made any progress in becoming Americans? It is only when we allow them to congregate in bodies that they give us any trouble. Scattered and in contact with our own people, they become of us. The policy of the churches to create Indian communities, instead of inviting the Indian into our community, is at the bottom of most of our difficulties. Massachusetts in 1633 provided that Indians should own lands in the communities of the colony and share in all social and political privileges. But the Church people favored Indian communities, and they do to-day. What we must do is to broaden the policy of inviting the Indians to come into our communities. It has been a great success at Carlisle. The system shows there is little more difficulty in making English-speaking, industrious, civilized men and women of Indians than there is in reaching the same conditions with our foreign immigrants, who become a part of the nation."

ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES

THE reader will gain an accurate idea of the outbreak by perusing the following address sent out by the Executive Committee of the Indian Rights Association early in January, 1891.

To the Citizens of the United States:

In the presence of grave public emergency we ask your attention.

An Indian outbreak is now in progress which has cost the lives of many of our officers, of our soldiers, of the Indians themselves, men, women and children, including both the hostiles and loyal Indian police; which has destroyed the property of settlers and of Christian Indians; which has entailed an expenditure of many hundreds of thousands of dollars, and has occasioned widespread disturbances and terror. The attention of the entire country has been fully aroused, and the question is everywhere uppermost: What are the causes of this sad state of affairs? and what is the remedy to be applied for a settlement of present trouble and for the prevention of similar conditions in the future?

As the executive body of an association which has

carried on active practical work for the civilization of the Indians for many years, which possesses reliable sources of information and has no interest other than the public good, we venture to point out what we believe to be the causes of the outbreak, each in its proper relation to the other, and to suggest the remedy.

The Sioux.

The Sioux Indians, among whom the disturbance exists, number approximately twenty-eight thousand souls. They subsist mainly on rations furnished by the government, given them in payment for land ceded by them to the United States, although many of them, under the guidance of agents and missionaries, have made laudable advances toward independence, and some of them are practically self-supporting.

There are two well-defined parties among the Sioux (a fact pertinent to a consideration of the present trouble)—a progressive party, almost wholly Christian, which has been created and developed under the influence of missionaries, both white and native, of various religious bodies—Congregational, Presbyterian, Roman Catholic and Episcopalian—who for many years have labored devotedly among these Indians. This progressive party represents the "new way," new ideas and new hopes, the ideas of Christianity and of civilization. It is loyal to the government, peaceable and steadily increasing in influence, industry and vigor. A few of the native leaders of

this party are educated and refined men, while its members as a whole lead exemplary moral lives.

The Heathen Party.

Second, a heathen, non-progressive party, looking backward to the days of the buffalo, predatory warfare and unrestrained freedom, hostile to the advance of civilization, whether among the whites as a menacing force outside the reservation, or among the Indians themselves as a disintegrating force within. The occupation of the heathen party since reservation life began has been the consumption of government rations, dancing, wandering from place to place on visits to friends and relatives. This party has been represented by such men as Spotted Tail, Red Cloud and Sitting-Bull, from whom nothing in the line of progress was hoped for or has been obtained. Such leaders were always openly or secretly at enmity with the government and with the best interests of their people. They have discouraged or terrorized progressive Indians—have been a thorn in the side of good Indian agents and the masters of poor ones. It is a fact that cannot be too strongly emphasized that no dangerous and powerful heathen party could have existed had the government fulfilled solemn promises and its manifest duty to provide for the education of these people.

The advance of the Christian party stimulated the non-progressive party into more and more vigorous opposition, shown in repeated attempts to check the progress of enlightened sentiment.

Broken Promises.

Recent events gave the leaders of the non-progressives powerful arguments as a leverage to move the minds of their followers and to silence the voice of their opponents.

By a recent agreement made with the Sioux, which on the whole was to their advantage and to that of the whites, about eleven million acres of land were ceded to the United States. Some of the promises of compensation to the Indians for this reduction of their territory were not fulfilled, owing to the inaction of Congress, until within the past few days. Even this fulfilment would probably not have taken place now had it not been for bloodshed on the frontier. The failure promptly to make good the promises of the government, whether implied or expressed, produced serious discontent among the pagan Indians.

There has also been at Pine Ridge, the largest and most important Indian agency in the Sioux country, extreme suffering from hunger within the past year. This was caused by a large reduction of the amount of beef issued to the Indians, by the failure of their crops owing to the drought and other causes, some of which were unavoidable, resulting in distress and unavoidable discontent.

The Messiah Craze.

In conjunction with these causes for discontent must be placed the religious fanaticism known as the "Messiah Craze," which promised to the ignorant imagination of the pagan Indian all that he longed

for and lacked—food, hunting, freedom, the expulsion of the white man.

These causes, linked together, produced serious conditions; but, in our opinion, the danger might have been averted had it not been for the last, most potent and determining cause—namely, the spoils system of appointment in the management of the Indian service, which supplied at the two most critical points in the Sioux country, Pine Ridge and Cheyenne River agencies, a disastrously inadequate management and control.

Let the situation be briefly stated and clearly understood.

Under the spoils system as applied to Indian management neither the President, the Secretary of the Interior nor the Commissioner of Indian Affairs is virtually the appointing officer, but Senators, Representatives or other powerful politicians, who discharge their obligations to their henchmen by obliging the Executive or his lieutenants to give them positions in the Indian service. Thus, men are chosen, not for the best, but for the worst reasons—not for merit, but as a reward for party service. Some good men are thus obtained, but the majority are poor, and some positively bad.

Bad Appointments.

The records of this association show numerous instances of the appointment of wholly unworthy or vicious persons through the operation of this system. But even the good are rarely retained in office until

their work reaches fruition, because, according to the spoils theory, a change of administration means practically a change of the incumbents of all positions in the Indian service. The folly of adopting such a system in the conduct of a service of such peculiar delicacy and responsibility as the Indian one, where human life so frequently hangs in the balance, must be manifest to any thinking mind. If civil-service reform is desirable in other branches of government service, it is imperatively necessary here.

The evil is equally serious and deep-rooted under the administration of either party, and no greater obstacle exists to its eradication than the tendency of apologists of both parties to claim that the opposite one is responsible for its baneful results.

Sweeping Changes.

Under the last Democratic administration virtually a clean sweep was made in the Indian service: upward of fifty out of the fifty-eight Indian agents were removed, and there was general change in the minor positions. Under the present administration a similar course has been pursued, with the notable exceptions of that part of the service which is under the control of the present Indian Commissioner, who, we believe, has done all in his power to secure the adoption of the merit system in the school and other branches of the Indian service.

But the appointment of Indian agents has, during this administration, under the operation of what is termed the "home-rule" system, been handed over as

the perquisite of Senators and Representatives of the States and Territories in which the reservations are located.

Under the administration of both parties this society has steadily pursued the same arduous and thankless task of urging upon the Executive the relinquishment of the spoils system in the management of the Indians. It has illustrated the necessity for a change by the many instances coming to its knowledge of the removal of valuable officers and the appointment of inexperienced or unworthy ones.

The Spoils System.

Our publications and our letter-files attest at once the frequency and futility of our remonstrances. The spoils system has continued on its remorseless way. Perhaps it is one of those evils from which, without shedding of blood, there is no remission.

Through the spoils system the Pine Ridge Agency became the weakest point in the Sioux country. Under the last Democratic administration a Republican agent of unusual ability, courage and success was removed to make way for an inferior appointee of the opposite party, under whom discipline of the Indian police force and of the agency generally declined. The Democratic Secretary of the Interior was warned of the danger attending this change, owing to the power and turbulence of the non-progressive Indians at Pine Ridge. The warning was unheeded.

Under the "home-rule" system of the present administration, which this society opposed as being

"unsound in theory and likely to prove disastrous in practice," the inferior Democratic agent was supplanted by a still poorer Republican one. The last incumbent was wholly unacquainted with the Indians, ignorant whom to trust and whom to suspect, as were the employés whom he brought with him.

A Frightened Agent.

A trifling incident at a moment when the excitement of the "ghost dance" was at its height brought about the complete collapse of his authority. A futile attempt to arrest a single Indian in front of the agency buildings made one day last autumn, which was the occasion of momentary excitement, alarmed the agent so that he deserted his post, fled to the neighboring town and telegraphed for the military. He did not return until they marched in ahead of him —"horse, foot and artillery." This was the spark in the powder. The turbulent Indians, wild with mingled fear and rage, thinking that they were about to be massacred, fled to the Bad Lands, plundering the houses and destroying the property of the Christian Indians on the way.

They were thus committed to a hostile course and to the bloodshed and misery which followed. Had an experienced and resolute man been in charge of Pine Ridge, possessing the confidence of the Indians, backed by a strong force of Indian police, we believe that depredations and bloodshed would have been averted. Indeed, had such men been in charge of all the Sioux agencies, such conditions as prepared

for the outbreak and precipitated it could scarcely have existed.

The Causes of the War.

A brief summary of the causes of the disturbance may properly precede a statement of the remedy which we suggest.:

First. Ignorance through the failure of the government to supply education, and the sway of savage ideas in the minds of the non-progressive Sioux, which fostered latent hostility to the government, which made them an easy prey to religious frenzy and suggested violence as a remedy for real or fancied wrongs.

Second. Hunger and disease—the grippe among the adults and measles among the children.

Third. Distrust of the good faith of the government, based on imperfect fulfilment of former promises and delay in the carrying out of the terms of the recent agreement.

Fourth. The spoils system as applied to the management of Indian affairs, which has supplied feeble or unwise management at some of the agencies, has prevented continuity and harmony in the government's work for the civilization of the Indians.

The remedy is simple in theory, but difficult, for manifest reasons, of execution.

The Remedy.

The first and most important requisition is a single, responsible, competent head for the management of Indian affairs, and charged with that duty only, whc

shall report directly to the President, and who shall be looked to by the country at large for a successful Indian management.

An Indian service wholly free from the interference of partisan politics, which shall continue its policy and carry out its educational work undisturbed by changing administrations.

While we do not advocate the complete transfer of Indian management to the War Department, we believe that all the advantages which the advocates of that plan desire could be obtained by detailing many able and experienced army officers to serve as Indian agents, without the counterbalancing disadvantages which we believe would result from so radical a change.

This suggestion has especial force from the fact that a few army officers have in the past served as Indian agents with excellent results.

The appropriation of sufficient money by Congress to permit the education of all Indian youth and the maintenance of a thoroughly effective service. Manifestly, it is the part of wisdom to give enough money to do the work in hand if there be a thoroughly efficient executive officer to expend it.

A Forcible Appeal.

We have laid down what we believe to be the main lines of a reform which is by no means utopian, but wholly within the bounds of possibility.

Whether it shall or shall not be accomplished depends upon the creation of a deep and strong sense

of personal responsibility among the people of the United States. To them, and to them alone, do we appeal. It is for the people to say whether the folly, the selfishness, the dishonesty which have characterized our Indian policy of the past shall continue—whether the suffering and bloodshed, the useless expenditure of money, which the past few months have witnessed in Dakota, shall recur in the future. These evils will certainly recur unless men of every shade of opinion throughout the length and breadth of the land shall unite upon some such broad, simple basis as we have outlined—men who, in view of the magnitude of the object to be obtained, can rise above the limitations of political or religious partisanship in the demand for an Indian administration that shall be representative of the intelligence and conscience of the nation. For such a demand the time is ripe.

If the people of the United States instruct both the national Executive and the national legislature, through the press and pulpit, by private letter and by word of mouth, that it is their sovereign will that there should be an immediate and complete abandonment of the spoils system in the management of the Indians, there is no one to say them nay. Popular sentiment in the United States is the court of final appeal. In demanding such a reform as this the voice of the people will be the voice of God.

PHILIP C. GARRETT, *President.*

HERBERT WELSH, *Secretary.*